LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

by Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 7 -

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CHAPTER 601
SCARING ONESELF

Above the gray fog, Klein leaned back into his high-back chair and held Creeping Hunger. He remained silent for several seconds.

Finally, he released the Psychiatrist's soul according to the specific steps.

A tall figure quickly appeared by the side of the bronze table. It was a woman whose face looked somewhat blurry. Her pain and distorted feelings was apparent.

Klein looked at her and asked her as though he was chatting with her, "Do you still remember who you are?"

In the mysterious space, he could directly channel her spirit.

The Psychiatrist's enmity reduced substantially as she smiled bitterly.

"Of course I remember.

"I was a member of a secret organization and was planning to meet a friend in Toscarter Island, but I ended up encountering pirates on the way.

"Although I used my powers to resolve the disaster, the pirates who escaped informed Qilangos of the corresponding situation. In order to obtain my powers, he deliberately changed course and intercepted our ship. You can probably imagine what happened after that.

"Thanks to his meticulousness, I was killed instantly, unlike the other female passengers who encountered things that were worse than death."

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before nodding slightly.

"Do you know of the ancient book known as Groselle's Travels?"

He believed that since Groselle's Travels came from the dragons, it was possible that the Psychiatrist had heard of its name or the corresponding information.

The female Psychiatrist thought over it carefully before shaking her head.

"I'm sorry. I've never heard that name before."

Klein no longer bothered with the topic and switched to asking, "Since you're about to dissipate and gain eternal peace. Do you have any last wishes?"

The Psychiatrist lowered her head and chuckled.

"I wish to be revived.

"Alright. I know that this wish cannot be satisfied. Everything else isn't necessary. I've been dead for years. My family and friends have probably already received news of my death. Informing them again of my death will only dig up the pain of those memories.

"Let's leave it at that. Thank you. That should be it…”

Her figure quickly dissipated and vanished, leaving behind a huge golden iris that could expose the thoughts of everyone's hearts.

This was the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist.

Klein sighed and began pondering over the details of what the Psychiatrist had said.

She was visiting a friend at Toscarter Island alone without any family…

Toscarter Island is located at the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, and it's south of the Gargas Archipelago.

That's the easternmost colony of the Loen Kingdom, while the Gargas Archipelago belongs to the Feysac Empire… What kind of friend would be there? What kind of friend is worth visiting after taking such a long trip?

Although she only said that she's from a secret organization, the chances are that it's the Psychology Alchemists. Was she out on a mission?

Klein respected the deceased and didn't wish to dig out her secrets, so he didn't probe deeper. Without any clues, he quickly stopped thinking about such matters and considered something else.

After hunting down Wormtongue Mithor King, regardless of the reason, I have to leave Bayam for the time being… I've really done quite a bit in the City of Generosity during this period of time… Yes, I'll participate in about three Beyonder gatherings and confirm whether there are the main ingredients of Nimblewright Master before leaving… Klein rapidly made a decision and conjured a scene of The World praying. Covering it with the gray fog, he threw the scene to the crimson star representing Miss Justice.

…

Audrey was standing on the balcony on the third floor looking at the nearby village. The rooftops were mainly brick-red in color as they showed depictions, abstract pictures, or real pictures of dragons.

Suddenly, the familiar endless void surfaced in front of her eyes.

Amidst the gray fog, a blurry figure was standing high above, praying to the god above.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Miss Justice that she can make preparations for the transaction."

I can make preparations for the transaction? He has obtained the Beyonder characteristic of a Psychiatrist? But he still didn't have one yesterday… The World's efficiency shocked Audrey as she nearly forgot to thank Mr. Fool.

Thankfully, she was no longer the green and naive lady from before. She had been exposed to several major matters and rapidly calmed her mind as she sincerely thanked him. She passed on the message for Mr. World to wait another two to three days as she was preparing to pay off the money she owed to Mr. Fool's Blessed. Although she had sufficient money, she had to maintain a minimum balance, otherwise it was easy for others to notice something amiss.

After the illusory gray fog dissipated, Audrey silently looked down at Susie, who was admiring the garden on the first floor, before pacing around and secretly clicking her tongue.

Mr. World is really terrifying…

…

Evening, in the Seaweed Bar.

Having just squandered all his money at the casino, Blue Eyes Meath sat before a bar counter and ordered a cup of Lanti Proof.

He was just about to raise the cup when he suddenly heard the bartender whisper to him with a suppressed voice, "Wormtongue Mithor is dead."

"What… Who did it?" Blue Eyes Meath was first alarmed before he asked excitedly, "Someone is challenging Vice Admiral Ailment?"

"An adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow. He wasn't known at all before. Who knew that he finished off Mithor!" The bartender didn't hide his shock and alarm. "He also killed Ozil, the real boss of Amyris Leaf Bar, Strongman Ozil!"

Blue Eyes Meath was just about to sigh when he frowned suddenly.

Back when Ozil's men came to ask him about Blazing Danitz, he had mentioned that the boatswain of the Golden Dream was seen mixing in with an unknown adventurer. He had used a ritual to provide the corresponding portrait.

*Ozil is dead. Mithor King is dead. It's done by an unknown adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow… *Blue Eyes Meath suddenly trembled as a scene that left a deep impression on him surfaced in his mind.

The young man that looked like a gentleman was standing by the entrance of the bar. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin and cut face. His eyes coldly observed the customers as though he was seeking out his prey.

Blue Eyes Meath shuddered and couldn't be bothered with drinking his alcohol. He got up immediately and took wide strides out of the bar.

Terrifying! That guy is too terrifying! Even Wormtongue died at his hands. He's definitely a powerhouse at the admiral level! He will definitely seek me out and finish me off. No, I can't stay in Bayam any longer. I have to return to the ship and be far away from here! Blue Eyes Meath ran to the Red Theater and forcibly pulled his companions with him. They headed for the woods and circled around to the private harbor ran by the Resistance.

Opposite across the Red Theater, the herb store in the alley remained open. The chubby Apothecary, Darkwill was sitting behind the counter, wearing a calm expression, but internally, he was deeply worried.

He had already contacted the Life School of Thought members he knew via various methods and sought their help. However, he had no idea who they were or when they would come. He could only bear with his fear and anxiety as he continued running the store, pretending as though nothing had happened.

"Darkwill, you're extremely uneasy." The chubby owl flew over from an unknown location and landed on the counter.

"There's no need for you to remind me. I know my state of mind very well." Darkwill waved his hands impatiently.

He could still remember the times when he was still under his teacher's tutelage. He was often warned to be careful of the official Beyonder organizations and be careful of the true Sanguine. In regards to this, Roy King raised several examples, such as being imprisoned underground forever, with no sunlight or woman to be seen; being made into experimental subjects where their bodies would be used to test the dangers of particular Sealed Artifacts. There, they would experience all kinds of experiments, and after mutating, they were monsters who acted on instinct. It was also possible to be sucked and eaten by the Sanguine and made into puppets.

These examples had deeply imprinted themselves in his mind. It made his already lacking courage vanish instantly. After leaving his teacher's side, he often stayed in a city for a short period of time, immediately leaving once there was a risk of exposure.

Darkwill tried hard to keep his horror under control, placing his attention on the problem of rescuing his teacher.

…Old Man has been captured for some time. Why is he still imprisoned in the governor-general's office? With the military's abilities, they should be able to gather any information they wish to know. Be it an outright execution, the gathering of materials, or being used as an experimental subject, they would definitely move Old Man… Could it be that Old Man used some techniques to hide his secret, or they wish to make him into a spy? Sigh, just agree to it! Darkwill scratched his head as his thoughts wandered aimlessly.

Gradually, he recalled the last letter he received from his teacher, Roy King.

Old Man often likes to give hints in things that seem to be normal and ordinary matters. Could that letter contain similar information? That letter didn't say a thing. It just said to meet him near the Red Theater and flaunted his gambling techniques. Pui! He clearly relies on luck. He even wanted me to go to Enmat Street's Mabel's Sundry Store and buy a die to make preparations to be educated… I thought I would buy it only after we met, so I haven't been there all this time. Perhaps there a secret there? Darkwill was like a drowning man who seemed to clutch at a straw.

Many of Bayam's streets were named after Loen Kingdom cities.

Darkwill used a few minutes to muster his courage, brought the owl with him, and closed the door to his shop before walking out of the alley.

While waiting for the rental carriage, he bought a copy of the News Report from a paperboy as he flipped through the international and domestic news, as well as news about the archipelago.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar face—it was the adventurer who had informed him of Roy King's location.

*In the afternoon, Gehrman Sparrow killed Wormtongue Mithor King who's worth a bounty reaching 5,400 pounds… I actually entrusted a mission to such a powerful adventurer! *Darkwill clicked his tongue.

He soon threw the matter to the back of his mind and got onto the carriage and headed straight for Enmat Street and found Mabel's Sundry Store.

The owner of the shop was a genial old lady who said after sizing him up, "The die you want costs 1 pound."

This is a robbery! Darkwill roared angrily in his head, but this only made him more certain that there might be clues hidden in the die.

After paying, he received a tiny ring box and opened the lid. He saw a milky-white six-sided die which had four red dots pointing up.

Although he was puzzled with how ordinary the die looked and how it was stuffed tightly into the ring box with no remnant space, Darkwill still acted cautiously by not studying it on the spot. He placed it into his pocket and walked to another side of the street.

When he came to a secluded spot, he couldn't help but give it a glance, unable to find any problems with it.

At this moment, a carriage flew by and gave him a fright. His wrist trembled as he dropped the die on the ground.

The die continued rolling and ultimately came to a stop, a single red dot pointing up.

Darkwill cursed the carriage driver and widened his stride to pick it up.

Just as he took this step, his body suddenly staggered, and he collapsed to the ground loudly despite the lack of any obstacles. All he saw were stars.

His mind went blank for a moment as he lay there, the milky-white die right in front of his eyes.

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CHAPTER 602
BECOMING FAMOUS

Darkwill sprawled on the ground, momentarily forgetting to stand up. His mind remained blank.

Ever since he had matured, he had never encountered a scenario of tripping himself. After consuming the potions, his body had experienced enhancements to a certain degree, making it even more impossible. Now, for some baffling reason, he had fallen down in an inexplicable manner.

Did I step on something? Darkwill suddenly snapped to his senses as he struck down with his palm and rolled to his feet. He pretended as though the one who had just fallen wasn't him.

He looked left and right without finding anything odd on the ground. Filled with puzzlement, he took a few difficult steps forward to pick up the milky-white die.

At this moment, a patrolling constable seemed to have sensed the disturbance as he jogged over with baton in hand while holding his other hand down on his revolver.

Upon seeing this scene, Darkwill suddenly felt worried, feeling suspicious that he had fallen for a trap.

They caught Old Man but haven't come for me all this time. It's because they were secretly observing me and waiting for me to find some clues?

Now, I've gotten my hands on this strange die, they've started taking action?

The official Beyonders are here to catch me?

Darkwill instinctively turned around and ran, but he had suffered a rather heavy fall, causing him to feel pain in his knees. He was momentarily only able to walk.

Seeing the patrolling constable approach him, and with him not being able to run, a scene of an underground prison instantly surfaced in Darkwill's mind. In an environment with only an everlasting candlelight, locked with Beyonders who would heave intensely like monsters…

"What happened?" the patrolling constable pressed down on his revolver as he kept his distance and asked cautiously.

Darkwill suddenly felt an irrepressible fear. As his wrist trembled, the milky-white die he had just picked up fell to the ground again as it rolled a few times.

This time, six red dots pointed up.

Faced with the constable's scrutiny, Darkwill replied with a trembling voice, "I just stepped onto a damn banana skin and fell."

The moment he said that, he felt his heart skip a beat. This was because there wasn't any banana skins on the ground.

Damn it. I was too nervous. I should've said that I tripped myself… Darkwill thought in frustration.

He decided to summon the owl perched on the roof opposite him, preparing to make a last stand.

The patrolling constable gave him a glance and chuckled.

"Make sure to watch where you place your feet when walking. I was imagining that you had been robbed."

He released his palm on his revolver, raised his baton, and walked away.

"…”

In a daze, Darkwill looked at the constable's back that was opening up a gap from him. He wasn't sure how the constable had so easily believed his excuse that was filled with mistakes.

He retracted his gaze and looked at the milky-white die which was sitting on the ground in silence. He slowly frowned.

I'm not pure Loenese. The constables here don't need to suck up to me… Could it be all thanks to this? Be it my strange fall or my weird way of convincing the constable, it was all because of this? Is this that important Sealed Artifact which Teacher was taking care of? Darkwill quickly made certain connections as he carefully proceeded forward. He picked up the die again and stuffed it into the extremely tiny ring box. In the box, the die had no room to roll.

Signaling to his owl, Darkwill picked up the News report copy, stopped a rental carriage, and hobbled up. His destination—Red Theater.

The carriage smoothly proceeded forward. Because dusk was setting in, the street lamps which were relatively far away didn't illuminate the area much. He wasn't in a rush to study the ring box or the die inside. He patiently waited until he returned home.

After entering the herb store and heading up to the residential area on the second floor, he lit the wall lamp and chased the silly bird out of his room. He sat in front of his desk and repeatedly checked on the ring box and milky-white die.

Finally, he took out a folded piece of paper about the length of a finger segment from the bottom of the ring box.

Darkwill inhaled silently as he quickly spread open the piece of paper and discovered that there were three paragraphs written in ancient Feysac.

"If I didn't appear three days after the appointed time, then I must've been betrayed and have been arrested. Therefore, do not seek out help from the other members of the School of Thought. This is because I'm unable to determine who did it. This will bring you great danger.

"There is only one thing that you need to do. Bring the die to Oravi Island and hand it to the bellman, Carnot, in the port city. My teacher, Ricciardo, is hidden there. The subsequent matters will be handled by him.

"Don't worry that I'll divulge this secret. Once I finish writing this letter, all relevant memories would completely disappear. I wouldn't even remember having an apprentice like you until I'm rescued. Remember, try your best not to use the die. It has living characteristics. The more you use it, the easier it is for it to awaken. It will roll itself when you aren't watching it, even without any space. When it's at '1,' please trust me when I say that you'll suffer from worse than a direct death. This is because almost everything you do will end in failure, including your bed activities."

Indeed, this die is very dangerous… Darkwill subconsciously sighed and immediately realized the dumb act he had done out of goodwill.

In order to rescue his teacher, Roy King, he overcame his cowardliness and remained in Bayam, as well as sent out a cry for help to the Life School of Thought members.

And according to the information, this meant that he might very well have been targeted by the person who betrayed Roy King!

Why didn't you say so earlier! No, why didn't I head out to buy the die earlier!? Darkwill raised his hands and yanked at his hair.

He didn't dare stay any longer. He decided to leave his residence and buy a scalped ticket at night. He would head for Oravi Island early the next

morning. That was an island that was on the route between the Rorsted Archipelago and Toscarter Island.

My charms, my revolver, my bullets… Darkwill quickly counted the items that could provide him with safety, feeling concern over his lack of combat strength.

He quickly thought of an idea as he paced around and mumbled, "I need to hire a bodyguard. A bodyguard…”

Who should I hire? How much money must I spend? Amidst his thoughts, Darkwill's gaze swept across the News Report copy which he had just brought back.

Suddenly, he thought of an excellent bodyguard—Gehrman Sparrow!

A powerful adventurer who could hunt a pirate worth 5,400 pounds!

If he's willing to accept the mission, I should be able to successfully arrive at Oravi Island if the "councilor" doesn't take action… How can I find him? Right! I should paste notices in the bars where adventurers frequently appear! Darkwill nodded indiscernibly as he stuffed the items back into his packed suitcase. With this plump owl, he left the herb store once again, his heart feeling the pinch.

…

In the seas beyond the Rorsted Archipelago, in a small port belonging to Loen, the Black Death was docked there without any scruples. It was being surrounded by three ships.

Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, who had just taken a hot bath, wore a loose man's shirt, and she finished the final treatment for her mostly recovered wound.

To a Demoness, scars weren't a thing.

At this moment, the blonde female attendant knocked on the door and entered the captain's cabin after receiving permission.

When she saw Tracy, her cheeks flushed red as she moved her gaze away.

"Captain, a telegram was sent from Bayam to the port over here.

"Mithor, uh—Third mate has been killed."

Tracy stopped her actions as her expression sank. She asked hesitantly, "Do you know who did it?"

She had sent Wormtongue Mithor to Bayam to investigate the assassination attempt on her, firstly as a form of punishment for his dereliction of duty, and secondly, to spread the news that she was heavily injured so as to lure others who harbored malicious intent into attacking her. She never expected Mithor to be able to make any breakthroughs or developments in a short period of time.

After the demigod addressed as Death Consul by the Demoness of Unaging visited her, she had deliberately concealed this matter and didn't quickly inform Mithor. She allowed the punishment to continue as she felt that it was naturally for the best if his investigations turned fruitful. Even if there was nothing, she wouldn't be too disappointed either.

She never thought about the possibility of Mithor being placed at risk, as it was a part of the punishment.

But to her surprise, Mithor had been killed so quickly!

The blonde female attendant handed over the telegram and said, "It was done by an adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow. It can be confirmed that he had used a Beyonder power similar to Dragon's Might."

"Gehrman Sparrow… Dragon's Might… Heh heh. Qilangos also knew Dragon's Might. He likely Grazed a Psychiatrist or Hypnotist with Creeping

Hunger." Tracy sneered after receiving the telegram as she spoke to herself.

She was quite certain that Gehrman Sparrow was the enemy who had disguised himself as Helene to attack her. Furthermore, he had been using the Faceless powers which Qilangos had Grazed.

*Creeping Hunger is with him, and he has an ancient demigod, who Mother addressed as Death Consul, backing him… Does this mean that Qilangos was really killed by that Death Consul? *Tracy muttered silently as she waved her hand to send the blonde attendant out.

After the door to the captain's cabin closed, she chuckled to herself.

If I were to divulge this information, the organization that ordered Qilangos to assassinate Duke Negan would definitely be very interested.

For a brief moment of time, she really had the urge to do so, but her rationality stopped her.

This was because it meant that she would directly offend the Death Consul!

And with the single chance of him being recognized as the murderer, she would immediately be suspected of divulging the information.

*When the time comes, unless I hide back at Mother's side, I'll be under the shadow of death at any moment… I'm not afraid of other Saints. They will have to find me before they can attack me. Besides, there will definitely be some indication of that, and a significant amount of time is needed. I will have sufficient chances to escape danger, b-but the Death Consul can travel using the spirit world. As long as he determines my location, he will quickly appear beside me… *Tracy bit her lip as she thought in depression.

She gave up her previous thoughts and decided to take note of Gehrman Sparrow's whereabouts. She wouldn't spare him once a good opportunity arose!

At this moment, Klein was still living in the Teana Inn, waiting for his bounty to be delivered to him.

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CHAPTER 603
CONDITIONS

10 p.m. Swordfish Bar.

After waiting an entire afternoon and having not received his bounty, Klein deliberately went out. He went to Oz Kent and received the news that the process had been kickstarted. However, he would only receive the money tomorrow morning.

He disguised himself and participated in a private exchange among the adventurers in the Swordfish Bar, but he didn't find the main ingredients of the Nimblewright Master potion or any mystical items.

After restoring his appearance, Klein pressed down on his hat and attempted to squeeze through the crowd. He left the bar which was in its rowdiest and noisiest time of the day.

At this point, gazes swept past his face as most of them were momentarily taken aback before they clearly froze for two seconds, as though they had recognized something.

Suddenly, they retracted their gaze and retreated far away from Klein like the receding tide.

They had already learned of Gehrman Sparrow's appearance and strength in the papers and rumors. More details had gradually spread in areas where adventurers, pirates, and gang members gathered. Many people gained a basic understanding of the present situation and knew that Gehrman Sparrow had taken the crazy action of instantly drawing his revolver once

he discovered Wormtongue Mithor King. Therefore, everyone knew better and chose to stay away from the dangerous man.

The merchant, Ralph, was drinking in front of the bar when he suddenly sensed the disturbance. He instinctively half-turned his body around and looked over.

He soon saw a quiet gentleman with a thin face and cut features, and the corresponding portrait which appeared on News Report surfaced in his mind—Gehrman Sparrow who hunted Wormtongue!

Following that, Ralph recalled his conversation with Resistance leader, Kalat, in the evening. He confirmed that the crazy adventurer before him wasn't averse to Sea God, and he had even witnessed the private trade between the Resistance and Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Perhaps I can develop him into being a believer of Sea God… Even if he has no interest in the archipelago in the future, he might be able to provide certain help in certain matters… Ralph clasped his hands and held them to his mouth as though he was blowing at a sea conch. This was one of the gestures used to pray to Sea God Kalvetua.

Then, he suddenly got up and walked to Gehrman Sparrow with a beer in hand.

At this moment, Klein also noticed Ralph's approach and recognized him.

That was a devout believer who was willing to offer up a third of his twenty-thousand gold pound wealth to Sea God!

That was the former pirate and the present merchant who he had convinced to set up a children's charity foundation!

Based on the news regarding the charity foundation and his frequent pious praying, he understood Ralph in all aspects. Therefore, he was very puzzled as to why the man would attempt to approach Gehrman Sparrow.

He has a job to entrust to me? Things that the Resistance isn't able to do for some reason or another? Klein looked at Ralph as he slowed down his pace.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow?" Ralph raised the cup of beer in his hand.

Klein nodded and maintained his persona by saying, "I don't know you."

"Haha, it's always so simple to get to know each other among adventurers. Perhaps a cup of beer is all it takes." Ralph pointed at the bar counter. "Are you interested in a drink?"

"Alright," Klein was deeply puzzled as he answered simply.

They sat in the corner of the bar as he ordered a cup of Southville beer. As he drank, he looked at Ralph without saying a word.

Being stared at silently by a powerhouse at the level of a pirate admiral wasn't a good experience. Ralph drank a mouthful of beer to hide his high-strung nerves and laughed.

"I've heard about you. Before what you did today, I know that you're a true gentleman that shows no discrimination towards the natives of the colonial lands."

Different things to say flashed through Klein's mind as he finally decided on a few sentences that corresponded to his persona.

"Get to the meat of the issue."

"…"

Ralph nearly choked as he cleared his throat.

"Do I have the honor to introduce you to our god, the savior of the archipelago, the Blessed of the sea, Kalvetua?

"As you know, the sea is so vast. The storms are that terrifying. It's impossible to guarantee that one can defeat the various difficulties at sea and live on, even for the Four Kings. We need a god, a god that can respond to you and hold authority over the sea and storm."

Introducing me to myself and then getting me to believe in myself… Klein resisted the urge to twitch the corners of his face as he turned to say, "I'm more interested in whether you have any mystical items, the kind that has powerful offensive strength."

Ralph revealed an honest smile.

"We don't have any.

"However, as long as you piously believe in Sea God, there might be a day when you would be bestowed with one."

*I don't have one… Don't make promises for me! *Klein instantly found it amusing and laughable.

He felt that he couldn't carry on the conversation. Hence, he downed his half-filled cup of Southville beer and said, "I'll consider it."

He was about to leave when the bartender suddenly came over and squeezed a smile.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, someone entrusted you with a mission."

"What is it?" Klein glanced at Ralph.

Knowing his place, the latter left his seat with his beer.

He was already very pleased with today's outcome. This was because he never had the intention of developing the crazy adventurer into a believer of Sea God in one try. His goal was only to let him know of the possibility and to think about the pros and cons of doing so.

After the silence in the corner of the bar resumed, the bar counter immediately said with a smile, "He says he's an apothecary you know. He has a mission to entrust to you. If you're interested, you can wait here for him. We will contact him with the previously established method."

An apothecary I know? The chubby Darkwill? The Darkwill who rears a plump owl? What kind of mission would he have for me? Rescue his teacher, Roy King? That isn't something I will do. The risk is just too high… As his thoughts raced, Klein decided to first figure out the details of the mission.

"Okay."

…

At nearly 11 p.m., Klein met the apprehensive Darkwill in Billiard Room 3 of the Swordfish Bar.

He had already changed into a rather eye-catching witchdoctor robe and was dressed as a native. He was in a Taraba shirt, pantaloons, and a brown jacket. As for this round-faced owl, it was perched silently on his right shoulder, observing the adventurer with his penetrating eyes.

It's very similar to the feeling of how Miss Justice observes the other members of the Tarot Club… This owl might really be a Beyonder creature. A Spectator? Klein made a judgment as he said in a deep tone without a change in expression, "What mission is it that you have?"

"It's this." The chubby Apothecary kept his left hand in his pocket and clenched the ring box tightly. "I'll be making a trip to another island. Heh heh, it will probably take three days. Due to certain developments, I might encounter danger. Of course, it might not happen as well. In short, I need a bodyguard, and I think you're the best choice.

The way you put it sounds like I'm actually not that impressive; it's just that you know a few people… You aren't rescuing your teacher and had chosen

to leave Bayam to seek out helpers? Or he has already been saved and the danger comes from the military's pursuit? Klein pondered over the truth behind the matter as he calmly asked, "How great would the danger be?"

Darkwill's lips trembled as he said, "I can't be sure. I-if, the danger exceeds what you can handle, you can directly hand me over to the other party. This will be a promise we make now. It will not spoil your reputation."

If I didn't know that you just have a nasty mouth, then I would've imagined this as a form of goading… Klein thought and said, "What kind of payment can you provide?"

Darkwill originally wished to directly give the answer he had considered long ago, but he felt hesitant for a moment. This was because the matter was indeed very dangerous. Without enough chips, he couldn't move Gehrman Sparrow into agreeing. He was afraid of the appearance of the councilor, and that before the matter reached a level of despair, his bodyguard would give up resisting. This was also the reason why he had to hire a powerhouse.

Klein glanced at him and coldly said, "You can first consider it for a moment.

"I'll use the washroom. Tell me your answer when I'm back."

With that said, he turned around and walked to the door. Pulling the handle, he stepped outside.

The way he responded made him seem experienced, having the coolness and coldness of an adventurer and bounty hunter, but in fact, he wasn't really giving the chubby Apothecary time to think. He was only finding an opportunity to head to the washroom to divine the matter above the gray fog.

This was key to whether he accepted the mission!

Once he left the billiard room and arrived in front of a washroom. He got in line before finally getting an empty cubicle.

When he entered, he frowned as the dirty environment and disgusting stench left him grossed out. He nearly turned his head and left.

He held back his disgust as he pulled the flush lever in contempt. As he sighed at the terrible environment for his divination, he took four tiny steps counterclockwise and began the ritual.

Inside the billiard room, Darkwill agilely went to close the door after he saw Gehrman Sparrow's back completely disappear. He asked the owl on his shoulder, "Will he betray me?"

"No," the owl mumbled. "Also, when asking me questions, be polite. Call me Mr. Harry."

The fat on Darkwill's face trembled.

"Mr. Harry, what kind of payment do you think he will accept?"

"I can't see through him. He's good at concealing his emotions," the owl said frankly.

Darn Mr. Harry. No, darn silly bird! Darkwill cursed inwardly as he paced around and considered the chips he could offer.

After a while, Klein returned to Billiard Room 3 and asked, "Have you thought it through?"

He had already divined above the gray fog that the mission's danger was acceptable, and he happened to plan on leaving Bayam for the time being.

"800 pounds for three days, as well as our friendship. I'm referring to the friendship of my teacher and his friends," Darkwill said without confidence.

Klein remained silent for a few seconds and said, "1,000 pounds for three days.

"In addition, your organization needs to help me obtain a mystical item with powerful offensive abilities. I will pay in cash based on a reasonable price."

1,000 pounds. How could I have that much… Darkwill hesitated for a moment before saying, "I'll pay an advance of 300 pounds. The rest will be paid by the person I'm looking for when we arrive at my destination."

He planned on getting his teacher's teacher to pay the rest.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Deal."

Darkwill immediately heaved a sigh of relief before puffing his face and said with a smile, "Can I believe that the protection is in immediate effect?"

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CHAPTER 604
A DIFFERENT ENEMY

Upon hearing the chubby Apothecary's question, Klein smiled inwardly as he wore a stoic expression.

"From the moment you make the first payment."

Darkwill didn't hesitate to take out a huge wad of cash as he counted it while his heart pained for the money.

"Here's 300 pounds.

"You can carry out your promise."

Klein received the notes and nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

Darkwill immediately felt relieved, as though he was a drowning person who had finally caught onto a float.

Half an hour later, in the Teana Inn, Darkwill watched in a daze as the powerful adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, said to the reception counter, "Switch us to a luxurious suite."

With that said, Klein took two steps backward as though giving his spot to the chubby Apothecary.

Darkwill gulped his saliva and asked hesitantly, "I'm paying?"

"During the mission, all expenses are borne by the employer. This is the rule adventurers follow," Klein said without a change in expression.

I'd be a dumbsss if I believed you! Am I to help you pay if you call for a few Red Theater prostitutes? Darkwill thought as he squeezed out a smile.

"We can use an ordinary room. This will make the protection job easier."

"Then, you stay by yourself." Klein acted as Gehrman Sparrow without any effort.

Darkwill laughed and walked to the counter and said without expression, "A luxurious suite."

When Darkwill finally checked in and entered the smaller bedroom, he opened the window and left an "opening" for the owl, Mr. Harry. He took out the ring box in his pocket and checked the situation of the strange die.

After confirming that the die was the same as before, with four points facing up, Darkwill gradually heaved a sigh of relief.

…

Backlund. Inside an ordinary house.

Ince Zangwill woke up from his slumber, and the first thing he did was check on his body.

This was something he had to repeat every day. This was because he had no idea what kind of story 0-08 would compose after he slept, bringing about unknown accidents.

After confirming that he wasn't injured, Ince Zangwill wore a pair of bright leather boots and stood up.

Without any surprises, he saw 0-08 silently sitting on his desk as though it was an ordinary quill.

However, it had been locked in a metal box that was covered with symbols and magic labels.

Ince Zangwill walked over with a heavy heart and grabbed 0-08. He flipped open the notebook beside him and discovered that there was another page of text.

"Ince Zangwill couldn't recall what he had done last night, but he acutely sensed some problems.

"He looked into the mirror and found his reflection somewhat unfamiliar, as though his body had given birth to another Ince Zangwill.

"He looked down and saw there were obvious abnormalities under his fingernails, but he couldn't recall what he had done the previous night no matter how hard he tried…"

After seeing this description, Ince Zangwill instinctively looked at the full-body mirror in the room. He saw that he was still blind in one eye. His classic chiseled face didn't have a single wrinkle, but there was a smile lingering at the edges of his mouth. It formed a stark contrast with his heavy gaze.

At this moment, Ince Zangwill felt that his face was a little livid. He had eye bags, and it was matched with the smile he couldn't understand. He appeared sinister, vicious, and strange.

He lifted his hands, lowered his head, and saw black stain blocks under his fingernails. It was as though he had spent half the night digging up roots in the garden.

Although he had switched from the Death pathway to the Evernight pathway, and he had become a Nightwatcher, Ince Zangwill didn't lose the

Beyonder powers he had from before. He was still a powerful Spirit Guide, a Spirit Guide in the domain of dead spirits. Therefore, he immediately planned to communicate with the spirits inside and outside the house to figure out what had happened last night.

At this point, he saw the final passage on the notebook through the corner of his eye.

"Ince Zangwill attempted to channel spirits, but sadly he realized that it was to no avail. It was as though a person of a similar profession had wiped out all clues. He was very worried, unaware of what he had embroiled himself with the previous night."

Ince Zangwill's expression turned heavy as he attempted to channel spirits. Within his expectations, he didn't receive any outcome which could be called a pleasant surprise.

…

Wednesday morning, outside Amyris Leaf Bar that had its shadow boss replaced.

Klein circled around to a secluded alley and saw Oz Kent carrying a tiny suitcase.

"Your bounty." Oz Kent threw the small suitcase over.

This actually wasn't the bounty money in the true sense of the word. It was money the military had put forth—the former involved the governor-general's office and the kingdom's finance ministry. The procedure was complicated and needed at least three days to complete.

Klein caught the suitcase and opened it on the spot. He saw stacks of neatly arranged cash, with most of them in one- or five-pound denominations.

"A total of 5,400 pounds. We didn't take a cut," Oz Kent said as he forced a smile.

If it were any other adventurer, he would have given 4,000 pounds at most. The rest was the income for the personnel involved in the entire procedure.

But faced with the crazy man whose strength was close to a pirate admiral, all he could do was volunteer work thanks to his fear of being executed on the spot by him.

*The military is unlikely to fool me with fake notes… *Klein grabbed a stack of cash and waved it.

*5,400 pounds… *Hiding outside the alley, Darkwill heard Oz Kent's words and secretly shot a glance at the suitcase. The stacks of pound notes seemed to blind him.

This was the first time he was seeing so much money placed together.

An adventurer really is a profitable profession. Successfully hunting a pirate earns thousands of pounds. Protecting me nets him 1,000 pounds and one request. Occasionally, he can find sunken ships and treasure… Why did I become an apothecary instead of an adventurer? If I had known, I would have chosen that lucky Beyonder pathway… Darkwill thought with atypical admiration.

However, he quickly recalled his reality. Most adventurers didn't live such rich lives. Even if they could make a killing, a third of their income was given to apothecaries, either to treat their injuries and remove any latent injuries, or to buy medicine to add to the fun and deal with unmentionable diseases.

It's still safer being an apothecary… Darkwill sighed inwardly.

At this moment, Klein, who had only did a rough count of the money, closed the suitcase and said to Oz Kent, "I'll be leaving Bayam for some

time. If I have any intel, how should I inform you?"

"You're leaving Bayam?" Oz Kent asked, finding it odd.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "I received a bodyguard mission."

Oz Kent was first enlightened before he felt a baffling sense of ease.

If this madman were to stay in Bayam for long periods of time, there will ultimately be a day where he causes problems. It's better to drift out at sea and fight those pirates… Oz Kent immediately said with a smile, "You can directly send me a telegram and include my address. We have people planted at the telegraph office."

"Alright." Dressed in a black tweed coat, Klein didn't speak further. With the suitcase in hand, he turned to leave the alley.

He headed for the harbor together with Darkwill and planned to catch the earliest liner to Oravi Island. The owl flew in between the trees and appeared furtively—they had already bought scalped tickets the night before.

Half an hour before they boarded the ship, Darkwill reeled with anxiety. He was afraid the person who had betrayed his teacher would suddenly rush over and attack him.

This feeling continued until he entered the first-class cabin that belonged to him. As long as the liner went out into the sea, Beyonders without flight capabilities or their own ships would find it difficult to intercept him.

"Quickly start the ship. Quickly start the ship…” Darkwill looked out the window as he muttered to himself.

At this moment, the owl had followed and perched on his left shoulder. Klein sat on a chair in the room, prepared for any possible attacks.

At this moment, the sky suddenly turned dark as the wind howled with increasing strength. The air's humidity also clearly climbed.

"A storm?" Darkwill widened his mouth as he blurted out.

This meant that the ship might not set sail at the scheduled time. It might be delayed for hours!

And with that, Darkwill wouldn't be able to withstand many of the unnecessary risks!

He turned his head to look at Gehrman Sparrow and forced a smile.

"Do you have any solutions?"

I do have one. For example, you can immediately pray to Sea God Kalvetua, and I'll immediately answer your prayer above the gray fog. I'll disperse the storm… But it's without a doubt that in minutes, or maybe seconds, Sea King Jahn Kottman will rush over. And his attacks will arrive earlier… Klein looked at the chubby Apothecary and said calmly, "I'm only an adventurer."

Darkwill knew that he shouldn't have had any expectations. He cursed the weather silently and turned around, looking out the window to check on the exact situation.

Boom!

A silver bolt of lightning struck Darkwill before Klein could even react.

Darkwill immediately collapsed, convulsing as smoke emitted from his body. His skin was charred as snakes of lightning buzzed.

Klein nearly felt into a shock. This was the first time he was seeing someone getting struck by lightning during a storm.

That's way too unlucky, right.… He briefly forgot to rescue Darkwill.

The owl, Mr. Harry, was similarly stunned for a few seconds before it screamed, "Quick! Quick! There's a bottle of medicine in the second secret pocket on his left. Feed it to him!"

This owl can talk.… Klein pricked up his brows, took a few steps forward, bent down, and found a bottle of blood-red medicine. Then, he poured it down Darkwill's throat.

After a few minutes, Darkwill finally regained his senses. As charred black skin peeled off, he stood up with great difficulty.

"I-I'll deal with my wounds."

He staggered to his room and locked the door.

After doing all of that, he took out the ring box and opened it with a solemn look.

In the ring box with almost no room to roll, the milky-white die had already changed at some point in time. Two red dots were facing up!

In the living room outside, Klein stood on the spot and recalled everything that had happened before frowning.

At this moment in time, he had a baffling feeling that the enemies he would face during this bodyguard mission was probably going to be different from the enemies he encountered in the past.

After Darkwill partially recovered and came out, Klein sat on the chair and leaned forward slightly.

"Explain.

"This determines how I should provide you with protection."

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CHAPTER 605
"JUDGMENT"

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow, Darkwill's first reaction was to reveal everything about the strange die. He wanted this adventurer, that he had spent huge sums of money on, to grasp the problem at its root so as to effectively ensure his personal safety.

But on second thought, he recalled his teacher's exhortations. Believing that the die might very well be a rather important Sealed Artifact of the Life School of Thought, he was afraid that the truth would entice him to cause even more negative developments!

There are plenty of rumors about adventurers who killed their employers during missions in order to earn greater benefits for themselves. I don't know Gehrman Sparrow, and I have no idea what kind of character he has. I need to be cautious! Besides, the die had automatically rolled a two. The situation isn't at its worst and most despair-inducing. I can still wait for a chance… Darkwill hesitated for a few seconds and finally decided to talk about superficial matters while avoiding the key points.

He subconsciously dodged Gehrman Sparrow's seemingly calm eyes.

"It's this. My teacher and I belong to a secret organization. I'm escaping because a traitor has appeared internally.

"They grasp the pathway related to fate and can make themselves sufficiently lucky and their target unlucky… I-I might have been cursed, so I was unlucky enough to be struck by lightning."

After the explanation, he forcefully hid the nervousness in his heart and awaited Gehrman Sparrow's reply.

Will he believe me? This kind of adventurer with rich experience and strength is likely hard to deceive… If he were to discover that I'm lying, he will likely sink me into the ocean… Darkwill stood there anxiously, like a student being summoned to the teacher's desk.

He's indeed from the Life School of Thought… Monster pathway… Klein nodded in thought.

"I understand.

"Try to do as little as possible. I will consider how I'll deal with your bad luck."

Uh… Darkwill was taken aback, completely unable to believe that Gehrman Sparrow would so easily accept a lie he fabricated on the spot.

He forced a smile and quickly expressed his gratitude. Then, he returned to his room, leaning his back against the door as he took out the ring box.

Pa! His hand trembled as he opened the lid, only to discover that the milky-white die had already strangely rolled itself to have the six side facing up!

Does this mean that I was lucky enough to successfully fool Gehrman Sparrow? Darkwill thought in enlightenment.

Mr. Harry swooped down and didn't choose to perch on the chubby Apothecary's shoulder. Apparently, it was still somewhat worried about how it could've also been implicated when Darkwill was nearly struck by lightning.

It stood on a wooden desk and stared ahead with its round eyes.

"Darkwill, you're very nervous."

"You don't have to tell me that," Darkwill said in frustration.

The owl spread its wings and said, "Alright, I'll use a different explanation.

"I believe I should consider changing owners.

"Gehrman Sparrow seems to be a pretty good choice."

“…Then what about me?" Darkwill asked in surprise, momentarily forgetting his anger.

Mr. Harry tsked and said, "Don't you sense the concern and fear in your heart? You're already suspecting whether you can see tomorrow's sun. That strange die is really, really dangerous!

"If I were you, I would've thrown it out the window and into the sea and get your teacher's teacher to fish it out himself."

“…How do you know about my teacher's teacher?" Darkwill blurted out the question.

Mr. Harry proudly lifted its head and said, "Don't doubt an owl's vision."

Darkwill fell into thought and didn't faze himself with its answer.

"No, that won't work. Throwing the die into the sea wouldn't resolve all my problems.

"According to Old Man, even if it's buried out at sea, any powerful person will be able to find it in days. That will mean that I'll really lose it. Silly bird. You lack general knowledge in mysticism, and you don't know how some important Sealed Artifacts are just like the most popular prostitutes in Red Theater. They'll always be able to attract hungry men."

"Including you," Harry calmly replied. "As for the problem of being lacking in general knowledge in mysticism, I believe a famous quote can explain it.

Emperor Roselle once said that if a child doesn't receive a good education, then it's the father's fault. This sentence can also be used to describe problems between a pet and its owner. Alright, Darkwill, regardless, I believe you need to discuss the die with Gehrman Sparrow. Otherwise, there will only be greater danger."

"Let me wait and see a little longer. Perhaps it will be fixed at six…" Darkwill said with some hesitation.

He sat on the edge of the bed before lying down.

At this moment, the storm that had been howling had gradually calmed down. The sky began to turn calm as the liner blew its horn, indicating that it was setting sail.

Inside the first-class cabin's living room, Klein looked out the window and saw blurry rainbows that appeared after the rain. Yet, his heart wasn't calm.

He wasn't too afraid of enemies. Out at sea, apart from the Four Kings and the official demigods, or the pirate admirals who appeared with their fleet, there were very few matters that could threaten him, who had Creeping Hunger and several mystical items. Even if the ship was sunk, he was able to escape thanks to the many charms he had from the Sea God domain.

But luck was something he really had no confidence in. It wasn't within the limits of his abilities, nor could he think of a way to handle it.

*Although my title is "the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck," that was modified from the luck enhancement ritual. And the luck enhancement ritual clearly wasn't to allow people to get out of bad luck… Darkwill's matter is quite difficult to handle. I can only invest more effort into keeping a close eye on his situation. I'll immediately rescue him if something unlucky that can cause death happens… Let's hope that we can last for these few days until we arrived at Oravi Island. His seniors should be able to help him change his luck… *Klein rubbed his temples, but he didn't show any abnormalities.

…

Darkwill, who had been too nervous the previous night, fell into a deep sleep without realizing it.

After a while, his stomach's growling informed him that it was time for lunch.

He tried hard to open his eyes, but he felt as though an invisible person was pressing down on him, making it impossible for him to move.

He felt the back of his head swelling with a sharp pain. He felt his breathing become more difficult as his heart raced at an abnormal pace.

D-don't tell me that I'm going to experience a sudden death in my dreams… Darkwill struggled with all his might, but he failed to wake up. He became weaker and weaker with time.

At this moment, his mouth was opened up by a sharp object as an ice-cold liquid was poured in. The liquid also flowed down his face, wetting his chin and neck.

Darkwill's body recovered as he finally managed to open his eyes. He saw two bright, round, gold-like eyes nearly slamming into his head.

*Rearing a Beyonder pet can be quite effective sometimes… *Darkwill first felt wistful before he rapidly sat up and took out the ring box.

Inside, the die had rolled to another side.

1 point!

So unlucky that I almost died in my sleep? No, I don't think it's that simple. It seems to magnify certain probabilities such as the chances of being hit by lightning or the chances of experiencing sudden death while asleep… No,

this can't carry on. If this continues, I'll definitely die! Darkwill thought in hysteria.

Horror quickly overwhelmed his thoughts as he spurred his hand to hold onto the ring box and rush to the door.

Perhaps as a result of nearly suffering a sudden death, he was lacking in strength. He could hardly twist the handle.

"Help! Help!" Mr. Harry screamed sharply.

*Bang! *

The door was opened, slamming into Darkwill's head. If Klein hadn't controlled his strength, the chubby Apothecary's head probably would've cracked open with blood spewing out everywhere.

Without even rubbing his bruise, Darkwill frantically shouted, "It's this! It's this!

"It's this die that gives me bad luck!

"When it's at 1 point, I'll fail at everything I do!"

He had already decided to inform Gehrman Sparrow of the whole truth, and he looked forward to the powerful adventurer giving him some effective suggestions.

He didn't eliminate the possibility of him killing him out of greed, but he had weighed the matter. If he had to make a choice, he definitely chose the one which wasn't as terrible.

Telling Gehrman Sparrow might lead to death, but not telling him would spell certain death. This choice was no longer something that needed consideration.

*I don't care if the die is lost. My life is more important! *Darkwill thought with righteous indignation.

Then, he saw a smile appear across Gehrman Sparrow's mouth.

"Thank you for your humor.

"The joke isn't too bad."

…It's not a joke… Darkwill looked down at the ring box and saw that there were no changes to the blood-red single point on the die.

*C-could it be that even an explanation with plenty of logic will fail… *The chubby Apothecary suddenly fell into despair.

"It's real! He's speaking the truth!" Harry flapped its wings.

Darkwill, who felt hope arise in him, heard Gehrman Sparrow say in a deep voice, "Then why don't you throw it into the ocean?"

With that said, Klein politely closed the door and returned to the living room.

This fellow must be hiding a secret. I mustn't be fooled by such a clumsy excuse… Klein sat in his chair and waited for Darkwill to describe the situation in detail.

Darkwill sat down, depressed. He sat there motionless, afraid of encountering another failure.

He didn't notice that the die had already switched its face again to a three.

Before lunch, Klein entered the washroom to clean out his digestive system.

After washing his hands, he went above the gray fog in passing, preparing to browse through the prayers of the Sea God believers.

Just as he sat at the high-back chair of The Fool, he suddenly recalled many details as his eyes widened.

H-how could I believe such a weak explanation…

Why do I think that it's because of that die?

*In the past two events, it felt like my mind had been clouded. No, it's not that. Darkwill's explanation happened to match certain theories of mine. Therefore, I instinctively believed it to be real and fake. *Klein's eyes constricted as he thought about it.

At that moment, he had already made a judgment.

That die is indeed problematic!

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CHAPTER 606
INTIMIDATION

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as his thoughts revolved around the strange die.

It can influence me without me realizing it… This is already somewhat similar to 0-08 from back then. It's just that one is right in front of me, while the other is hidden… It's definitely a Sealed Artifact, and it's the kind that exists at the very pinnacle. Even if it's not a Grade 0, it has to be a very special existence among Grade 1s…

I'm temporarily unable to interfere with matters regarding fate, but I can't just passively face it. With the passage of time, objects at the level of Sealed Artifacts will often cause more severe damage. It might begin to affect people around the chubby Apothecary, such as me or all the passengers on the ship… Klein thought over the matter seriously without any solutions in mind. He decided to immediately return to the real world.

He didn't know how to seal the die or how to reduce its influence, but he knew someone had a clue.

It was the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, who was still inside his mother's womb as a fetus!

Entering the master bedroom, he took out the paper crane in his wallet and placed it on the table. Klein took a look at the surface which still had signs of being erased. He picked up a pencil and wrote a simple question: "How do I deal with that die?"

He folded the paper crane back to its original form, stuffed it in his wallet, and went to the door of the servant's room before knocking on it twice.

This wasn't in violation of Gehrman Sparrow's persona, because he was a gentlemanly madman. Of course, Klein was mainly afraid of bashing Darkwill to death by rashly opening the door. This was something that he had learned from the movie franchise, "Final Destination."

In addition, Klein was also worried about witnessing something disgusting or unpleasant.

*With the preferences Darkwill has exhibited, when he realizes that he's in extreme danger and unable to extricate himself from it, with waiting for death being the only option available to him, there's a nonzero chance of him pleasuring himself to climax one last time… *Klein lampooned as he heard the chubby Apothecary's weak reply, "What's the matter?"

It's good that you aren't dead yet... Klein carefully opened the door and leaned his body a little forward, looking at Darkwill and the opened ring box which was sitting in front of him. He calmly asked, "What's the score?"

"Can't you check it from the papers yourself… Sports section…" Darkwill remained listless.

"I'm asking about the die," Klein simply added.

"It's still at 3 points…" Darkwill first answered instinctively before turning his head and jumping up. "You believe me?"

Klein didn't reply so as to prevent him from recalling how Gehrman Sparrow had been fooled by the die.

He turned around and said in an unperturbed tone, "Bring the die outside."

"Alright!"

"Alright!"

Darkwill and Harry cried out in joy almost at the same time.

They either raised their arms or wings!

After the chubby Apothecary carefully carried the ring box out, Klein pointed at the coffee table and said, "Put it on there."

As he said, he sat on the sofa beside it. He placed his arms on his thigh and leaned forward to observe the strange die.

On the surface, the die didn't seem strange in any way when it came to mysticism. The only difference from an ordinary die was that it was dyed in red, even for three points.

Klein didn't touch it out of caution. He slightly straightened his body and looked at Darkwill, who was seated across him on a chair, as well as the fat owl, Harry, who was perched on the chair's back.

"Describe the exact situation."

Darkwill didn't hide the matter any further as he said with a smile which looked worse than crying, "This is an important Sealed Artifact in our organization. My mission is to send it to a particular person in Oravi Island.

"But, as you can see. It's extremely dangerous. It will roll itself even when there's no space for it to do so!

"When it rolls a six, the wielder will be sufficiently lucky. Everything can be done with relatively easy success, just like how my clumsy lie was able to fool you."

Don't mention this matter… You will one day be taught a serious lesson because of that mouth of yours… Klein listened with a stoic expression.

Darkwill continued, "1 point means that the wielder will be extremely unlucky. Nothing will succeed; you wouldn't believe me even if I were to tell you the whole truth…

"2 points should be bad luck of a lesser degree, but as for why it would cause me to be struck by lightning… It's inexplicable!

"3 points and 4 points are normal levels of bad luck and good luck. This can be confirmed. 5 points is the opposite of 2 points."

You aren't considered unlucky enough; otherwise, I would've already beaten you up… Klein thought and calmly instructed, "From this moment forth, both of you will take turns to monitor this die. Once it drops below 3 points, you are to inform me immediately."

"Both of us?" Darkwill wore a blank look for a moment.

"Including me?" The owl perched on the edge of the chair's back raised its right wing.

Klein leaned back into the sofa and crossed his right leg as he said calmly, "This will help in maintaining focus and energy."

With that said, he gestured at the owl with his chin.

"You're up first."

"My name is Harry," the owl grumbled.

Harry… Klein resisted the urge to laugh as he said to Darkwill, "Pull the bell and get an attendant here. From this moment forth, we will choose to have room service for our meals.

"Before reaching Oravi Island, you have to be in the living room at all times. You are not to go anywhere.

"Even if you wish to use the washroom, it will be when it's at 3 or 4.

"If you really can't hold it in, I'll give you a bucket."

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow give instructions with regularity and thoroughness, Darkwill calmed down a little at a time. He was no longer as horrified as before.

The matter he was most worried about prior to this was that firstly, Gehrman Sparrow would be enticed by greed and choose to kill him for the die. Secondly, this somewhat crazy and cold adventurer might be frightened by the die, and that he would choose to terminate the mission and stop providing protection.

And now, Gehrman Sparrow didn't show any fear, and he even seemed very confident!

Darkwill secretly sighed in relief and thought, *His performance was really professional…*

He isn't afraid at all!

He can even escape the influence of the die and accept my explanation. He lives up to his name of being the powerful adventurer who easily hunted Wormtongue! He's definitely a powerhouse at the pirate admiral level!

Darkwill stood up and walked to the door to pull the service bell.

Just as he returned to the sofa, he heard Harry's sharp screech.

"It has changed! It has changed!

"2 points!"

Suddenly, Klein exerted strength in his legs as he rose up from the sofa without warning and rushed to Darkwill's side.

*Bang! *

As a gunshot rang from outside, Klein pulled Darkwill's arm, swung his arm backward, and shook his wrist, throwing the chubby Apothecary to the side.

At this point, in the wall opposite to where Darkwill was standing, there was a bullet hole.

Did a sailor's gun misfire? Or did the bullet ricochet when aiming at some seabird or something? Regardless of the situation, the chances of that happening are very low; yet… Klein turned his head to the chubby Apothecary.

"Are you injured?"

Darkwill shook his head with a lingering sense of fear.

"I'm fine."

In the time that followed, Klein resolved more than ten accidents, one after another. It included the sudden collapse of the chandelier in the room, a hammer dropped by a slipping maintenance worker headed straight for Darkwill's head, as well as Darkwill nearly dying from choking on a fishbone.

These didn't seem like anything serious, but for Klein to remain highly focused, it was inevitable for him to be exhausted.

Thankfully, the die automatically rolled to 4 points later, finally ending the hour which was fraught with disasters.

*No, I can't continue like this. Who knows if something will happen to me when I'm rescuing him… *Klein sent away the captain who came to apologize and said to Darkwill, "I'll sleep for half an hour.

"Both of you are to watch the die. Immediately wake me up when there's a problem."

The chubby Apothecary and the owl nodded like a hungry woodpecker.

Leaning back into the sofa, Klein used Cogitation to quickly fall asleep, hoping to receive a reply from Will Auceptin.

When he woke up in his dream, he heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the pitch-black desolate plains. He followed the same-old path and reached the depths of the black steeple.

In the protruded ground surrounded by tarot cards, there were many new silvery lines that were densely written.

Klein stopped walking and quickly read it.

"It's called the Die of Probability.

"It's a Sealed Artifact of the highest level in our School of Thought. I believe it can reach the standard of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

"It controls the probability of everything. 1 point will maximize the probability of unfavorable matters occurring to the target. 2 points will raise the probability of unfavorable matters greatly. This doesn't mean that 2 points is safer than 1 point. This is because once the probability is high enough, any accident can happen. 3 points is to increase the probability of unfavorable matters. It's the opposite for 4 to 6 points.

"Even for me, a being who can reset it to a certain extent, it's a rather dangerous Sealed Artifact. A demigod can be killed using it, but of course, it can also kill yourself."

I know, your contest with the Die of Probability is likely the equivalent to the battle between the God of Save and Load and the RNG 1 gods 1… Klein lampooned inwardly as he continued reading.

"The Die of Probability has living characteristics. It always makes the wielder swing back and forth between having good and bad luck. If one isn't careful, it's possible to die from an accident. When it awakens to a certain degree, it will control the people and objects around the wielder, controlling the probability of their actions.

"Although it hasn't been confirmed, I suspect that given enough time, it will be able to influence the entire world, making every action of all life be determined by its score. Of course, this is excluding deities."

To put it simply, it's digitizing the entire world… Th-this is definitely at the level of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It's extremely dangerous! How terrifying… Klein couldn't help but frown as he eagerly continued reading.

"To truly seal the Die of Probability is rather complicated. To put it simply, it's to use specific Sealed Artifacts to isolate it from the spirit world, astral world, and the real world. You can give it a try.

"Haha, I'll reveal my cards. I have long discovered that you can resist my prophetic senses. Perhaps you can use it to seal it.

"There's another way, but it can only briefly reduce its influence. However, this should be enough to send the Die of Probability to the hands of someone who can seal it.

"That method is to use the fact that it has living characteristics. Use an effective method to intimidate it. That way, it will behave, no—calm down for a period of time. It will last about 12 hours before continuing.

"After repeated acts of intimidation, the influence it receives will decrease. After a week, it will mark you and madly control your probabilities.

"Finally, thank you for your help.

Sincerely yours,

Will Auceptin"

As expected of a Snake of Fate. He has indeed discovered my uniqueness… Throwing the Die of Probability above the gray fog should be able to seal it. But the problem is that a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact with living characteristics might influence the space above the gray fog and chase me away, making itself the owner… Such matters cannot be answered with divination. It will definitely be able to resist, just like 0-08… Klein rejected the idea of using the gray fog.

As the thoughts whirled in his mind, he suddenly had an idea.

Klein quickly left his dream and woke up. He said to Darkwill, "I have a method of suppressing its influence."

"What is it?" Darkwill asked in pleasant surprise.

Klein didn't answer and picked up the Die of Probability, which had 4 points facing up, before entering the washroom.

*What does he want to do? I remember that in some folklore, the way they treat evil objects is to throw sh*t… Ugh…* Darkwill didn't wish to think further.

After entering the washroom and locking the door, Klein immediately set up a ritual to summon himself. Following that, he went above the gray fog and brought out the iron cigar case.

Then, he picked up the Die of Probability and opened the cigar case. Inside the cigar case was the All-Black Eye which came from the Nimblewright Master.

Under the darkness, Klein's face was cloaked in the shadows and he watched with a deep and gloomy gaze as he brought the Die of Probability close to the strange eye. It was a Beyonder characteristic which contained the True Creator's mental corruption.

The corners of his mouth cracked open as he revealed a genial smile and whispered to the die in his hand, "Here, let me treat you to a concert."

Footnotes:

Ch 606 Footnote 1

Random Number Generator.

Ch 606 Footnote 2

It's a reference to how gamers will try attempt to save and load the game to beat a game's RNG for a better item.

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CHAPTER 607 DISCOVERING AN ABNORMALITY

The window of the washroom was very high, preventing sufficient sunlight from shining in. It could only barely dispel the darkness, making everything seem gloomy.

Klein moved the Die of Probability in his right hand to the All-Black Eye, and suddenly, it shook. Then, he threw the item into the other side of the washbasin.

The milky-white die rolled a few times before finally stopping with four red dots pointing up.

Klein held back his unobvious smile and took a step to the side and picked up the Die of Probability again. He lowered his head and said in a gentlemanly manner, "You don't wish to listen to it?

"Let's do this. Give me an answer. 6 represents cooperation, while everything else represents a rejection."

With that said, he threw the Die of Probability up and reached out to catch it.

The milky white die fell straight down and rapidly rolled, showing six red dots!

"Very good," Klein praised with a chuckle.

After throwing the All-Black Eye back above the gray fog, he turned to open the door to the washroom and slowly walked to the living room.

Under Darkwill's and Harry's gaze, which was filled with anticipation, worry, curiosity, and puzzlement, he suddenly stopped and threw the Die of Probability out.

"No!"

"No!"

Darkwill and the owl cried out at the same time, afraid that a score of 3 points and below would happen. The latter subconsciously flew up to distance itself from the fatty who might be struck by lightning.

With a crisp tinkle, the milky-white die rolled on the coffee table several times before fixing itself at 2 points.

Just as the color in Darkwill's face drained, the die languidly rolled and fixed itself on 4.

"For the next 12 hours, it will be relatively quiet." Klein calmly sat down and began enjoying his breakfast which had long turned cold.

He really had a solution? Darkwill lowered his body and stared at the strange die on the coffee table.

After nearly a minute, he couldn't help but extend his hand and throw the die, managing to roll a 6.

Just as his palm left, the die moved by itself to 4.

*How magical… What method did Gehrman Sparrow actually use? Did he really sh*t and soak the die inside? Ugh…* Darkwill decided to accept the outcome and stopped thinking of the reason; otherwise, he suspected that he would end up vomiting.

Looking up at Gehrman Sparrow, who was calmly spreading butter on his bread, Darkwill suddenly felt that with just a promise and 1,000 pounds to hire a bodyguard at this level was extremely worth it!

He can definitely be ranked at the same level as any pirate admiral! If a tycoon were to encounter a situation like mine, they wouldn't hesitate to hire him with half their wealth… Thankfully, I only paid 300 pounds. The rest will be borne by Teacher and the others… Darkwill felt relieved when he realized that he didn't need to worry about the die's random rolling for the next 12 hours. He couldn't help but stand up and stretch his back.

He walked to the window and opened the tightly shut window to see the sparse clouds scattered across the clear skies.

The endless azure blue sky stirred as it reflected the bright sunlight like it had countless golden fragments scattered in it. This energized Darkwill as he felt a burden be lifted from his chest.

Unlike Backlund, which would only become warm at the end of February, the Rorsted Archipelago was no longer plagued by the cold. Life had returned to this area.

Facing the sea and the blooming of flowers in warm spring… Klein, who had finished his bread, walked to a spot behind Darkwill and felt like he was an animal who had awoken from hibernation.

He didn't recite the poem that flashed past his mind, as firstly, it didn't suit Gehrman Sparrow's persona, and secondly, it would probably make Darkwill reflect over Emperor Roselle's poetic talent.

Until the evening, the die still didn't roll, but the weather had changed. Strong winds howled as dark clouds gathered. A storm was brewing.

This was the most common danger at sea. Even if one took a safe sea route which had been traversed by others, one would occasionally encounter similar situations. It just wasn't as terrifying.

Klein looked at the tall waves and the dark sky, and he felt as though the ship was cruising through a mountain valley. By the sides were tall dark-blue "cliffs" that could topple down at any moment.

The intense pressure made a Mid-Sequence Beyonder like him feel repressed. He even wished to pray to god, hoping that the liner would cruise through the storm safely.

*It's no wonder sailors, pirates, and merchants who live on the sea for extended periods of time can't help but respect the Lord of Storms. They would more or less believe in "Him"…*Klein sighed in silence.

Although he didn't believe the storm that wasn't that powerful could bury a liner which was powered by both sails and steam engines, he still attached caution to the matter by praying to his alternate identity, Sea God Kalvetua.

He was afraid that the Die of Probability would suddenly go crazy during the storm and roll a 1, causing the ship to sink to the bottom of the sea. Therefore, he decided to make preemptive precautions. Klein did believe Snake of Fate Will Auceptin's judgment that the Die of Probability would be quiet for 12 hours after the first intimidation act, but this was without any additional conditions. He believed that it was more likely that a Sealed Artifact with living characteristics would deal with situations like a person instead of rules. Hence, he had to take precautions for any troubles it might cause.

Stealing a glance at Darkwill and the owl who were looking somewhat uneasy due to the storm, Klein calmly said, "I'll take a nap.

"Continue watching the die. Take turns and do not relax."

"Alright." Watching Gehrman Sparrow enter the master bedroom, Darkwill walked to the side of the coffee table and sat down. As he stared at the die, he asked Harry, "What thoughts do you have now?"

Harry flew around and mumbled, "Why am I not a petrel?"

In the master bedroom, Klein went above the gray fog and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile.

He held the scepter with blue gems embedded at the top and quickly replied to his prayer.

Klein didn't expend too much of his spirituality to calm the storm. This was firstly because they weren't too far from the surrounding seas of the Rorsted Archipelago. Such an obvious and exaggerated supernatural phenomenon was easily able to attract the attention of Sea King Jahn Kottman, who shared the same domain, or the Storm Priests on the ships. Secondly, he had to conserve strength to deal with the Die of Probability.

What he did was simple. He augmented the ship with layers of Beyonder effects, allowing it to cruise through the storm stably without any risk of capsizing.

Towards a Sequence 5 or 6 Beyonder below the rank of demigod, to do something similar to a liner which had hundreds of people on board required plenty of preparations and a complicated ritual. It was only possible by exhausting them, but to a Sea God of this domain, it was all simple and easy.

A demigod already has inklings of a god… Klein sighed and threw the scepter back into the junk pile, before silently disappearing from above the gray fog.

In the time that followed, the ship bobbed up and down like a leaf in the wind, but no matter how terrifying or towering the dark blue waves were, nothing happened to it until the end of the storm.

…

At 4 p.m on Thursday. Backlund, Williams Street.

Fors Wall once again arrived here by carriage.

She didn't sit in the coffee shop again. Instead, she strolled down the street and observed the pedestrians and surrounding buildings. She also took note of figures with special traits as material for her novel.

*There really are a lot of foreigners. They're still mainly from Feysac and Intis. Heh heh, one of them is a barbaric and stocky white bear, while the other is a colorful, ostentatious rooster… *Fors chuckled silently to herself.

At this moment, she came to the middle of Williams Street where there was an abandoned chapel. Withered vines crawled over its walls, and gray stones were strewn everywhere.

With the intention to not waste Mr. World's payment, Fors deliberately approached it to check for any abnormalities.

She circled around the chapel without discovering anything.

Following that, she entered and avoided the disgusting shit and rotten things, and she quickly observed every corner.

Suddenly, her gaze came to a stop as she frowned bit by bit.

In a particular corner of the half-collapsed ruin, the ground had been dug up by someone. The pit wasn't too big or deep, and there were remnant traces of it being dug with fingers!

This should be considered an abnormality, right… Fors cautiously retreated and didn't do a detailed investigation.

After walking through all of Williams Street, she immediately returned home and organized the abnormality and material she jotted down together. She then sacrificed it to Mr. Fool and asked him to hand it over to The World. Fors didn't hide conceal anything she saw, even if they didn't seem to have any superficial problems. This was because she knew very well that any abnormality would be judged by The World, and not by herself who didn't understand the situation.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein immediately began reading the report Miss Magician had submitted.

That abandoned chapel has signs of being dug up? The previous digging attempts had been dealt with by me and Miss Sharron… Who would dig it up again? Rafter Pound, that descendant of the Tudor family? He nearly died from the evil spirit's possession. Without any helpers, it's unlikely he would take further risks… Who could it be… Klein thought for a moment, but he couldn't lock onto a suspect. All he could do was continue reading.

While he read the notes written in a beautiful language, he acutely noticed a point.

There are many foreigners on this street. They are mainly from Feysac and Intis…

It wasn't like that back when I went to Williams Street… Did a Feysac or Intis company recently open there?

Feysac, Intis…

Klein ruminated over the two countries' names when he suddenly recalled something!

The royal family of the Feysac Einhorn, the Einhorn family and Intis' former royal family, the Sauron family, are both in control of the Hunter pathway, which is also the Red Priest pathway. It was two of the blood types which the evil spirit had designated as being capable of removing the seal!

Together with the Medici family's descendants which had been destroyed at Bansy Harbor, the three factions which held control over the Red Priest pathway are involved!

Bansy Harbor was destroyed, causing the Medici family's Beyonder characteristic to use some magical connection to contact the evil spirit who's suspected to be Red Angel. Hence, the members of the Einhorn and Sauron families were attracted?

No, that's not realistic. If the Church of Storms didn't discover any Beyonder characteristics, they definitely would've noticed a problem in this…

Another reason? The evil spirit is using another method to attract people from the Einhorn and Sauron families? What or who did it go through in order to do so? The number of people who know of the evil spirit's existence is only a handful—me, Miss Sharron, as well as… Amidst his racing thoughts, Klein suddenly thought of a possibility.

It was Rafter Pound, the descendant of the Tudor family who had previously been possessed by the evil spirit! He had unknowingly become a slave of the evil spirit! He had secretly helped it spread the news!

*And the evil spirit had sought me and Miss Sharron's help to numb us into thinking that we are the only ones who can rescue it! For this, it didn't mind betraying its descendants! *Klein was alarmed as he felt like he had been fooled by the evil spirit.

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CHAPTER 608
PROFESSIONAL

The endless gray fog hung silently before a light scraping noise on the bronze table sounded.

Klein changed his seating posture and began placing more weight on the details regarding the evil spirit. He was more and more convinced that Miss Sharron and himself had neglected the possibility of something happening to Rafter Pound.

This is a Beyonder power of the Red Priest pathway, Conspiracist?

Furthermore, this is even closer to a common fraud. There's only the use of supernatural powers in the details. Therefore, even if I had arrived at the mysterious space above the gray fog, I would passively have my senses fooled. I would've only discovered the problem by proactively considering and analyzing the situation?

If it wasn't for Mr. Azik, who knew of the evil spirit suspected to be the dead Red Angel Medici, I wouldn't have realized this problem. Nor would I have hired Miss Magician to seek out any abnormalities on Williams Street…

After a few minutes of contemplation, Klein conjured a pen and paper, preparing to use divination to confirm his theories.

After deliberating for a moment, he finally penned the sentence for the dream divination: "Baronet Rafter Pound's current situation."

After putting down his dark red fountain pen, Klein held the piece of paper with the divination statement and leaned back in his chair.

He first recalled the information he had regarding Rafter Pound before closing his eyes, chanting silently, and entering Cogitation.

Klein's thoughts rapidly calmed down as he quickly entered a dream state.

In a gray world, disconnected scenes flashed past before finally fixating on Unit 29 on Sivellaus Street.

Inside the warm activity room, Rafter Pound was dressed in cotton pajamas, holding a wine cup with red liquid. He was standing silently by the window, looking at the Backlund police station headquarters diagonally across the street.

This baronet had gray sideburns and puffy eye sockets that were tainted with blackish-green colors. The wrinkles on his forehead and the corners of his eyes and mouth were so pronounced that it exceeded what someone in his forties should look like.

His pupils weren't dilated in a very serious manner, but they were abnormal. His cheeks were flushed red as he had a furtive smile. He looked slightly abnormal compared to the last time Klein met him.

Indeed, something is wrong with him… Klein left the dream and began considering how he could deal with the evil spirit.

Without a doubt, he had his usual train of thought for such matters. Under the situation where he was unable to contact Miss Sharron, his first reaction was to report the matter!

But how should it be reported? Klein considered it seriously and conjured The World's figure and made him pray.

"Through a reliable channel, pass this information to the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery.

"The information is: High-level spies from Feysac and Intis are gathered at Williams Street for unknown motives.

"Reward of 100 pounds."

This was the explanation Klein thought of after repeated consideration. Directly revealing the King of Angels, Red Priest, the Medici family, or the Tudor Dynasty's ruin would indeed garner the attention of the Churches and military, but it would also easily make Miss Magician, who reported the matter, to be targeted by the official organizations. There were huge risks involved.

Not only was using "high-level spies from Feysac and Intis are gathered at Williams Street" relatively milder, something which ordinary Beyonders had a chance of noticing, but it was also something that would make the Churches and the military wary. They would send out the corresponding experts to employ the most effective methods.

As for the subsequent fruits of the investigations, it was all thanks to their contributions and had nothing to do with the reporting party.

Klein had considered getting Mr. Azik to help, but he ultimately chose to abandon the thought. This was because the evil spirit was suspected to be a King of Angels and was very dangerous. Mr. Azik, who was still in the stage of recovering, might not be able to deal with it.

After some thought, Klein turned the conjured scene into a stream of light and transmitted it to the crimson star representing The Magician.

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

When Fors received the response from Mr. World, she was taken aback.

Those are high-level spies from Feysac and Intis? she exclaimed to herself, believing that there was no way she could've inferred something like that with the information she had provided!

However, she quickly felt at ease, believing that the reason why Mr. World had suspicions of abnormalities in Williams Street was precisely because he had received the corresponding intel of high-level spies. Once he confirmed the appearances of people from Feysac and Intis, it was easy for him to make such a conclusion.

Pass this information to the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam? Isn't that a euphemistic way of saying "report"…Unfortunately, I won't be able to watch from the sideline, or I'm sure a great show would unfold… Fors wasn't a stranger to reporting matters; after all, her housemate and good friend was a bounty hunter.

She quickly had an idea, deciding to hand the matter of reporting the intel to the experienced Xio.

When she came out of the bedroom, she saw Xio sitting on a sofa. She was flipping through documents about her target, raising her hand to grab at her messy blonde hair from time to time and appearing extremely serious.

Fors casually picked up an item to embellish her motives and came over to the sofa. She handed over the item.

"Here, have a piece of cake."

Xio glanced at the cake slathered with a layer of cream. Without losing focus, she raised her hand to grab it.

At this moment, Fors flipped her wrist, and the cake in her palm had turned into a golden decorative flower.

"Surprised?" she asked with a smile.

Xio couldn't help but roll her eyes.

"Stop your performance. I prefer food."

"Alright. I have a matter for you to do. 70 pounds." Fors smiled as she sat down.

…

After first dealing with the evil spirit's matter, Klein returned to the real world and held a ritual in passing. He brought the radio transceiver, which had been placed above the gray fog for several days, back to his first-class master bedroom.

He lay in bed and used Cogitation to recover his energy until he was awoken by the tapping sounds.

When Klein opened his eyes, the crimson moonlight had already shone in, blanketing the dim room like a veil, as well as the radio transceiver which was automatically spewing out illusory white paper.

This really feels like a horror film… A shame it's connected to a magic mirror without any moral integrity or bottom line… Klein sat up and walked over. He saw lines of Loenese on the illusory white paper.

"Honorable existence above the spirit world, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has arrived and would like to greet you.

"Do you have something you would like to test me on?"

Look at this, look! This is what I call smooth-talking! This is what a professional is like! In that instant, Klein really wished to pull Darkwill into the room to witness the magic mirror's art of communication.

*I clearly have questions to ask it, but it becomes a situation of me testing it. And it even threw in a question… *Klein controlled the curling of his

mouth as he replied in a deep voice, "Yes."

"Please speak. The ignorant and limited Arrodes is ready." Amidst the tapping sounds, the illusory paper no longer produced Loenese, but instead produced a fawning smiley face.

*This is already the emergence of emoticons… This fellow evolves really quickly… *Klein directly asked, "Where can I obtain a mystical item which can steal the Beyonder powers of others?"

The tapping sounds suddenly became intense as the illusory white paper quickly produced scenes like a screenshot from a movie.

There were places which Klein was familiar with such as Tingen City's Saint Selena Cathedral's Chanis Gate; the black-haired, green-eyed, handsome poet, Leonard Mitchell; a middle-aged man who sat on a sofa smiling at the noble ladies opposite him; and a young arrogant lady who was loitering in the sewers…

There were a total of twelve scenes, and finally a line of Loenese text appeared: "These are the ones that you can easily or conveniently acquire one from. There are a lot more, but they are either very complicated or troublesome, or they range at the highest levels which I cannot see clearly."

Not bad. He actually knows to help me filter… This is a fantasy and mystical version of Google… Klein gently nodded and said, despite knowing the answer, "It's your turn to ask."

"You have already answered." Amidst the tapping, Arrodes's unsurprising answer appeared on the illusory white paper.

Klein chuckled inwardly and asked, "Where will Leonard Mitchell be staying for the time being?"

The tapping sounds became intense again as one scene after another appeared before Klein's eyes.

It was a famous landmark in Backlund, a towering Gothic bell tower with a Bell of Order hanging above.

There was a road sign on the road with the words "Pinster Street."

It was Unit 7 along a row of terrace houses. In it, there was the extremely suave Leonard Mitchell wearing a black coat and red gloves. He was Klein's poet friend who was reading through the dossiers of Lanevus and Capim.

This fellow is in Backlund, and he's investigating the Lanevus and Capim cases? What the hell… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched slightly as he carefully thought of the clues he left behind in those two cases.

The only clue is that Detective Sherlock Moriarty is involved in the two cases. If Leonard enters Daisy's dream, he should discover this point. But, I already kept a beard and had a pretty good disguise back then. It's unlikely that he can recognize me in the rather blurry scene in the dream and portraits… As long as he doesn't recognize me, it doesn't matter. What has problems with Sherlock Moriarty have to do with me, Gehrman Sparrow? Klein retracted his thoughts and memorized Leonard Mitchell's current residence.

7 Pinster Street, Backlund.

He planned on entrusting The Moon Emlyn White to visit Leonard Mitchell the day after tomorrow and use the badge of the Hermits of Fate to purchase a mystical item.

I hope my dear poet friend has additional items to spare… If not, the price will definitely be at a premium… Klein tersely answered and said to the radio transceiver, "It's your turn to ask."

He was honestly curious as to what Arrodes would ask this time.

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out new illusory paper. On it was a question composed in Loenese: "Great Master, Leonard Mitchell has a huge secret. Do you wish to know?"

…*This can also be considered a question?* Klein raised his head in amusement and surprise as he looked at the crimson moon which was silently illuminating the dark sea.

Soon, he honestly gave an answer.

"Yes."

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CHAPTER 609
PAYING A VISIT

Amidst the clacking sounds, the radio transceiver spewed out a brand new piece of illusory white paper under the crimson moonlight in the dim environment.

"Inside Leonard Mitchell resides an angel from the Zoroast family. 'He' once changed my question."

Angel? There's an angel residing in Leonard's body? An angel from the Fourth Epoch's Zoroast family? Although Klein was mentally prepared to hear an incredible secret, he was still shocked by what Arrodes divulged.

He was deeply concerned and surprised as well.

An angel referred to Beyonders at Sequence 1 or 2, making them rather close to the state of a true god. They had all sorts of mystical characteristics, and they could even influence Low-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway to a certain extent and range. They were mighty figures who stood at the pinnacle of the real world. In the various Churches, only their popes, pontiffs, chief shepherds, as well as certain legendary ascetics were Grounded Angels. Therefore, Klein believed that being latched onto by a parasite of this level wasn't a good thing.

In the dark Second Epoch, the angels all had their divine names, and they were subsidiaries to the ancient gods…

I haven't indirectly or directly interacted with many angels—Blasphemer Amon; Calamity Queen Cohinem; the evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel Medici; Tail Devourer Ouroboros as described by Little Sun; Miracle

Invoker Zaratul from Roselle's diaries; son of the Creator, Adam; Hermes who cannot be confirmed if he's an angel or not; Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, who's still inside his mother's womb…

Apart from the last two, the others appear to be very evil. Even the words they leave behind might make the reader go crazy or lose control… Would my dear poet ultimately end up as a sacrificial item of this angel parasite…

This can explain why he thinks of himself as the protagonist of a play, the special one, and he was willing to help me hide my secret… The Zoroast family is in control of the Marauder pathway, which is the pathway that can steal the Beyonder powers of others. That's why Leonard was able to find and participate in the gathering of the Hermits of Fate… It's no wonder he offered to use Blood Vessel Thief—it's because he has a Grandpa 1 to help him. He was able to instantly steal Megose's most potent power…

Heh, what Hermits of Fate. They're just a bunch of thieves and frauds. At best, the target of their theft and fraud is that of time and fate…

In short, my dear poet's Grandpa isn't a good person. I have to find a chance to warn him… But here comes the problem, they're always together. Any warning will only expedite the problem.

Klein's thoughts raced, but he ultimately failed to come up with an option he can act upon. All he could do was temporarily shelve the matter and plan on asking Mr. Azik and Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, to see if they had any solutions.

In those few minutes, he even thought of using Blasphemer Amon. To put it simply, it was to divulge information to the son of the Creator that the angel from the Zoroast family was residing in Leonard Mitchell's body, getting "Him" to "eat" up the parasite.

According to what Klein knew, the Amon family supported the Tudor Empire during the Fourth Epoch, while the Zoroast family belonged to the Solomon Empire, making the two enemies. Furthermore, according to the

Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation, powerhouses from the same pathway would have greater conflicts the higher their Sequence was. This was akin to the battle between the two Snakes of Mercury.

Unfortunately, this solution was restricted by reality and was ultimately abandoned by Klein. This was because he didn't know where to find Blasphemer Amon. Secondly, he was afraid that the battle at the level of angels would directly destroy Leonard Mitchell. And thirdly, a powerful Amon might be a very bad and serious matter.

*I'll first get Emlyn to attempt the transaction and observe the actual situation. I can decide on what to do when I know more… *Klein retracted his thoughts and said to the radio transceiver which was connected to Arrodes, "Ask your question."

The clacking of the radio transceiver became increasingly brisker as the illusory white paper was gently spewed out.

"No, there's no need.

"This is an addendum to my question which doesn't need to abide by the rules.

"Great Master, I sense a special item outside your room, but I am unable to see through it. Can you tell me what it is?"

This magic mirror is impressive. It seems to be able to see everything. It just suffers from interference when it deals with high-level matters as though there's a mosaic… Klein calmly replied, "Die of Probability."

Amidst the taping sounds, Arrodes presented new words on the illusory piece of white paper.

"So it's that thing… Great Master, you can ask your question."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "What do you have to mention regarding the Die of Probability?"

At this point in time, the radio transceiver seemed to brighten up and no longer looked as gloomy as before. The speed at which illusory white paper spewed out slowed down.

"It's a fellow that's especially petty and bears grudges. Master, you have to quickly give it to someone else!

"It's an item formed from the Uniqueness of the Wheel of Fortune. You can give it to any other Snake of Fate and 'They' will be very grateful. In short, it's not suitable to be your servant.

"The aura is dissipating. Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, has no choice but to leave. Finally, let me praise you once again, my Great Master, the ruler above the spirit world. Bye bye~"

Uniqueness… The Die of Probability is actually the Uniqueness of the Monster pathway… This is the first time I'm encountering a so-called Uniqueness. It really is terrifying that can digitize the entire real world… The Monster pathway is also called the Wheel of Fortune pathway. Sequence 0 is the Wheel of Fortune? Klein looked at the radio transceiver which had returned to normal, and he temporarily reined in his thoughts.

He didn't harbor any greed towards the Die of Probability. This was because it wasn't part of the Seer pathway, and it came with extremely terrifying negative side effects. He was also afraid that, with time, this die which bore grudges would attract Tail Devourer Ouroboros over.

Even if this thing can be isolated and sealed when placed above the gray fog, there's a high chance of it digitizing the entire mysterious space. In the future, the Tarot Gatherings might end up becoming a tabletop role-playing game… Klein had never come into contact with items of this level before, so he was unable to determine what would happen if he were to throw the Die of Probability above the gray fog.

He decided to continue intimidating the die, and he would successfully send it to Oravi Island where there would be Life School of Thought members who had the means to seal it. As for the problem of the mission exceeding the payment he would receive, he didn't mind it. This was because the greatest benefit he would gain was the friendship of the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin.

…

Backlund, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White held a strange badge which was the size of an eyeball and chuckled inwardly.

The World sure is long-winded. Isn't it just finding a Nighthawk named Leonard Mitchell at Pinster Street in North Borough? He even specially emphasized that the person has a secret and that there's a high chance of me being pulled into a dream.

This is showing doubt in my abilities!

Emlyn stood up and changed into a tailcoat and white shirt. He then turned his head to look out the window.

Heh heh, he has a secret, while I have mine. I dare bet that Lord Nibbs or other Earls are secretly watching me. If anything were to happen, they will definitely provide me with help to a certain degree… Being pulled into a dream… Emlyn contemplated for a few seconds before using the materials which were rich in spirituality to concoct a blue medicine.

Putting away the bottle and medicine, he picked up a silk top hat and walked out of the break room. After bidding farewell to Bishop Utravsky, he left the Harvest Church.

It was still morning, but Backlund's sky was gloomy. There was a faint fog that spread like water.

Emlyn squinted his eyes and wore his hat, murmuring to himself, "The sunlight is a little blinding…”

He hailed a rental carriage and went straight for the steam metro station. He spent six pence on a first-class ticket to North Borough.

This saved him a lot more time than heading straight there!

About forty minutes later, he arrived at his destination and stood outside the door of 7 Pinster Street.

Emlyn politely rang the doorbell and patiently waited for a minute.

Just as he was about to write a note and stuff it into the hole beneath the door to schedule a better time for a visit, he suddenly heard languid footsteps approaching.

Doesn't sound like a servant… Emlyn nodded indiscernibly and took out the medicine he had concocted in advance and cleanly drank it.

Then, he watched the door open and saw a black-haired, green-eyed man appear before him. He was dressed in home wear—a white shirt and black trousers. His shirt was untucked, allowing it to flutter gently in the wind. Amidst his suaveness were hints of uninhibited freedom.

Although he's a believer of Evernight, I have to say that his looks are barely comparable to us Sanguine… Emlyn took off his hat and gently raised his chin.

"Good morning, are you Mr. Leonard Mitchell?"

Leonard frowned indiscernibly as he looked at the handsome, red-eyed gentleman. He raised his hand to cover his mouth and indifferently yawned.

"You are?"

"A visitor. I have something I would like to seek your help on." Emlyn didn't reveal his identity as he smiled with a rather obvious arrogance.

This attitude gave Leonard a baffling sense of familiarity. It was as though he had seen his former self—the person who always thought of himself as being the most special, the protagonist of this era.

He cleared his throat and said, "I'm only an ordinary citizen. I do not accept missions.

"If you have any issues, then you can find a private detective."

Emlyn White smiled and said, "This matter is something only you can complete."

He looked to his sides and continued, "I wish to purchase a mystical item that can steal the Beyonder powers of others."

Leonard's eyes focused as he asked in a deep voice, "Who are you?"

At this moment, Emlyn didn't immediately answer. Instead, he surveyed his surroundings and clicked his tongue with a smile.

"Impressive. I nearly failed to realize that I had been pulled into a dream."

He wasn't in a rush to leave as he took out the small badge he received from The World in front of Leonard Mitchell's solemn expression.

Leonard took a glance as his expression eased slightly. He cocked his head slightly and paused for a few seconds.

Silently, Emlyn White saw the scene around him rapidly shatter and vanish like shattering glass.

Leonard sneered and pointed inside the house.

"Let's talk inside."

Footnotes:

Ch 609 Footnote 1

"Grandpa" is a common trope in Chinese web novels where a powerful entity resides in the protagonist, giving him knowledge to one-up others. A well-known one is Grandpa Doehring from Coiling Dragon.

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CHAPTER 610
THROWING THE DIE

Upon hearing Leonard Mitchell's invitation, Emlyn didn't show any fear. He held his top hat and wore a subtle smile before entering the house without any qualms.

He didn't take off his coat, as a Potions Professor often brought several supplementary items. It wouldn't look pleasant once the concealment of these items was gone.

Emlyn sat down with his starched tailcoat, leaning back into the support as he leisurely said, "Actually, there's no need to go through the trouble.

"If you have it, name the price; otherwise, just frankly say so.

"Of course, I'm very certain you have one."

He chuckled as his bright red eyes reflected Leonard Mitchell's figure that didn't mind the tidiness of his getup.

The feeling of "me knowing you have a secret, with you not knowing anything about me" left Emlyn extremely pleased as he felt a strong sense of superiority.

Leonard used his fingers to comb his raven-black hair and casually sat on the chair opposite Emlyn. He didn't show any panic or puzzlement as he said with a smile, "At the very least, I need to know who wants it."

"Perhaps it's me, or perhaps it's my friend," Emlyn tipped his chin as he smiled gently.

Leonard squinted his eyes as he cocked his head, as though in thought.

Finally, he laughed.

"Alright, since you've already taken out that badge, I'll answer you frankly.

"I do have a mystical item that can be used to steal the Beyonder powers of others, but I only have that one item.

"If you wish to buy it, 7,000 pounds. No negotiation."

7,000 pounds? A mystical item of this kind is that expensive? Although he didn't have to pay for it, Emlyn was still shocked. He nearly failed to maintain his bearing as a Sanguine.

He automatically converted how much money that could be used to exchange for dolls and doll dresses.

After two seconds of thought, Emlyn revealed a smile and said, "I'll consider it. I'll answer you in two days."

"Sure." Leonard curled the corners of his lips.

After leaving 7 Pinster Street, Emlyn hired a rental carriage as though nothing had happened as he headed for the steam metro station in North Borough, before heading back to the bridge at South Borough.

Taking off his hat, he looked back at the street which had carriages and pedestrians passing through, Emlyn chuckled and took a step into the Harvest Church.

In between a tree and a black street lamp, an inconspicuous shadow suddenly moved, revealing the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

His appearance was silent, but it didn't garner the attention of any pedestrians.

"Someone from the Church of Earth Mother?" Leonard frowned slightly as he muttered to himself.

He paused for two seconds before leaving Rose Street where the Harvest Church was situated.

…

*7,000 pounds? Why doesn't he just go rob a bank? *Above the gray fog, Klein, who had received the feedback from Emlyn, nearly blurted out.

As Gehrman Sparrow, he had previously said something similar, but the two situations and the mood was completely different.

Using the bounty of the Golden Dream's third mate, Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, as a reference, Klein inferred that a similar mystical item was worth about 5,000 pounds. Even if there was a premium, it would've maxed out at 6,000 pounds. Who knew that Leonard Mitchell would directly ask for 7,000 pounds!

Could it be an item left behind from a High-Sequence Beyonder, making the act of stealing Beyonder powers just one of its effects? No, if that's really the case, the price would start from 10,000 pounds… My dear poet, why didn't I know you as a profiteering merchant. You clearly exhibit a free and easy demeanor and showed no interest in money… Klein couldn't help but sigh.

Since he had a clue and saw a glimmer of hope and how it was something that could be resolved with money, Klein didn't wish to seek out other channels to prevent any mishaps from happening.

He quickly calculated his wealth and discovered that it was an acceptable price.

Including the 300 pounds advance from the Apothecary, the 5,400 pound bounty from Wormtongue, and the cash I got from the bodies, and

subtracting the 200 pounds to be paid to Miss Magician, I have a total of 12,767 pounds in cash and 5 gold coins. This isn't including my 3 soli and 8 pence in change.

*In addition, Miss Justice will pay the 2,000 pounds she owes me before the end of the week, as well as the 1,800 pounds for the Psychiatrist characteristic. I'm actually richer than I thought I was. Even in Backlund, I can be considered a tycoon. *

Klein inhaled and didn't hesitate any further. He made the cash fly out from the junk pile and land on the table.

He carefully counted 7,500 pounds in cash and placed them aside—7,000 pounds for the mystical item, and 500 pounds for Emlyn's "hazardous pay."

Sigh, after going through all the effort to go past ten thousand, more than half of it will be gone in an instant… Klein conjured The World and made him pose in a praying manner to inform Emlyn that there were no problems with going through with the transaction. Fifteen minutes later, a ritual was to be held to receive the bestowment from Mr. Fool.

In addition, Klein also made The World warn Emlyn to not be in a rush to complete the deal after getting the cash. He had to wait until tomorrow. This was because he was afraid that the angel from the Zoroast family inside Leonard Mitchell would sense the gray fog's aura on the cash. He wanted an "airing" process, just like back when he gave Emlyn the badge.

Fifteen minutes later, Klein glanced at the cash pile which had shrunk by more than half and sighed before returning to the real world.

It was already 10:40 on a Friday. They were about eight hours from Oravi Island.

It's time to intimidate the Die of Probability again… Klein muttered, held the ritual, and brought out the iron cigar case which contained the All-Black Eye.

He guessed that Darkwill would suspect something, so he deliberately brought the die to the washroom to deal with it.

Seeing the Die of Probability calm down once again, Klein quickly dealt with the All-Black Eye and the iron cigar case. After heaving a long sigh of relief, he did a silent count of the time.

It should be enough to last until Darkwill hands it to the contact. There's no need to deal with it again.

With this in mind, Klein began to consider another problem with a certain degree of concern.

The All-Black Eye has appeared in front of the True Creator before, and it has "His" mental corruption. To take it out once every few hours might cause "Him" to lock onto me, allowing him to send powerhouses to seek me out.

However, it was only one or two minutes each time, so the problem isn't that serious. Even if "He" senses it, their estimate of the area wouldn't be too precise. Sigh, when it involves the True Creator, there's no way to determine things with divination. I can only raise my guard. Thankfully, this is the last time, and it will take only about eight hours to reach our destination… Why am I raising flags for myself? Pui! Pui! Pui! I wasn't thinking of anything!

Klein picked up the Die of Probability and returned to the living room and saw the chubby Apothecary slumped on the reclining chair, looking completely exhausted. As for the owl, Harry, it looked like it was brimming with energy, as though it didn't need any rest.

These are the different traits that different creatures gain from taking the same potion? At the very least, Miss Justice has never mentioned that she doesn't need sleep… It's a uniqueness that comes about because of an owl's biological makeup? Sigh, I don't know much about owls. Indeed, I'm just a keyboard warrior who is only a jack of all trades… Klein sat on the sofa

and placed the milky-white die into the ring box and patiently waited for evening to arrive when the ship was scheduled to dock.

Time ticked by as the sun gradually set in the west.

At this point in time, Klein, who had his eyes closed, suddenly sat up, having sensed an extreme danger befall the area!

It had exceeded a Seer's spiritual intuition and the Clown's intuition for danger. It seemed to stem from the formless gray fog which strangely rippled around him.

*An enemy! Tail Devourer Ouroboros or the Aurora Order's Saint? *Klein opened his eyes as he began considering countermeasures with an abnormally serious expression.

Any mistake in a time such as this would require him to consider matters of being resurrected.

As for Darkwill and Harry, there was absolutely no way for them to be spared!

In the beginning, he hoped that the visitor could only vaguely sense a general area and might not find him or the Die of Probability. However, when he considered how he was on a ship with no one around on the sea, it wasn't too hard to lock onto a target. The problems would only become worse when that happened, with giving up being the only choice.

Above the liner, space was suddenly torn open as an invisible door filled with complicated symbols appeared.

Two pale hands reached out from the door and suddenly pulled backwards, allowing his entire body to walk out.

He wore a black bonnet and a classic dark robe, a favorite among elders. However, he didn't look past forty. His brown hair was slightly curled

which seemed abnormally hard.

Countless illusory images darted across his dark eyes, as though layers after layer of chaotic worlds were hidden within.

As Klein's sense of danger intensified, just the change in his expression frightened Darkwill and Harry enough for them to freeze.

He didn't hesitate as he followed the plans he had made for such situations. He leaned forward and picked up the Die of Probability.

"Determine the outcome of the malefic visitor who just arrived. I want 1 point!" Klein said in a deep and soft voice, and he threw out the milky-white die. He subconsciously prayed to the Goddess, hoping that the die which had recently been intimidated was obedient enough and played a meaningful rule.

Meanwhile, he appeared extremely calm, to prevent the die from sensing his anxiety and take the opportunity to cause trouble.

As the Die of Probability rolled several times while producing clinking sounds, it fixed at the blood-red one point.

Above the liner, the black-robed man, who didn't look forty, had the entire liner reflected within his eyes.

He emanated his spirituality and scanned the surroundings. He extended his hand to grab the space in front of him as he suddenly pulled a nearly invisible door.

The powerhouse stepped in and vanished from the spot.

Inside the first-class cabin, Klein immediately felt the danger distancing itself from him. He couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief.

He looked at the Die of Probability on the coffee table and couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

If this die didn't have such a negative side effect and could be utilized to its full extent, it would be a divine artifact!

As expected of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. As expected of the Uniqueness of the Monster pathway…

Only at this point in time did Darkwill find his courage again as he carefully asked, "W-what just happened?"

Klein maintained his posture and calmly replied, "There's no need for you to know."

"I understand, I understand. The more I know, the greater the danger I'll be in." Darkwill wiped the cold sweat from his face.

There weren't any more accidents in the next few hours. After the sun went below the horizon and the sky became completely dark, Klein finally saw a towering lighthouse appear not too far away.

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CHAPTER 611
FATE COUNCILOR

Oravi was situated northeast of the Rorsted Archipelago. The straight-line distance wasn't too great, but the safe sea route had required ships to take many twists and turns, causing the distance traveled to increase by several hundred nautical miles.

It was originally a primitive island that harbored many kinds of Beyonder creatures without any humans inhabiting it. After the hunting era came to an end, the Loen Kingdom banished certain criminals there, causing Oravi Island to gradually have villagers and towns.

When more eastern islands were discovered and colonized, the area attracted many new immigrants due to the convenience of the sea route and its rich natural resources, making it a rather thriving port city.

The light from the lighthouse tower appeared so warm in the dark environment as it led liners towards the harbor for them to dock.

"We've finally arrived. My gratitude to the crimson moon and fate for blessing me." Darkwill jumped off the last gangway and stepped onto solid cemented ground.

*To be precise, apart from fate, you should thank The Fool and Sea God for their blessings… *Klein held his leather suitcase with one hand as he tapped his cane.

Darkwill properly put away the ring box which contained the Die of Probability, and he didn't delay in asking where the bellman, Carnot, stayed. He rented a carriage and went straight for St. Draco Cathedral. He then

entered the magnificent bell tower which boldly used the colors of red, blue, and yellow.

Inside the bell tower, Carnot had a cramped room he could call his own.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Darkwill knocked on the door thrice, eager to hand over the item on his person.

With a creak, the brown wooden door opened and out came a large man who was slightly hunched.

He looked to be in his forties, and individually, there was nothing strange about his facial features, but when put together, it was filled with an unharmonious vibe.

Klein only took a glance and discovered that his eyes weren't leveled. His nostrils were of different sizes, and his left facial muscles were slightly loose, causing the corner of his mouth to droop slightly. It was the complete opposite for the right side of his face.

Carnot's legs were obviously of different lengths, and one of his arms was thick, while the other was thin. His entire body was highly disproportional, making him extremely ugly.

"Who are you?" Dressed in a black robe, Carnot glanced at the duo.

"Are you the bellman, Carnot?" Darkwill asked cautiously.

Carnot chuckled with one corner of his mouth raised while the other stayed low.

"There shouldn't be a second person as ugly as me."

"Indeed." Darkwill nodded very honestly before laughing. "I can tell that you have quite a good state of mind. To be honest, looks don't matter for a man. What's important is their skills in bed."

Tsk, that's because you haven't seen ladies who only have fetishes for good looks… Having experienced the era of celebrities of the masses, Klein scoffed from the side.

Carnot's expression darkened as he said, "I don't wish to discuss such matters."

"You have problems in that area? No problem. I have different kinds of medicine that can treat all your problems…" Before Darkwill finished his sentence, Klein took a step forward, afraid that he would end up being beaten to death.

He put half his body between them as he said in a deep voice, "He's Roy King's student."

"I figured. Roy King once described his traits." Carnot made way and invited the two in.

His room was extremely tiny, with only a single bed and a cabinet which could be used as a dining table. The washroom was at the bottom of the bell tower.

Darkwill pulled out a ring box and handed it to Carnot as he forced a smile.

"My teacher got me to hand this item to you."

Carnot stole a glance at it and was clearly relieved to see 4 points. He said to Darkwill, "You aren't as unreliable as your teacher described you to be. I can tell that you didn't attempt to use it. That would've awoken it and make it realize that it's no longer sealed."

"…"

The chubby Apothecary's face blushed red as he honestly said, "That's because it's relatively quiet now. In another one to two hours, it will automatically roll itself. It's best you think of a method to seal it again."

Carnot's face twitched.

"Again?"

"W-well, I accidentally dropped it on the ground and then i-it came alive…" Darkwill wanted to glance at his owl, Harry, but he realized that it hadn't followed him in. It was perched outside the bell tower to serve as a sentry.

Carnot's eyes clearly widened as his hunched back nearly straightened.

"How did you arrive here?"

From his point of view, Roy King's student should've long died at the whims of the die.

Darkwill hurriedly pointed to Gehrman Sparrow and said, "It's all thanks to this gentleman. He's a powerful adventurer. He provided the most effective protection and a temporary method of sealing the die."

"What method was it?" Carnot blurted out the question.

Klein laughed and replied, "Trade secret."

Carnot's expression changed a few times as he pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

"I thank you for your help on behalf of my organization."

Darkwill continued, "Hiring him costs 1,000 pounds and a request. The request is to help him find a mystical item with powerful offensive traits but without very serious negative side effects. He will purchase it at a reasonable price.

"Uh, I only had about 300 pounds, so that was all I could pay. I'll have to rely on you to pay the rest…"

Carnot fell silent as the corners of his lips twitched.

"I only have about 100 pounds…”

Suddenly, there was silence in the bellman's room. The wind from outside blew through the cracks and brushed across the three men's face.

Finally, Carnot spoke again.

"Perhaps Councilor Ricciardo has the money. I'll lead you to him."

From the looks of it, he trusts us. After all, a Fate Councilor is in no way comparable to a Die of Probability. If there were really problems with us, there would be no need for us to bring the die over to prevent any accidents and snatch away the Uniqueness… Klein watched as Carnot picked up a lantern from the corner of the room.

At this moment, he secret activated his Spirit Vision and simply scanned the man.

Klein nearly pricked up his brows with the sight. This was because Carnot's aura colors were rather unique.

There were no problems with his emotional colors, as they were very ordinary. However, his Ether Body which represented his body appeared unnatural. His heart was green, his head was purple, and his digestive system was yellow. It felt like they were different parts which were mashed together in great disharmony.

At the same time, Carnot's soul also gave the same feeling.

A monster that was stitched up internally? Klein made a rough judgment based on what he knew.

After Carnot got the lantern, he turned his head to glance at the adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, and said without much of an expression, "I'm very

sensitive to Spirit Vision.

"I believe you have noticed certain problems. I'm not a naturally born person. I'm a product of the Church of Earth Mother's attempts to refine the human body. I'm considered a failed specimen, which is why I do not have the ability in that aspect."

His final sentence was directed at Darkwill.

Carnot didn't speak again as he carried the lantern and donned a black robe. He hunched his huge body and used the dim light to walk down the stairs of the dark and silent bell tower.

*Product of the Church of Earth Mother's attempts to refine the human body? But St. Draco Cathedral belongs to the Church of Storms… Since it's a failed specimen, no attention is paid to it. Carnot turned his back on the Church of Earth Mother and became a member of the Life School of Thought? This is understandable. Both the Church of Earth Mother and the Life School of Thought hold the Apothecary pathway, and they will definitely have some overlapping… But why would the Life School of Thought send this fellow, that doesn't seem simple to be a bellman, to the Church of Storms? Is it just a normal disguise, or there's a particular connection between the two? *Klein followed Carnot in a seemingly calm manner as he walked out the bell tower and circled round to a stone bridge.

Just as he came close to the left side of the bridge, Klein suddenly felt something as he looked diagonally upwards.

The owl, Harry, had flown out as well and landed on a tree branch.

Kacha!

The branch suddenly snapped as Harry plummeted. With great difficulty did it fly up again without falling to the ground.

Darkwill was just about to say something when Carnot explained in a deep voice, "Councilor Ricciardo is injured, so his powers are somewhat out of control. Once anyone enters a specific range, they will be tainted with bad luck."

Carnot stopped in his footsteps as he threw the ring box containing the die under the bridge.

"Mr. Councilor, Roy King's student has delivered the die."

"Very good." A hoarse voice sounded from deep within the bridge's belly.

A silver scaled palm reached out from the darkness as he held down the ring box which had fallen onto the mud.

Following that, he opened the ring box and took out the milky-white die.

His other hand, which was covered in silver scales, also reached out as he held a piece of a paper-like item made of leather.

The item resembled a water pipe, but its ends were connected. It revealed a grayish-white color under the crimson moonlike. Its surface had many complicated symbols and labels, as well as many words in Hermes text which pointed to the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

Fate Councilor Ricciardo pulled the item apart and stuffed the Die of Probability into it before connecting the two ends together.

Using fate at a small scale to seal the Die of Probability with periodic boundary conditions, making it remain in a perpetual state of slumber or calm? Indeed, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin had foreseen such a situation and had made certain preparations… Klein retracted his gaze in relief, and he heard Ricciardo's hoarse voice.

"I already know of your agreement, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow.

"I will help you find the mystical item after I've recovered.

"As for the 700 pounds… I'll immediately augment you with good luck. Go to the few casinos in Oravi and make some bets and you'll receive the corresponding reward. Remember, do not win more than 200 pounds at each casino. You must not win more than 700 pounds in total."

*Which is to say that you don't have the money either… Seeing how you're hiding while injured, it's considered normal not to have money with you… *Klein nodded indiscernibly and said, "Okay."

He waited for about ten seconds without sensing anything. Councilor Ricciardo heaved a sigh of relief and said, "You have become sufficiently lucky."

Is that so? Klein chose to believe him and didn't disturb Darkwill's report to a senior of how his teacher had been imprisoned. Based on Carnot's introduction, he found a nearby casino and sat at the Blackjack table.

After about ten minutes, he walked out of the casino with a blank look.

Not only did he not win money, but he had lost a total of 30 pounds!

*What happened to the good luck? Why did I believe him? That darn old man is terrible… *Klein didn't hesitate to return to the stone bridge and approached its belly.

"That fast? You have pretty good luck." Ricciardo laughed as he coughed under the dark bridge.

At that moment, Darkwill and Harry had already found a nearby inn to live in.

Klein replied without a change in expression, "I lost."

"Lost…" Ricciardo ruminated over the word and couldn't formulate a sentence for quite a long period of time.

In the dark environment, an ordinary owl nervously flew over.

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CHAPTER 612
IN HAND

The two street lamps on either side of the stone bridge silently illuminated the street, but they were unable to disperse the darkness beneath. Only the crimson moonlight from high above could barely illuminate the brown soil.

Hidden under the bridge, Fate Councilor Ricciardo remained silent for quite a while, making Klein suspect whether he had already passed away due to his heavy injuries. He guessed that a large reason as to why the luck augmentation had failed was because of this.

Just as Klein was about to ask a probing question to determine the situation, Ricciardo coughed and said in a deep, hoarse voice, "You live up to the reputation of being a powerful adventurer capable of temporarily sealing the die…

"What happened has exceeded my expectations. Ahem, I'm very curious as to why my luck augmentation on you had failed.

"I'm very regretful that I can't come out and meet you in person. Otherwise, I should be able to see what Beyonders from other pathways will find difficult to see, even if they possess relatively powerful Spirit Visions.

"This is the uniqueness that the Fate pathway holds."

So the problem lies with me? That's not the point. The point is that you need to reimburse me 700 pounds—No, 730 pounds… Klein cursed as he couldn't help but recall the orphan, Ademisaul, who had the nickname of Monster in Tingen City.

The young man who was equal to half a Sequence 9 had cried out after seeing Klein before falling to the ground. His eyes bled, and the fear he exhibited was as if he had seen a devil.

*This is because of the uniqueness of the Wheel of Fortune's path of the divine, so he saw something wrong with me. He saw something related to the gray fog? Unfortunately, this Fate Councilor is quite heavily injured and has a domain of bad luck around him. There's no way for him to help inspect me… I should ask Snake of Fate Will Auceptin when I'm back. Perhaps he might know something. However, this pathway does have the bearing of a charlatan. He might not directly answer me and has a high chance of answering in vague terms… *Klein maintained his expressionless attitude and said, "Then, what do you plan on doing?"

Ricciardo sighed and said, "Get Darkwill here. I'll augment him with good luck and get him to win the money at the casinos on your behalf."

Using the name of the inn Councilor Ricciardo gave, Klein quickly found the chubby Apothecary, Darkwill. Then, while carrying the suitcase and cane, Klein watched as he kept winning money at the major casinos. By midnight, he had already won 750 pounds.

After receiving the remaining 730 pounds, Klein realized a problem.

The reason for the luck augmentation's failure was because of him!

Why is that so? Klein held close his bulging wallet and frowned as he thought silently to himself.

He quickly thought of the thin, invisible grayish-white fog around him and realized the reason.

After advancing to Faceless, the gray fog has integrated with reality to a certain extent. Not only can it help me screen off ravings that aren't too powerful, but it can also destroy any influence that changes my fate to a

certain extent? Therefore, this councilor's luck augmentation was ineffective?

According to this logic, bad luck to a certain extent shouldn't affect me either.

Heh, what the heck? It doesn't make me become some unlucky fool, but it also destroys my chance of being a lucky man or winner… Klein secretly shook his head and followed Darkwill and the owl back to the stone bridge. He informed Ricciardo of how to summon his messenger and to immediately send him news once he obtained any information on a mystical item with powerful offensive traits.

After doing all of this, Klein found an inn at the Oravi Island's port city and got a simple room for himself.

…

Backlund. In the morning.

Emlyn White walked under his favorite gloomy skies, moving through the thick fog that couldn't be compared to those in November or December as he once again arrived outside North Borough's 7 Pinster Street.

After pulling the doorbell, he straightened his back as he lifted his chin and waited patiently.

When Leonard opened the door, he looked at the handsome but detestable face before making way and allowing the visitor to enter.

He was still dressed in his home wear, comprising of a white shirt and black trousers. However, he had an additional dark-colored vest draped over him.

"Have you considered the matter?" Leonard asked with a smile.

"No problem." Since it wasn't his money, Emlyn had no intention to haggle.

He even believed that with the attitude displayed by Leonard, there was a high chance of having the price raised if he tried.

Leonard gently nodded and smiled.

"Very rich."

I can tell that you're trying to lead me to say more… Emlyn silently scoffed and replied, "That's not something you need to concern yourself with."

With that said, he raised the suitcase in his hand and opened it, revealing 7,000 pounds in cash.

Leonard took out each stack of cash and thoroughly checked it carefully.

Then, he pulled off the red glove he wore on his left hand and handed it to Emlyn.

"This is the mystical item you require. It can change colors to disguise itself.

"It's called Tinder. It can raise the wearer's charm, making his words be equipped with great persuasiveness. It can steal the Beyonder power of a target within 50 meters. The more you understand the target, the easier it is to steal the power you wish to steal. The less you know, the more random it becomes, and it relies on luck.

"When the target is at Sequence 6, there is a chance of failure. The higher the Sequence, the higher the chance of failure.

"After the theft succeeds, the target will lose that Beyonder power, and it will take at least twelve hours to recover. The owner of Tinder will be able to use it adeptly for ten minutes.

"And the reason why it's expensive is because it has very few negative side effects."

Emlyn, who silently took in the introduction, had his interest piqued by a mystical item like Tinder. He asked, "What are its negative side effects?"

Leonard combed his hair and smiled.

"First, when wearing it, there is a small probability of losing something on you. Second, when using it, a particular Beyonder power belonging to you will be lost for at least twelve hours, but during this period, it will be the only Beyonder power lost. In other words, even if it's used repeatedly, there will only be one power lost the entire time."

"Compared to the many Sealed Artifacts I know of, its negative side effects are indeed trivial." Emlyn cleared his throat as he nodded.

He received Tinder and checked it carefully before taking out the stacks of cash from the suitcase and placing them on the coffee table.

Following that, he placed the glove into the suitcase and didn't take it with him directly.

With the suitcase, Emlyn returned to the Harvest Church just like he did before. Once he entered the priest's break room, he set up a sacrifice ritual.

The illusory and mysterious door opened as the red glove tore through the dark and deep void as it was sent directly above the gray fog.

At the moment the gray fog made contact with the glove, a tiny, distorted, terrifying face suddenly appeared.

It kept evaporating as it struggled to sustain itself.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein wasn't surprised. After all, the Grandpa residing in Leonard's body was an angel of the Marauder pathway. If Amon could do it, it was quite certain that "He" was capable of doing the same.

For this, he had made sufficient preparations. He believed that even if the Grandpa had really reached Amon's level, he was able to wipe out the corresponding aura without making him sense the existence of the gray fog, making him take action on Emlyn.

Picking up the Sea God Scepter, which had long been placed in front of him, Klein made the blue "gems" light up at the same time from a commanding position.

Suddenly, silver light bloomed above the gray fog as the lightning carried portions of the gray fog's powers like a storm, zapping the tiny illusory face.

The face dissipated completely before it could even cry out, leaving behind a dead translucent worm with twelve transparent rings.

Worm of Time… but it seems weaker than Amon… Klein muttered as he beckoned with his hand for the red glove and familiar worm to fly to him.

After some serious scrutiny, he confirmed that the worm was basically identical to the one Amon's avatar had left behind.

My dear poet's Grandpa is of the same Sequence as Amon? Sequence 1? No, not necessarily. Perhaps this is a unique trait of one of the earlier Sequences…

If—if it's really a Sequence 1, the notion that Amon is the son of the Creator and a King of Angels makes it possible that he has fused with the Uniqueness or has another Sequence 1 characteristic… Klein made a guess, but he was unable to verify it.

As for what the dead Worm of Time could be used for, or when its spirituality would completely dissipate, he could only throw it into the junk pile due to his lack of the corresponding knowledge.

…

7 Pinster Street, Backlund.

Leonard Mitchell sat on the sofa with his eyes tightly closed. His legs were propped up on the coffee table as though he was using a short nap to make up for an entire night of being awake.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly opened his eyes and said with a suppressed voice, "What happened? Have you determined the true buyer of Tinder?"

An elderly voice rang out in his mind.

"The aura I left behind has been eliminated, completely eliminated."

"Did you discover anything?" Leonard retracted his feet as he asked in a deep voice.

The ancient voice sighed.

"Nothing.

"Everything was over before I could react.

"If I were in my best state, I might've been able to grasp the relevant clues. Unfortunately, I've remained in a weak state for years."

Leonard remained silent for more than ten seconds before he shook his head.

"Then we'll temporarily treat it as if this never happened."

…

Above the gray fog, Klein listened to Emlyn's report and took note of the information regarding the mystical item. He fiddled with the glove named Tinder as he examined it.

"Heh heh, this way, I'll have a glove for my right hand," he chuckled as he muttered to himself.

After serious consideration, Klein abandoned the thought of immediately extracting the mental corruption of the True Creator from the All-Black Eye. This was to ensure his success, hoping to leave the chance to the moment when he was concocting the Nimblewright Master potion. According to the records of the City of Silver, even without the gray fog's screening, there were no problems with such a procedure. Furthermore, with the gray fog, there wouldn't be any additional accidents, even if it were the mental corruption left behind by the True Creator.

I can also use Tinder normally. Yes, when I need to use it, I have to put my cash, pocket watch, and other mystical items above the gray fog. I mustn't let any item become lost… In fact, even if I don't do so, the problem isn't too great. I'm a Seer. Do I need to be afraid of not being able to find things I dropped? Heh heh. In a normal battle, I'll have Creeping Hunger on my left hand and Tinder on my right. Just the thought of it sounds formidable… Klein reined in his thoughts and discovered that everything related to the Sequence 5 Nimblewright Master potion was ready, apart from the two commonly seen supplementary ingredients.

He nodded indiscernibly and muttered silently to himself, *I just need to wait for the Faceless potion to be completely digested!*

Then, I'll board the ship of Admiral of Stars or The Hanged Man and head east of the Sonia Sea to find mermaids.

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CHAPTER 613
LEONARD'S INVESTIGATION

Loen Kingdom, East Chester County, Stoen City.

Having left the manor, Audrey moved into a villa. After she finished engaging in social gatherings with the local nobles, she sent her servant to the Varvat Bank to withdraw a sum of cash.

She didn't need to worry about this any further. She could easily pay off the 2,000 pounds she owed Mr. Fool's Blessed, and she could also pay the 1,800 pounds she owed Mr. World for the Psychiatrist characteristic.

Fifteen minutes later, Audrey opened the room to her bedroom and glanced at her personal maidservant, Annie, who was monitoring the servants while they did their work. She looked down at the golden retriever who was sitting by the side of the wall and smiled. With a smile, she suppressed her voice and asked with shining eyes, "Susie, you'll receive a gift in a while. Are you looking forward to it?"

If it were in the past, Audrey would've definitely said, "Susie, your present is here," making the golden retriever realize that she could find the actual item in the room as well. Otherwise, it was very easy for Susie, who had been studying the basics of mysticism, to guess that Audrey had used ritualistic magic.

With this new sentence structure, the situation could have Audrey receive a mysterious letter or news in her bedroom to confirm that the gift was about to be delivered. There would be too many possibilities as a result of this.

Susie could read the joy and sincere attitude deep inside Audrey's heart as she subconsciously opened her mouth, hoping to stir the air to produce a voice. She had wanted to inquire about the gift, but she sharply sensed that Audrey's personal maid, Annie, was approaching. The alert Suzie abandoned her original thoughts.

She returned to the state of being an ordinary dog as she slowly wagged her tail to express her joy and anticipation.

After making an excuse to head out, Audrey entered a "chemistry laboratory" that she had specially marked out for herself. She placed the Psychiatrist characteristic and supplementary ingredients on the table.

"Susie, do you still remember the potion-concocting process?" She cleared her throat and straightened her back as she excitedly played the role of a teacher.

"Woof, I remember!" Susie already knew what her present was. In her joy, she barked.

Audrey added, "Try to concoct it by yourself."

Susie looked down at her paws and suddenly fell silent.

Audrey was taken aback before a brief silence ensued.

A few seconds later, before the golden retriever could speak, Audrey covered her mouth without any atypical response and giggled.

"Alright, Susie, there's no need to say a word. I know what you wish to say. You wish to express the fact that you're only a dog and am unable to concoct the potion, right?"

How embarrassing… At the same time, Audrey, who wore a charming and graceful external bearing, facepalmed herself inwardly.

"Woof!" Susie nodded forcefully.

Audrey took the opportunity and turned around. Soon, she finished concocting the Psychiatrist potion.

She had previously asked Susie and learned that she had already finished digesting the potion on Wednesday.

That's less than two months… Yes, a large reason has to do with how Susie isn't being noticed. She can run about anywhere in the manor or villa and eavesdrop, allowing her to read the true thoughts of the maidservants… That's good as well. She will always share the tidbits with me. If not for her, I wouldn't have known of the dark sides of many people who appear normal and kind usually… Audrey poured the potion into a bowl and placed it on the floor.

She watched as Susie went over and began licking the potion as she couldn't curb the anticipation in her heart.

Susie might be influenced by the potion and become unstable.

But it's alright. Psychiatrist Miss Audrey is already prepared to use Placate at any moment! Yes, I prefer the name Psychoanalysis. That sounds more professional.

Audrey stared at Susie with her beautiful emerald-like eyes with great seriousness and discovered that Susie's pupils were gradually fading and turning vertical. Dark gold scales seemed to grow beneath her thick fur, and the spirituality that belonged to Susie kept radiating outwards as though it was interweaving with the entire villa's space.

After calming her somewhat nervous emotions, Audrey scrutinized Susie's state. As long as something abnormal happened to Susie, she would immediately use the Beyonder power, Psychoanalysis.

Suddenly, Susie's voice sounded out in her ears.

"Audrey, I'm done!"

"…”

Audrey was temporarily at a loss on what to say.

…

In her dream, Daisy returned to East Borough and to the old apartment she had lived in for years.

She pushed open the door and saw her mother, Liz, and her sister, Freja, doing the laundry diligently.

Daisy instantly became delighted and was just about to join them. She was in charge of ironing the laundry.

At this moment, she heard knocking at the door.

She turned her head and realized that the visitor was a young man in a black-and-white checkered police uniform.

The officer had black hair and green eyes, with a somewhat blurry face. He held a notebook and fountain pen as he asked, "In the Capim case, apart from what you mentioned, is there anything else you didn't mention to us?"

"It's all nothing important," Daisy answered in a rather groggy manner.

The handsome officer looked down at his notebook and said, "It's fine. I'm willing to listen."

Daisy looked back at the clothes which were hung up, feeling as though she had forgotten some instructions.

She honestly described all sorts of trivialities. In the end, she said, “…After I was abducted, my mother and sister had hired a private detective to search

for me. His name is Mr. Sherlock Moriarty. He's a good man. Although he didn't find me directly, he later contacted a reporter to help me get compensated with the foundation money…”

The black-haired and green-eyed officer looked up again and glanced at Daisy before revealing a warm smile.

"Very good. Your answer is very satisfactory.

"Do you still remember the private detective's appearance?"

Daisy nodded. Without any alarm, she saw Mr. Sherlock Moriarty standing beside her.

The detective had grown a thick beard and wore gold-rimmed glasses. It was almost identical to the one in her memories.

After the black-haired, green-eyed officer sized up the image a few times, he seemed to vanish at some point in time without Daisy realizing it. For some reason, her mother and sister had also vanished.

She ran through East Borough in search of the familiar figures, but she ultimately woke up from her depression and sorrow. When she saw the dark ceiling of her school dormitory, she lay there in a daze for seconds.

Daisy didn't make a sound as she turned her body and buried half her face into the pillow.

By the corners of the pillow, a wet stain gradually spread out.

The person who had entered Daisy's dream was none other than Leonard Mitchell. Although his investigation of the commonalities of the two cases was to give him time to deal with matters of his own, he didn't forget to act in a perfunctory manner. In the end, he really discovered a problem.

In the cases of Lanevus and Capim, a private detective named Sherlock Moriarty was involved, including his friend, Reporter Mike Joseph… Although they had only appeared on the outskirts of this matter, it's also a direction for the investigation. heh, that Sherlock Moriarty looks somewhat familiar. Which fugitive is he? Leonard recalled what he had seen in the dream as he wore his red glove and entered the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Just as he greeted the team captain, Soest, he saw a partner approach and hand him two thin sheets of paper.

"The information regarding the red-eyed man from the Harvest Church is all here."

"Thank you. Do you want to have lunch together?" Leonard asked with a smile.

The Nighthawk shrugged and said, "No, as long as you stop making me have nightmares."

"Deal." Leonard smiled as he received the dossier.

He stood there without being in a hurry to sit down as he casually browsed through it.

"Emlyn White. A vampire. Currently under the jurisdiction of the Church of Earth Mother… He once vanished for a period of time. His parents had hired private detectives to find him. Thanks to a particular Mr. Stuart, this matter was ultimately resolved by the famous detective, Sherlock Moriarty."

Leonard's smile gradually froze as his expression turned serious.

Sherlock Moriarty? he repeated this name in his mind.

…

Klein wasn't in a rush to find an opportunity to engage in true acting. He toured Oravi Island's port city with the mindset of a tourist, finding a brief and rare moment of relaxation in his tense life.

This city had mostly immigrants from Loen. The cuisine wasn't much different from the east coast of the kingdom, with the only difference being that there were rare fruits and all sorts of seafood here. It was also quite a unique trait of the city.

This place was rich in natural resources and was located in a key location on the safe sea routes. The standard of living was pretty good. Even the farmers in the suburbs could save up some money through their fruit gardens.

This didn't mean that Oravi didn't have poor people or the lower-class. This class was mainly made up of people who were former slaves. Loen's parliament had long abolished slavery.

After chewing a juicy and sweet fruit, Klein watched the sky turn dark. He took a turn at the corner of the street and entered a bar named Sweet Lemon.

It was a famous gathering place for adventurers in Oravi. Klein planned on buying the two remaining supplementary ingredients of a Nimblewright Master—the relatively common drago tree bark and Sonia Golden Spring water.

At this moment, the bar was rather lively. There were many people holding up cups around the boxing ring as they cheered loudly. There were people who looked like adventurers at the surrounding tables. They were discussing all kinds of rumors in hushed tones.

Just as Klein was squeezing towards the bar counter, he suddenly heard his name.

“…I'm Gehrman Sparrow. You should know who I am. I received a treasure map and need to hire some helpers. It's not because I'm afraid, but it's because I can't carry that much treasure alone…” A green-eyed man in his thirties held half a glass of liquor and spoke to two men and two women in the corner. It was a mystery if they were merchants or adventurers.

You are also named Gehrman Sparrow? Treasure map Why does it sound like a scam… My killing of Wormtongue has already reached this place from Bayam? Yes, it was likely communicated via a telegram or visitors. Therefore, many people know of my name and deeds but do not know what I look like… Cheats are using this opportunity to pass themselves off as me to cheat others… Klein moved over as he came to a realization.

The green-eyed man drank a mouthful of liquor and slammed the glass onto the table.

"I don't mind whether you refuse or agree, but I hate it when people make me wait!

"Do you wish to be like Wormtongue?"

The young man opposite him said slightly intimidated, "I know you're a powerful adventurer…”

"So?" The green-eyed man cut off the man's words.

At that moment, he felt his collar tighten as he was lifted up by someone and thrown out the door.

Klein didn't provide an explanation as he directly threw the man out of the door with a stoic expression.

Then, he drew his revolver and aimed it at the spot where the man had fallen to the ground. He pulled the trigger without any hesitation.

Bang!

Just as the green-eyed man fell to the ground, he saw a spark light up at the ground near his crotch. He was so frightened that he swallowed back his cursing and scrambled away.

Without any explanation, his weak performance proved that he wasn't Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein ignored the victim who stood there in a daze. He politely blew at the mouth of his revolver before stuffing it back into his underarm holster.

Following that, he walked slowly to the bar counter in the resulting silent atmosphere.

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CHAPTER 614
ADVENTURER ASSOCIATION

Klein sat in front of the bar counter and slammed his fist onto the counter.

"One glass of Southville beer."

Behind him, a few bouncers hesitated about whether to come over to give him a warning or pretend that no one had fired a shot.

The bartender signaled to the bouncers with his eyes as he picked up a glass and chuckled.

"Why don't you try a cup of Sweet Lemon?

"Our boss once went to Trier to learn cocktail mixing. He has mastered many of the cocktail recipes left behind by Emperor Roselle, and he has created the most popular Sweet lemon in Oravi on his own."

Klein wasn't moved as he calmly replied, "I only drink beer."

"Alright." the bartender wasn't in a rush to get the bottle of Southville beer as he said with a smile, "Sir, are you an adventurer?"

Klein nodded without saying an answer.

The bartender didn't hesitate as he said with a smile, "Perhaps you should meet our boss. He's very friendly to new adventurers and is willing to treat them to drinks. Besides, there will be some aid offered to you."

Klein, who had come with the intention of purchasing the supplementary ingredients of a Nimblewright Master, didn't reject the offer. He took out a brass penny and flicked it before catching it firmly.

He placed the penny on the bar counter as a tip to thank the bartender for the information before slowly standing up and walking to the second floor under the lead of a bouncer, where he entered a room at the other end of the corridor.

The room was covered with thick, brownish-yellow, soft carpet. There was a faint smell of high-quality coal burning, mixed with the aroma of a cigar.

A middle-aged man with his blond hair combed neatly backwards was leaning on a reclining chair, sucking at his cigar as he read the papers. Surrounding him were six bodyguards.

Although Klein wasn't a Beyonder of the Spectator domain, and he was unable to determine any unique traits or the strength of these bodyguards, nor was he from the Mystery Pryer or Monster pathway, he could see certain secrets. He could notice things others wouldn't be able to discover, but his spiritual intuition made him believe that these bodyguards were definitely Beyonders, Beyonders who could threaten him to a certain extent.

The middle-aged man put down the newspaper and pulled at the collars of his black shirt before slowly standing up. He extended his right hand and said, "Welcome to Oravi, my adventurer friend."

His blue eyes had a smile to them as he looked rather sincere.

Klein extended his right palm and smacked palms with him without a word. He was waiting for the man to speak.

The middle-aged man pointed to a sofa opposite the reclining chair and chuckled.

"I'm the boss here, Bilt Brando.

"I was once an adventurer with quite considerable strength. I've lived to this day and have earned quite a bit."

He's very confident with his strength; thus, daring to directly say it… Klein didn't stand on ceremony as he sat down. He leaned his body slightly forward as he expressionlessly waited for Bilt to begin talking.

Seeing no response from the adventurer, Bilt sat down again and sucked at his cigar before leisurely saying, "To be honest, there's a motive behind me meeting with every new adventurer."

He pointed to the sea map on the desk in the table. He said with a magnetic tone, "East from the Rorsted Archipelago is where the sea gets progressively messier. The strength of the military and Church begin to dwindle, to the point of them only being able to protect their own harbors.

"The sea around here is a pirate playground, extremely disadvantageous to us adventurers. Therefore, I wish to organize everyone to form a loosely connected alliance, so that we can band together when faced with danger.

"This alliance doesn't have any strong binding terms. You can choose to turn a blind eye when other adventurers encounter danger, and no one will punish you. However, if you were to encounter a similar situation, don't hope for help to be provided.

"In addition, I can promise one point: adventurers of the alliance will be able to get the prices of the lowest nature when purchasing items from me. When selling their spoils, they will at least get market price."

After finishing the description, Bilt smiled at the new adventurer. He chuckled and asked, "What do you think of it? Are you interested in joining this loose alliance? Don't worry. You won't need to make any additional payment. Our purpose is only to render assistance when faced with pirates."

Klein nodded.

"It sounds pretty good."

"Haha, I think so too. I once thought of naming this association the Adventuring Brotherhood, but I felt that brotherhood is overly constrained, so I changed it to Adventurer Association," Bilt said in a self-deprecating manner.

Having said that, he lowered his hand with the cigar and smacked his lips. He shook his head and smiled.

"Sorry, I forgot to ask your name."

Klein maintained his posture and replied in a deep voice, "Gehrman Sparrow."

"Gehrman Sparrow…" Bilt's eyelids jumped as his smile instantly stiffened. The guards around him clearly tensed up as though they were facing a formidable enemy.

Bilt rapidly composed himself and didn't verify whether he was the real Gehrman Sparrow or a cheat who was only passing off as Gehrman Sparrow. He chuckled and said, "Is there anything you wish to buy? I have quite a lot of good stuff over here."

"Sonia's Golden Spring water," Klein said with a calm expression while inwardly feeling cautious.

He didn't mention the drago tree bark since there was a high chance of buying the ingredient at herb stores.

Bilt Brando heaved a sigh of relief and smiled.

"Easy.

"30 pounds for 100 ml.

"Trust me. Even if you head to Sonia Island, it will only be a few pounds cheaper than this price. Those barbarians from Feysac have sealed off the fountain's source, so it's difficult for others to get any of it."

"Deal." Klein had a rough idea of the price of the Golden Spring water, and he knew that 30 pounds for 100 ml was indeed rather cheap.

After completing the deal, Bilt was just about to speak after some deliberation when he suddenly heard knocking.

After receiving his permission, a bouncer entered and leaned over, whispering into his ear.

Bilt's expression instantly sank as his entire person appeared abnormally cold. He suffused an indescribable killing intent.

Indeed, he has quite impressive strength. If he wasn't a famous adventurer in the past, he was a famous pirate… He should be a Mid-Sequence Beyonder… Klein looked at him as he calmly made an assessment.

Bilt turned his head and said to Klein with some difficulty, "Mr. Sparrow, I have matters to tend to.

"We can have drinks together if the opportunity arises."

"Okay." Klein slowly got up, without any intention of involving himself in Bilt's matters.

Of course, this didn't mean that he wasn't curious, but curiosity was never something that could change the way he did things.

After leaving Sweet Lemon, Klein successfully returned to his inn.

…

City of Silver, "daytime" which was marked by frequent lightning.

After Derrick Berg finished practicing all the different Beyonder powers of Solar High Priest, he followed the edge of the training field and headed for the twin towers.

After numerous Tarot Gatherings, he gradually gained an understanding of the pattern and roughly knew the frequency of the alternating lightning before he would be pulled above the gray fog by Mr. Fool.

And now was the final "day."

Because of this, he had to go to the library to read through historical information involving ancient gods, so as to offer them to Mr. Fool.

After passing through the partitioned area of the training field, Derrick subconsciously looked inside and saw exploration members resting inside. It was the exploration team led by the six-member council's chief, Colin Iliad!

They had recently finished the exploration based on the information they had received from Jack, and they had returned to the City of Silver where they were now in quarantine.

Derrick retracted his gaze with a somewhat heavy heart as he went all the way to the steeple and went to the third floor where the library was.

He was just about to walk to the bookshelf that held all the ancient books on legends when he caught a familiar figure through the corner of his eye.

It was a fair and beautiful woman in her thirties. She wore a long black robe embroidered with mysterious purple patterns. Her curly silvery-gray hair cascaded down.

She was none other than the elder of the six-member council who had been imprisoned for a prolonged period of time, Lovia Tiffany!

She swept her faint gray eyes over as Derrick felt his soul being penetrated. He couldn't help but stiffen for a second.

"Greetings, Elder Lovia." He hurriedly lowered his head as he pressed his hand to his chest.

Lovia walked over and nodded gently.

"I've been removed from quarantine."

She turned and left after calmly saying that, as though she was making an announcement.

Derrick stood on the spot as a layer of cold sweat seeped out from his back.

Why has she been released? The six-member council has already determined that she's alright? Derrick thought as his nerves tensed up in an abnormal fashion.

…

Monday afternoon, above the gray fog.

Klein placed his elbows on the armrest as he crossed his fingers and watched as beams of crimson light lit up before receding into blurry figures.

Then, he heard Miss Justice's brisk greeting.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

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CHAPTER 615
GRAYISH-WHITE FOG

While Miss Justice was doing the greetings, The Hermit Cattleya maintained her silence as she observed as she did before. She didn't involve herself in matters, as though she was an outsider at this gathering.

She watched as Miss Justice and Miss Magician conjured their Roselle diary pages to pay off their previous debts. Then, she carefully glanced at Mr. Fool without daring to look straight at him. Yet, she still wasn't able to see further through the special gray fog. Her dark purple eyes were only capable of seeing clothes that were definitely conjured.

With the three pages of Roselle's diary, Klein wasn't in a rush to read it like before. After all, he had already interacted and used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and knew what a Uniqueness of a Beyonder pathway looked like. He had even intimidated such a divine artifact, so he believed that regardless of Emperor Roselle's content, there was nothing that could shock him greatly.

Unless he was given a Demoness Blessing by some powerhouse with a unique ability and temporarily became a woman… Klein joked inwardly as he surveyed the long bronze table in interest.

Eh, Ma'am Hermit's curiosity is different from Miss Justice and company's. She pays great attention to the matter of Roselle's diary? Klein retracted his gaze and took note of this discovery. Then, he casually read the yellowish-brown goatskin.

"22nd April. We plan on entering, to explore the Abyss."

"23rd April. We followed the pitch-black ocean, passed through the liquid-like fog, and arrived at the mountain peak that resembled a monster. Behind it was endless black fog. It seemed to blanket an entire continent.

"However, looking at the bottom of the peak makes it seem endless and without limit. I had joked with Edwards that if I were to commit suicide by jumping off that cliff, I might never fall to the ground, forever in a state of falling."

Upon seeing this, Klein nearly pricked up his brows. He couldn't believe that Roselle would dare to organize his own knights and sailors to explore the periphery of the region after seeing the Abyss.

Isn't he afraid of dying? Legend has it that it's a place that can corrupt everything, causing all life to perish! At this stage, Roselle definitely hadn't reached Sequence 4, and he wasn't a demigod. He was at best a Sequence 5, or even lower… If it were me, I definitely would've turned the boat around and reported it to the Church… In that instant, Klein gained a deep understanding of the huge difference between him and Roselle.

In addition, Roselle's description of the Abyss's periphery had reminded Klein of the mysterious stone doors of Amon's mausoleum. A similar scene had appeared after the Church of Steam and Machinery's Archbishop Horamick's puppet made contact with it.

I wonder what Roselle discovered there… At the very least, he didn't die from his exploration. He still had an exciting life after that… Klein moved his gaze down and read the remaining content on the diary page.

"24th April. We proceeded down the peak in an attempt to probe deeper.

"The thick black fog is biting cold, as though it can erode flesh and the soul. Haha, luckily, the Dark King I'm onboard has certain items that resist this corruption, or I'll suspect that me and my Knights of the Apocalypse will become members of Farron's 1 Undead Legion.

"It's very quiet, and we didn't discover anything."

"25th April. We saw devils, but they were in the form of rotting corpses.

"Behind the black, jagged mountain, below a slush-filled opening that one cannot call a path, there were different devil corpses that were either in normal or unimaginable places.

"It was as though they had all been killed at the same moment."

"26th April. Either corpses or silence; there's no end up ahead.

"The items on the Dark King has begun to show signs of corruption.

"I've seldom had fear over the past few years, but here, that fear of the unknown is like an invisible hand that clasps my heart tightly.

"I have to leave! I have to return! I can't stay here any longer!"

What happened after this? Emperor Roselle was very successful in escaping the Abyss's periphery, or did he encounter something else? What does the abnormality over there symbolize? An intense battle? Klein subconsciously had some sense of anticipation as he flipped to the second page, only to be let down that it wasn't connected.

"8th May. My beloved Bernadette is almost two. The older she grows, the more likable she is. She's indeed a young lady who doesn't let down the excellent genes of her mother and I.

"Hearing her clearly call me daddy and seeing her bubbly figure, I suddenly felt a sense of satisfaction.

"Ever since I transmigrated to this world, I've done many things. I can say that some aren't honorable, but I've not felt any shame about it, nor have I ever regretted it. On the one hand, this has to do with me finding it very difficult to curb my desires, making it easy for me to be influenced by my

environment. Heh heh, I have to thank fate that I've not met a Desire Apostle from the Devil pathway. According to the records, I would definitely succumb to Beyonders of this Sequence. I might even be instantly killed.

"On the other hand, I still have a sense of alienation from this world. My parents in this world are very nice to me. I've also worked hard to make them proud, but I know that my feelings for them aren't substantial. Similarly, this is how I treat Matilda. It's more a possessive instinct rather than love.

"I have to admit that my mental state is like playing a role-playing game in virtual reality. My parents, brothers, and friends are all non-playable characters. I can devote some of my feelings to them, but never anything serious. Therefore, I can join all kinds of corrupted gatherings without any sense of guilt. I can face people I know well in a cold, ruthless manner. It's just like when I played The Elder Scrolls. I could slaughter an entire village just for a chicken.

"But after Bernadette was born, I realized that I had an additional sense of belonging to this world. I was no longer as estranged from it.

"This is my child, a living child of mine.

"Perhaps this is what so-called maturity is?"

Without children, it's impossible to realize this feeling. No, I don't even have a girlfriend… However, I have to be alert about this state of mind that's mentioned in this entry… It might not exist in the past, but it doesn't mean it wouldn't appear in the future. The higher the Sequence, the greater one's godhood is than their humanity… Klein sighed silently as he flipped to the third diary page.

"6th January, a brand new year, a brand new beginning.

"After advancing to Artisan, I finally have the powers to do that thing!

"That is to create the mysterious silver plate in my memories. There is a high chance that my transmigration was a result of it!

"In fact, after I became a Savant, I could already recall its appearance, as well as the strange symbols and patterns on its surface. But the past me could clearly sense that I wasn't able to replicate something like that."

"9th January. I finally succeeded after repeated failures.

"Holding the silver plate filled with special symbols and patterns, I tried hard to inject my spirituality in a bid to activate it.

"An endless grayish-white fog seemed to surface before my eyes, but nothing happened.

"Is it a problem with the material, or am I lacking certain requisites?"

"10th January. According to my recollections of my transmigration experience, I restored my past state, believing that I no longer lacked anything. However, the mysterious silver plate only showed me the strange gray fog. It wasn't able to help me do anything.

"Since this doesn't work, how did I succeed in my transmigration back then?

"I temporarily gave up on my attempts, and I destroyed the silver plate I created. Perhaps when I'm a High-Sequence Beyonder and become a demigod, I will have a way to interpret those patterns and symbols to figure out the truth behind my transmigration.

"Yes, I'll definitely become a demigod! I'm the protagonist of this era!"

Grayish-white fog? The Emperor saw an endless grayish-white fog after replicating the mysterious silver plate from Earth! Klein's eyes suddenly shrank when he read the diary entry.

There happened to be an immutable endless gray fog beneath his feet!

Could it be that our transmigrations have to do with this mysterious space? But why is the Emperor unable to enter, but I can? According to the Emperor's diary entries of the last few stages of his life, he definitely didn't crack the mystery of the silver plate. Otherwise, he wouldn't have not thought of this place when he was in his moment of great despair and mania. He wouldn't have not used this place as his crutch… Klein raised his head as his gaze landed outside the ancient palace.

He recalled that deep in this mysterious space, there was a staircase of light that seemed to lead to heaven. It seemed to correspond to his Sequence.

The staircase appeared to be built for giants, and its destination was the gray fog which seemed to support something that stood in midair.

The secret of our transmigration lies there? Klein made the diary pages in his hand vanish before he leaned back into his chair and said with a normal tone, "You may begin."

Derrick originally wished to bring forward his request to purchase the Sequence 6 potion formula after Solar High Priest, but Elder Lovia's release made him temporarily abandon his plans. He couldn't wait to mention everything that had happened, wishing to obtain the necessary guidance.

Considering how this was still the transaction segment, he held back his desire as he waited in silence.

There's something on Little Sun's mind… Something unexpected happened in the City of Silver? Audrey thoughtfully retracted her gaze and similarly didn't request to purchase anything.

At this moment, Alger surveyed the area and voiced out.

"I need the potion formula of Ocean Songster."

Indeed, he's already a Sequence 6, a Wind-blessed… Isn't he someone from the Church of Storms? Why is he looking for the Ocean Songster's potion formula elsewhere? Obtaining it internally from the Church is a lot easier… He has secrets he wishes to keep from the Church of Storms, or was he just pretending to be someone from the Church of Storms? Cattleya instantly had many theories as she gently took note.

"I can help you take note."

Upon noticing The Hermit's response, Alger asked, "Ma'am, is there anything you need?

"I can search for clues ahead of time, so as to trade for the potion formula."

Footnotes:

Ch 615 Footnote 1

Author's Note: A meme involving Dark Souls III. Farron's Undead Legion, also known as the Abyss Watchers, who were corrupted by the Abyss.

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CHAPTER 616
SILVER LINING

What do I need? Cattleya silently chuckled, having sensed that The Hanged Man was probing her with a very ordinary question.

Any needs meant clues!

Ignoring the fact that I've already obtained the potion formula for Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway, and accumulating points for one of the main ingredients, even without anything, I have no lack of corresponding resource channels, and far more than one… Cattleya had another thought as she recalled the Sea God Scepter which Mr. Fool wielded. She then smiled and said, "I need a mystical item at the demigod level. The kind with acceptable side effects."

At that instant, Alger nearly retorted, asking her not to crack a joke.

Even in the Church of Storms, one wasn't necessarily capable of obtaining a similar item for years, much less a Beyonder who was obviously only a Mid-Sequence Beyonder!

If I had an item at the demigod level without any real negative side effects, why wouldn't I keep it for my own use? Alger knew that The Hermit was using mockery to respond to his attempt at sounding her out, but he wasn't as irascible as his peers. He slowly took a deep breath and said, "I'll keep an eye out.

"But Ma'am, you should know very well that just an effective clue towards such an item might be enough to cover the cost of an Ocean Songster's potion formula."

*… Very staid. Not easily angered. This is very different from the usual style of the Church of Storms… Was the conclusion of my first observation wrong? He's only disguising himself as a priest of the Storm? No, I can't think of it that way. This might also be because he doesn't dare to flare up under Mr. Fool's watch. Or perhaps, he's just an odd one out in the Church of Storms. There might not be many, but it's not extremely rare… *Cattleya wasn't greedy. She didn't sound him out a second time as she nodded.

"I know."

As the conversation between the two came to an end, no one made any requests during the transaction segment. A number of members already had the means to obtain whatever they needed, so there was no need to make any requests for purchases. It was mainly Audrey and Fors who were waiting for the subsequent potion formulas. Another reason stemmed from their financial situation or circumstances, and they weren't able to make any early expenditures. This included Emlyn, who was filled with desire for the Sanguine's Viscount inheritance, as well as Miss Magician who wanted a mystical item.

Indeed, as everyone slowly cast off their statuses as Low-Sequence Beyonders, advancements are no longer that fast. The rate of transactions will also rapidly drop. In the past, there was basically one or two deals every week, but now, it might be two to three weeks. In the future, it might even be three to four months… Without knowing whether it was for the better or worse, Klein nodded gently to indicate that it was time to engage in the free exchange.

Audrey looked at Derrick and waited for him to describe the unexpected situation at the City of Silver.

Derrick didn't let her "expectations" down. Before anyone could speak, he earnestly said, "Elder Lovia has been released. I encountered her at the library."

Shepherd Lovia has been released? Using flesh and blood, the entire team that she led was corrupted by the True Creator, so how can she be without any problems? What is the six-member council thinking? Klein originally wanted to say something along the lines of—"if there's nothing wrong with Lovia, I'll chop off my head and gift it to the True Creator to be kicked like a ball." However, considering how swears and curses involved deities in them and might lead to terrible consequences, he rationally changed his thoughts.

Of course, I don't have to be that careful with me above the gray fog… He sighed inwardly.

"Elder Lovia has been released? That Shepherd?" Audrey quickly recalled what the name meant.

Back then, Little Sun had used Blasphemer Amon's possession and Mr. Fool's help to expose the fact that the entire exploration team had been corrupted by the True Creator. As for the team, it was led by Lovia. Her job as a Shepherd happened to correspond to the Secrets Suppliant pathway of the True Creator!

"Yes." Derrick nodded earnestly as he looked towards The Hanged Man.

Alger thought for a moment before asking, "Has your Chief returned to the City of Silver?"

Why would Mr. Hanged Man suddenly ask about this… Ah, right. To release such an important figure, it's impossible that the other elders of the six-member council wouldn't wait for the Chief's return…

If the Chief has yet to return, and that they had decided this without his consent, it goes to show that the situation is even more terrible than one can imagine. It was so terrible that they couldn't even await his return… If the Chief has already returned, then the reason for releasing Lovia has a high chance to do with the outcome of the exploration. This is because,

according to Little Sun, this is the only exploration in recent times for the City of Silver.

Sigh, why didn't I think of this? Audrey, you're still lacking in experience… Audrey reflected and consoled herself in thought.

"Yes, not long ago." Derrick was surprised by Mr. Hanged Man's accurate guesses.

At this moment, Fors, who had been listening quietly, combined what she knew from before and suddenly had an idea.

"Mr. Sun, could this be the situation?

"Your Chief led the exploration team and that little boy, Jack, to seek out a path that leads to the outside world, but they realized that the power of the True Creator is required. Heh heh, this isn't a lie I'm fabricating, but an inference of the facts. The father of that boy, Jack, belonged to the Aurora Order, and they were seeking the holy residence of the True Creator before arriving where you are.

"Therefore, for the entire City of Silver, your Chief decided to release Shepherd Lovia after returning."

"If that's really the case, Mr. Sun would be in grave danger," Audrey said with worry. Fors's words sank Derrick's heart.

At this moment, Alger shook his head.

"No, I have the exact opposite belief.

"Miss Magician's inference is identical to my theory, but I believe this will make it safer for The Sun!"

"Why?" Derrick's heart calmed down as he asked.

*Isn't that simple? Balance! *Klein scoffed inwardly.

"The danger of the True Creator is noticeable by any sentient creature with eyes and a brain. Your Chief will definitely not put all his chips on "Him." He definitely needs a force that can counterbalance the True Creator.

"As for you, the one who exposed their ploy, you were possessed by Blasphemer Amon, so you might represent another possibility.

"The more Lovia and company wish harm upon you, the more the Chief and the other elders will protect you. This way, they would turn a blind eye to whatever suspicious aspects you didn't manage to erase," Alger explained simply.

This ends up being a silver lining? Fors was stunned.

Mr. Hanged Man makes a lot of sense… When it comes to analyzing matters and the situation, I'm still far from matching him… Audrey felt somewhat depressed. She even thought of puffing her cheeks, but she immediately realized that it wasn't an elegant act. All she could do was keep those thoughts to herself.

For the rest of the members, Emlyn, who didn't know much about Lovia, had a hard time keeping up. However, he knew about Jack and the repeated cycles, so he was barely able to understand the discussion.

In order to break out of the City of Silver's conundrum, they released a "danger" that has the True Creator involved? Emlyn inwardly made a guess.

Compared to him, Cattleya couldn't understand a word. She felt as though she was from a completely different world compared to the other members.

I actually have a feeling of admiration despite my incomprehension of what they said… The last time I had this feeling was several years ago. Back then, I was still very weak… There were some inklings in the previous Tarot

Gatherings, especially so when it involves the City of Silver, but never has it been as serious as this time…

Also, why are they discussing the True Creator and Blasphemer Amon so naturally? Eh… It should be the Blasphemer Amon I know of… They're only Mid-Sequence Beyonders… What have they actually done in the past? Cattleya's confidence as a powerhouse suffered a setback at that very moment.

After hearing Mr. Hanged Man's analysis, Derrick first heaved a sigh of relief before asking with tense nerves, "Could this result in our City of Silver being destroyed by the Fallen Creator?"

He originally wished that Mr. Hanged Man could provide him with an answer that could relieve him, but he ended up hearing the man say in a deep voice, "That possibility can't be ruled out."

"Then what should I do?" Derrick earnestly sought advice.

"Under the situation of us not understanding what your Chief and the other elders of the six-member council are up to, I cannot provide you with any suggestions, but I don't think you need to be in such a panic." Alger raised his head to glance at Mr. Fool, who was silently looking at the members from the end of the long bronze table.

Tracing his gaze, Derrick subconsciously looked over and saw Mr. Fool whose extremely blurry figure was covered in the gray fog.

He instantly felt a sense of serenity, and he couldn't help but recall that holy and powerful angel.

…Although I've foiled several of the True Creator's ploys, I'll definitely not last a second if I were to really clash with "Him"…The situation will devolve into The Fool coming to his doorstep, but the True Creator finding The Fool completely lacking… Klein maintained his casual listening state, without saying a word or showing any expression.

Derrick retracted his gaze and said to Alger, "Mr. Hanged Man, thank you for your help. I will try to figure out what Chief and the others are planning."

With the matter coming to an end, Cattleya deliberated before saying, "Was the Blasphemer Amon you were talking about before referring to the ancestor of the Amon family in the Fourth Epoch's Tudor Empire, the son of the Creator?"

Son of the Creator? Audrey was stunned by what Ma'am Hermit said. She instinctively turned her head to the end of the long bronze table and discovered Mr. Fool sitting there calmly, as though he was tacitly confirming Amon's other identity.

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CHAPTER 617
THE MYSTERIOUS ADAM

The son of the Creator? Alger was stunned by The Hermit's description as he couldn't help but twitch his brows.

However, he didn't directly inquire further because this could very likely expose certain matters. Besides, he was very confident that there would be other members asking.

"The son of the Creator?" Fors asked with piqued interest.

She never expected that Amon had such a shocking identity, aside from the titles like Blasphemer and King of Angels. She was filled with curiosity over this.

Cattleya swept her a look and said without a change in tone, "Legend has it that back when the original Creator split into the various deities and races, 'His' body produced two babies. One of them was Blasphemer Amon."

The mural inside Amon's mausoleum was somewhat different from your description. Back when Amon and Adam was born, the Creator had just awoken and withdrew the authorities of the ancient gods. "He" was seated high on a holy mountain and was surrounded by angels as they praised him. There were no signs of him dying or splitting…

That mural does have something in common with the City of Silver's historical records… Perhaps the Creator had really awoken twice. And perhaps the original Creator and Amon's father, the Creator as recorded by the City of Silver, aren't the same person. Both of them have an inheritance

relationship… As Klein listened to Ma'am Hermit's description, he began theorizing.

Amon is actually the son of the Creator… Such a status is in no way inferior to the true gods! As for Mr. Fool, our Tarot Club was able to easily purify "His" avatar and stop "His" possession… Audrey recalled the past matters and suddenly felt that she had unknowingly exceeded many ordinary Beyonders. The circles and levels of knowledge exposure that the two groups had differed by more than a hundred times!

She asked with piqued interest, "Ma'am Hermit, do you know the other son of the Creator?"

"Adam," Cattleya answered succinctly.

"…”

Audrey was clearly taken aback. This was because her question only required a "yes" or "no." After receiving the confirmation that she knew, she would ask for the details and make it clear that she was willing to pay for it. Who knew that Ma'am Hermit had directly given her the name, Adam.

*She doesn't seem to care too much about such information… She's in control of a lot of information… *Audrey managed to infer certain matters through this detail as her eyes darted about.

"I've never heard of an important figure named Adam."

"I haven't either. Apart from being recorded as the son of the Creator, it's like 'He' has never appeared before. There are nearly no traces of 'Him' in the history of the Fourth Epoch," Cattleya answered frankly.

This Adam is very mysterious… I'm already rather well-versed in the Fourth Epoch's three empires of Solomon, Tudor, and Trunsoest, as well as the angel families that come under them. Yet, I've never heard of "Him" before. If it wasn't for Arrodes who live-streamed the Church of Steam and

Machinery's exploration of Amon's mausoleum, I wouldn't have even known "His" name… Has "He" long perished, or is "He" hidden in the dark while scheming something? Klein sighed inwardly.

Audrey subconsciously glanced at Mr. Hanged Man and discovered him shaking his head as well.

Amon is a King of Angels, so it doesn't make sense for Adam to not be one. There should be records in the City of Silver… Audrey looked at Derrick.

For some reason, Derrick easily understood what was on Miss Justice's mind. He said in slight embarrassment, "We do not know about Adam, just like how we don't know about Amon.

"I was previously searching for ancient tomes related to the King of Angels. I believe that I was lacking in clearance as my Sequence was still low at that time. I will continue searching for information on this."

*King of Angels… *Cattleya moved her fingers indiscernibly as she memorized the phrase.

She knew that Miss Justice would definitely answer if she asked, so without waiting, she directly asked, "Amon is a King of Angels that all of you are referring to?"

"Yes." To thank Ma'am Hermit for her generosity, Audrey explained in detail, "In the records of the City of Silver, the Creator had many angels attending to 'Him.' Among them, the leaders of the angels who were closest to the throne of God were deemed King of Angels.

"We haven't managed to confirm many King of Angels. One of them is the Angel of Fate Ouroboros who originates from the ancient tomes of the City of Silver. 'His' title is Tail Devourer. The second is Medici, who Mr. Fool happened to mention. We are still unsure of 'His' title. The third is a guess. We suspect that Amon is the Angel of Time among the King of Angels.

Since he is a King of Angels, Adam, who is also a son of the Creator, is very likely one as well."

Haven't managed to confirm many… I don't even know the term 'King of Angels,' but you have already grasped half of 'Them.' That's not many? None of your Sequences are higher than mine… Cattleya nearly became speechless.

Only at this point did Emlyn really understand the meaning behind a King of Angels. He decided to use these names to seek out traces of the King of Angels via the secret historical records the Sanguine had in their control after he returned to the real world.

Cattleya fell silent for two seconds before saying, "Mr. Sun, you were once possessed by Amon?"

"Yes; it was 'His' avatar," Derrick answered honestly. "However, 'He' was purified by Mr. Fool. I wasn't injured at all."

Purified by Mr. Fool… Cattleya couldn't hold back the urge to look at the end of the long bronze table.

She originally imagined that she had a general idea of Mr. Fool's state, believing that "He" was still in a state of reawakening and was unable to use much of his powers. This was why he sought the identity of Sea God and obtained that scepter. However, the present situation shook the foundations of her speculation. She felt that Mr. Fool was like an iceberg. What was hidden beneath the surface was even more terrifying and unfathomable!

"He" easily thwarted Amon's plans… Under certain situations, "He" can briefly break through the restrictions and produce strength at the level of a god? Cattleya's heart sank as she didn't ask further. She cautiously shut her mouth.

At this moment, Audrey had thought of something that puzzled her because of this topic. She proactively asked, "Ma'am Hermit, after Amon's avatar

was purified by Mr. Fool, a worm with twelve transparent rings was left behind. It's said to be a Worm of Time. Is that correct?"

Cattleya recalled for two seconds before saying, “…Yes."

"Which pathway does it belong to? I mean, which Beyonder pathway does the Blasphemer pathway belong to?" Audrey pressed out of curiosity.

Cattleya answered directly without any thought, "The Marauder pathway.

"Legend has it that at the Saint or Angel level, they are able to fool fate and cheat the rules, becoming a parasite of time."

Sounds very impressive… Audrey marveled inwardly before asking, "Then, what can a Worm of Time be used for?"

*Nice question! *Klein secretly cheered for Miss Justice.

He pumped himself up as he waited for Ma'am Hermit to give the answer.

He happened to have a Worm of Time in his junk pile!

"It's a material with rich spirituality and unique effects. It can be used in particular rituals or be used to create high-level charms. But as for how, I'm not sure." After Cattleya answered, she suddenly sighed.

She recalled the nightmare of being constantly pursued by knowledge, as well as the massive amount of information that could seemingly burst her brains.

But even so, she still didn't know a lot.

*If the Hidden Sage hadn't gone mad and could provide knowledge bit by bit, I'll actually be more than happy to learn from "Him”…*Cattleya secretly sighed.

All that matters is that it's useful… As for how it's used, I have other people to consult… Klein controlled The World with great satisfaction and looked at Emlyn.

"Mr. Moon, I have something I would like to communicate with you in private."

Aren't the transactions over? Emlyn nodded, feeling somewhat uncertain.

"Okay."

The World immediately requested for Mr. Fool's permission and successfully obtained the privilege of isolating everyone.

Then, he looked at Emlyn White and said, "I wish for you to present to me every action which Leonard Mitchell made in your memories."

"Why?" Emlyn asked in puzzlement.

"It involves certain secrets," Klein controlled The World to answer succinctly.

His true goal wasn't to buy that mystical item, but to observe Leonard Mitchell? That fellow has deep secrets… The World as well. For an investigation, he was willing to spend 7,500 pounds! However, that mystical item is indeed powerful. Isn't The World constantly seeking a way to eliminate the mental corruption in a Beyonder characteristic? This is likely useful… Emlyn suppressed his wandering thoughts as he seriously recalled Leonard Mitchell from his point of view. With Mr. Fool's help, he conjured a video in the form of streaming light.

When the streaming light landed in The World's hands, Klein quickly browsed through it.

He confirmed that Leonard really knew the existence of the Grandpa, but he was unable to determine if he understood the danger.

Temporarily suppressing any corresponding thoughts, Klein removed the isolation barriers and allowed the Tarot Club members to continue.

At this moment, Audrey was reminded of something by Mr. World's private communication. She hurriedly looked at Fors and asked in concern, "Miss Magician, did you discover any abnormalities at Williams Street?"

"That will require Mr. World to answer you," Fors said, having been put into a difficult position.

Without waiting for Miss Justice to speak again, Klein controlled The World and hoarsely replied, "There were abnormalities.

"But I have already informed the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam.

"If there are any future problems, I might require your help."

"Alright!" Audrey heaved a sigh of relief.

Informed the Church of Evernight and Steam… This… Cattleya found the description ludicrous.

From what she knew, a secret organization like the Tarot Club was a natural enemy of the official Beyonders. There was no room for any compromises between the two, but the way The World had dealt with it and the words he used had made it seem like the Tarot Club was an organization that cooperated with the official Beyonders…

Colored by these feelings, she listened to the rest of the conversation before bowing and bidding farewell when Mr. Fool made the closing remark.

Soon, Klein was the only one left above the gray fog.

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CHAPTER 618
VOLUNTEER WORK

Second floor of the Sweet Lemon Bar, in the boss's room.

Bilt Brando held a cigar as he stood by the window. He was looking out, and his eyes were out of focus as he wore a dark and terrifying expression.

At this moment, a bodyguard entered, bent his back slightly, and carefully said, "Sir, Sothoth has returned from the east."

"Let him in." Bilt tried hard to correct his expression.

Sothoth Yann was his assistant, an important member of the Adventurer Association.

In less than a minute, Sothoth, who was dressed in a linen shirt, brown jacket, and red headscarf, walked in. He looked to be in his thirties and had bronze skin. He had recessed eye sockets and a black mustache below and under his lips. He was obviously someone who spent most of his time at sea.

Sothoth bowed rather informally and sized up Bilt Brando.

"Boss, something happened?"

"Yes, something happened. From the looks of it, it will fail." Bilt didn't keep the matter from him as he sighed. "I have no idea how I'm going to answer that important figure."

Without waiting for Sothoth to answer, he asked, "Have there been any changes at the eastern front?"

"Still the same as usual. The pirates are still after every ship they can plunder. They even target each other. The navy is only able to guard the various colonial posts, and they're barely able to maintain smooth passage through the sea routes while protecting the relatively important ships. There are often sea battles with both sides obtaining victories at times," Sothoth said as he shrugged his shoulders.

"The eastern front of the Sonia Sea is a pirate's playground…" Bilt sighed in agreement.

Sothoth thought for a moment and added, "There has been some recent news from the islands on the eastern front. Apparently it first originated from the Black Death."

"Vice Admiral Ailment? What news is it?" Bilt asked, his interest piqued.

Sothoth said with a solemn and excited tone, "Vice Admiral Ailment really encountered an assassination attempt and was seriously injured. And the person who attacked her was the adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow!"

"Gehrman Sparrow?" Bilt blurted out.

"Yes, it's him! He really is a powerhouse at the level of a pirate admiral! Even if it was a sneak attack, it happened on the Black Death. There were so many infamous pirates around, but he managed to successfully escape after dealing a heavy blow to Vice Admiral Ailment. He later hunted Wormtongue Mithor," Sothoth answered with affirmation while sighing.

Bilt staggered before sighing.

"That's important news.

"There are very few powerhouses at the pirate admiral level among adventurers. To be able to deal a heavy blow to a pirate admiral on her flagship while alone—such an operation can only be done if one is absolutely confident in themselves or crazy enough. Only a madman will infiltrate a pirate admiral's flagship in an attempt to assassinate her, instead of finding another spot!"

Having said that, his expression changed slightly.

"I met an adventurer named Gehrman Sparrow last night."

"For real?" Sothoth's pupils shrank as he asked solemnly.

"I can't be sure since I've never met the real Gehrman Sparrow, or seen his photograph or portrait." Bilt shook his head.

Sothoth thought for a moment and said, "You can search for the newspapers from the Rorsted Archipelago to confirm his identity. So many days have passed. There should be tourists that would've brought over the corresponding News Report and Sonia Morning Post. Yes, the government offices, police stations, churches, and charity organizations will subscribe to the important newspapers of the Rorsted Archipelago."

The Rorsted Archipelago was the biggest colonial grounds of the Loen Kingdom in the Central Sonia Sea. Its influence radiated outward, so there was no doubt that Oravi Island, which was within a distance of three days of travel, was part of its domain of influence. The official organizations and churches all subscribed to the newspapers and magazines of the area, so any non-crucial news would be received in three to four days.

"Alright." Bilt nodded as he probed deeper, "Do you have the exact details of Gehrman Sparrow's assassination attempt on Vice Admiral Ailment?"

Sothoth thought for a moment and said, "It's said that Gehrman Sparrow is able to change into anyone, just like Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

"It's with that power that he successfully infiltrated the Black Death and found an opportunity to carry out the assassination."

"He can change into anyone…" Bilt's eyes lit up.

No, that won't do. That's a crazy guy who dares to infiltrate the Black Death to assassinate Vice Admiral Ailment. He causes one to instinctively fear him and distance themselves from him… The light in Bilt's eyes dimmed.

Furthermore, I don't even know if he's the real one or not… He subconsciously shook his head.

…

I wonder when the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind will take action and deal with the abnormality at Williams Street. I hope they do it as soon as possible… Amidst his thoughts, Klein left the gray fog and returned to the real world.

After some consideration, he took out a piece of paper and laid it out on a brown desk.

He wrote with a dark red fountain pen, asking about Mr. Azik's recent situation before mentioning how he had discovered that someone had a parasite in him while he was searching for a mystical item that could steal the Beyonder powers of others.

Following that, he seemingly asked in passing if there was a way to avoid the parasite and inform the host.

With this as a topic starter, he added how he learned from others about information regarding the Worm of Time that was related to High-Sequence Beyonders from the Marauder pathway. He also mentioned that he knew that such an item could be used as a sacrificial item in important rituals or as a material in high-level charms. However, he had no idea how to produce them.

Phew… Klein put down the fountain pen, folded the letter, and brought the copper whistle to his lips. He blew at it forcefully.

White bones spewed out like a fountain, forming a gigantic skeleton messenger. But this time, the messenger didn't bore out from downstairs, and it instead tore through the ceiling like many times before, looking down at the summoner from above.

Klein knew that this wasn't because the messenger had become impolite again, but because he was staying on the first floor of an inn…

He flicked his wrist and threw the letter like a dart, making it land accurately in the messenger's huge bony hand.

The flames in the messenger's eye sockets flickered as though it was observing Klein, but ultimately, nothing happened.

Its body disintegrated into a waterfall made of bones as they drilled into the ground.

After everything was done, Klein didn't spread open the paper crane. He erased what had been written and wrote the same content to seek advice from the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

This was because he realized something terrible. The paper crane wasn't a mystical item or Beyonder weapon. It was an ordinary piece of paper that had been folded. After repeatedly having its content erased by an eraser, it was beginning to show signs of its structural integrity failing. In a few more tries, it might directly tear.

I'll leave extremely important matters that require contact before considering it. For example, only when Mr. Azik isn't sure how to bypass the Grandpa to warn Leonard… Klein shook his head silently and rapidly packed up the items on his desk.

In addition, he didn't dare to use the radio transceiver to contact Arrodes recently. This was because the powerhouse sent by the True Creator was likely still loitering around the area in search for the All-Black Eye's aura. The "scent" of the gray fog was also equally able to attract the True Creator's attention, allowing "Him" to inform his believers.

Today, I'll continue being a tourist and relax. Tomorrow, I'll begin searching for an opportunity to do real acting! Klein retracted his thoughts, draped on his coat, and took his top hat before walking out the inn.

He planned on heading to the mountains outside Oravi Harbor to watch the sunset!

This thought stemmed from a popular novel. Its author's name was Leeann Mastaing. This gentleman was born in Odora and had decided to permanently reside in Backlund after the age of twenty. His books had introduced the sunset at Mt. Saint Draco with immense feelings, believing that it was the most beautiful scene he had ever seen.

Klein rode a carriage out the city and walked to the foot of Mt. Saint Draco. He took an hour before arriving at the peak of the not-so-tall mountain.

Time passed as the sun slowly set, making the blue sea situated to the left of the mountain peak appear like a sea of fire. As for the emerald-green forests and the vast fields on the right, they seemed to be gilded.

All the colors bloomed with the final touches of radiance in that instant before darkness gradually approached until it became dark.

Ships entered the harbor as carriages drove into the city. The busy people began returning home on the roads parallel to the wheat fields and fruit gardens.

When darkness enveloped the entire land, specks of warm light lit up one after another inside and outside the city. They were like resplendent gems that dotted the velvet night sky.

It's really beautiful… Klein admired for a moment until all the lights from each family were reflected in his eyes.

He turned around in silence and walked down the mountain path. Accompanied by the dark trees, he returned to the foot of the mountain before walking for some distance until he hired a carriage along the periphery of the port city.

The carriage stably proceeded forward as the dim yellow halos from the iron-black elegant street lamps silently illuminated the ground, receding backwards into the distance.

After some time, Klein returned to his inn. He took out his key and opened his door.

There was a bed, a desk, and a chair in the room, silently sitting there in the rich darkness. They silently reflected some of the crimson luster.

Klein closed the door very gently and walked to the window. He stood in the shadows created by the curtains and remained motionless for quite some time.

The lights outside were still bright.

…

Early the next morning.

Klein turned on the tap and patted his face with ice-cold water, rejuvenating his entire body.

He had already thought of a way to engage in true acting.

It was still the hospital where death could occur at any moment!

In the past, Klein had only circled the area without much focus. Loitering around had made it hard for him to find any suitable targets. This time, he planned on using some time of volunteer work to stay in the hospital for prolonged periods of time. He could provide hospice to the dying patients who temporarily didn't have their family beside them. By doing so, he could await the targets he needed.

After having breakfast, Klein arrived at 10 Blackforest Street and entered the Oravi Hospice Foundation.

This was a charity organization of the Church of the Evernight Goddess. One of its responsibilities was to provide the various hospitals with trained volunteers.

Klein came to the registration booth and saw the female employee reading the papers. Hence, he lightly tapped the table to attract her attention.

"Is there something I can help you with?" the lady lowered the papers and asked.

"I wish to do some volunteer work," Klein said succinctly.

"Name?" The lady looked up at him.

Suddenly, her eyes froze as her right hand trembled. The fountain pen she had just picked up fell to the ground.

In the papers in front of her was a portrait that looked almost realistic.

The portrait's owner was that of the crazy and dangerous adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow!

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CHAPTER 619
UNABLE TO SPEAK

Oravi Hospice Foundation.

The lady responsible for volunteer registration hurriedly bent her back as she frantically searched for the fountain pen which had dropped. At this moment, Klein also noticed that she was reading a News Report paper from a few days ago. It was back when his portrait and escapades were published.

This area subscribes to newspapers from the Rorsted Archipelago as well? From the time it takes to sail between the places, it's true that they can only read news from three to four days ago… If I had known earlier, I would've worn a new face and thought of a fake name before coming… Klein stood in front of the desk as he thought helplessly.

The lady in her thirties finally picked up the fountain pen, raised her head, and said with a trembling voice, "Y-you want to do volunteer work?"

"Yes," Klein gave an affirmative answer.

"B-but you're an adventurer," the mortified lady stammered for an excuse.

She instinctively didn't want such an extremely dangerous person to do volunteer work.

Being famous isn't necessarily a good thing… Forget it. I'll switch my appearance and name before coming again… Klein had the intention of giving up as he questioned her without any emotion, "Who made the rules that adventurers can't do volunteer work?"

The lady responsible for the registration was on the brink of tears as she blurted out, "It wasn't me!"

The volunteer registration room became abnormally quiet. Klein was first taken aback before he felt like laughing. It took him a great deal of effort to maintain Gehrman Sparrow's image.

After the lady calmed down, she sensed that her answer was clearly problematic. She forced a smile and said, "No, I mean this isn't regulated by anyone.

"My impression of adventurers is that they are very busy. They need to be out at sea and have very little time to do volunteer work.

"That's them," Klein answered succinctly.

The lady held her palm to her mouth as she revealed a smile.

"Alright. I'll immediately help you with your registration."

As she spoke, she pulled out a form and handed it over.

"Please fill it in. We will provide the corresponding training and volunteer jobs according to your requests.

"We will contact you, or you can always come over to inquire for any updates."

She had already made up her mind not to put Gehrman Sparrow's form into the docket. Instead, she would hand it directly to the foundation's person-in-charge and the police.

Goddess, why is this dangerous fellow here to do volunteer work? She secretly drew a crimson moon on her chest.

Klein nodded in silence. He took the form and sat down. Picking up a fountain pen, he began filling in his basic information.

During this process, a man in a doctor's gown entered and asked, "Joanna, are there any new volunteers? We'll begin the morning training."

Joanna, who was in charge of the registration, had the intention to shake her head. However, Gehrman Sparrow, who sat opposite her, gave her an intense sense of pressure even though he remained silent and didn't raise his head. She didn't dare to lie.

"There is," she first replied to the man and then looked at Klein. "Mr. Sparrow, do you wish to receive the basic training for volunteer work now, or do you wish to wait until tomorrow?"

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Now."

He planned on familiarizing himself first, allowing him to show his professionalism at volunteer work after changing his identity. That way, he could quickly help out at a hospital.

Joanna clearly drew a breath and said, "Then follow Mr. Gravia after you are done filling in the form."

"Alright," Klein replied calmly.

Half an hour later, the calm and polite adventurer who had his madness hidden in him stared at the abnormally dirty toilet in front of him. He held his breath and said, "Scrub it?"

"Right, you have already received the basic training on how to carry a patient. However, that isn't the most common task we do at a hospital. We're mainly in charge of cleaning a patient's vomit or changing and washing the linen, as well as maintaining the cleanliness of the washroom. Heh heh, matters such as bandaging wounds are left to the professionals. We only need you to have the basics grasped." Gravia pinched his nose as he pointed

to the stained toilets. "A volunteer has already demonstrated it to you. Please begin."

This is very different from what I imagined… Completely different… Klein's first reaction was to turn his back and leave, but he ultimately picked up the cleaning tools with a deadpan expression. He held back his disgust and went over before crouching down.

Then, he leaned back a little as he extended his right arm.

At noon, Klein took off his white gown and wore his top hat before leaving Oravi Hospice Foundation with a cold expression.

He had serious second thoughts about continuing the volunteer work to find opportunities for real acting.

Only when his carriage arrived at the Sweet Lemon Bar did he steel his resolve to continue the attempt.

I have to become a Nimblewright Master in 1350 and digest the potion, so as to begin seeking the clues to become a High-Sequence Beyonder, Klein emphasized his goal once again.

He retracted his emotions and entered the Sweet Lemon Bar. He spent 8 pence for apple cider marinated pork ribs and a piece of buttered bread.

Together with a cup of rye beer costing 1.5 pence, they formed Klein's lunch.

He finished eating in an unhurried fashion before using a handkerchief to wipe his mouth. He said to the bartender, "Where's your boss? I have something to talk to him about."

Since he had already verbally agreed to join the Adventurer Association, Klein naturally didn't plan on missing the opportunity to use this loose alliance. He planned to ask Bilt Brando to contact unaffiliated Artisans or

Artisans who were willing to moonlight. He wanted an Artisan to create an item like Azik's copper whistle, so he didn't need to set up a ritual and chant the incantations every time he summoned his messenger. It was complicated, troublesome, and a waste of time.

Of course, if Bilt Brando didn't know an Artisan, Klein didn't plan on forcing the matter. After all, joining the Adventurer Association didn't require him to pay.

The bartender pointed to the staircase and said, "He's on the second floor.

"If you've already agreed to join his association and have seen those bodyguards, then they'll let you up."

Klein nodded indiscernibly and slowly got up before walking towards the staircase.

Indeed, no guards stopped him. Only when he reached the second floor did a bodyguard approach him to inquire about his purpose.

Thanks to his reputation as Gehrman Sparrow, he easily met Bilt Brando again. He also saw an unfamiliar man beside him.

"My friend, Sothoth Yann, an important member of the association." Bilt pointed to the man in a red headscarf.

At the same time, he exchanged looks with the man and saw the seriousness and puzzlement in each other's eyes.

After a simple greeting, Klein got a chair to sit on. He directly said, "I wish to obtain the help of an Artisan. I wonder if the association is able to provide any clues."

"Artisan?" Bilt sucked at his cigar and paused for a few seconds. He deliberated for a moment before saying, "I do know an Artisan, but he's unwilling to meet strangers. This will bring him grave danger. If you have

any requests, then I can be the middleman. I believe I have the required reputation to do so."

To most Churches, Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonders without any evil intentions could be ignored at times. However, Artisans needed to be dealt with indiscriminately. Otherwise, the mystical items they created could flood the markets, bringing about extreme unrest to human society.

From the looks of it, the Adventurer Association which Bilt organized isn't just wasting money. At the very least, it has amassed quite a lot of resources and information channels… Klein took out the murloc bladder which he had long prepared.

"I wish to make this into a ring, mainly to provide one with underwater mobility."

He temporarily didn't mention the messenger, planning to test the Artisan's ability and Bilt's reputation. If the messenger-summoning incantation became widely known, it would create quite a bit of trouble.

A Sequence 9 Beyonder characteristic isn't expensive. Even if Bilt succumbs to greed and usurps the created mystical item, it doesn't matter. After all, I have a bunch of charms from the Sea God domain… Furthermore, it's not like I can't find him to settle the debt. This is better. For him to be able to organize an Adventurer Association, he definitely has plenty of money and ingredients… As Klein's thoughts reeled, he couldn't help but size up Bilt.

In that instant, Bilt shuddered for some baffling reason. All the hair on his back stood up.

He felt as though Gehrman Sparrow's eyes looked like he had seen a treasure trove!

As treasure, this wasn't a good experience at all.

Bilt glanced at Sothoth and forced a smile.

"This is a murloc's bladder, right?"

"Making a material at this level into a mystical item basically wouldn't have any accidents.

"The Artisan's fee is 150 pounds. You can pay me after it's crafted."

A very fair price… Klein nodded silently as he threw the murloc bladder over.

After Bilt caught it, he added, "Help me ask the Artisan if he has the ability to fix the summoning ritual of a spirit world creature onto an item which can be used for at least a year."

"No problem." Bilt heaved a sigh of relief before signaling to Sothoth with his eyes.

Sothoth rubbed his depressed eye socket and took a step forward.

"Mr. Gehrman, would you be interested in heading out to sea soon?

"We already have a few pretty good ships. They're planning on hiring manpower to the eastern front to hunt pirates."

Interesting… but my focus right now is to digest my potion… Klein calmly shook his head.

Sothoth's smile froze before vanishing.

He didn't say anything further, as it was a rejection from an adventurer at the pirate admiral level. He and Bilt had already found the relevant newspapers and confirmed the authenticity of Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein slowly stood up and pressed his top hat to his chest before bowing slightly.

"Thank you for your help."

Bilt's facial muscles twitched a little as though he was holding back something. He had something to say, but he wasn't able to say it out loud.

Finally, he slowly drew in a breath and smiled.

"I believe we should hope for a pleasant partnership."

Klein sensed Bilt's and Sothoth's abnormality, but he suppressed his puzzlement and didn't ask.

I can't ask. There will be trouble once I ask… I have to focus on digesting the potion… Klein turned around and walked to the door before turning the doorknob.

"Mr. Gehrman," Bilt suddenly said.

The corner of Klein's mouth twitched as he calmly looked back.

"Nothing? Haha, I mean, as a member of the association, you can have cheaper drinks over here," Bilt said with a forced smile.

Do you think I would've pressed on the matter? Tsk… Klein gently nodded and opened the door to leave.

After watching his back vanish, Bilt stared in a daze for two seconds before letting out a long sigh.

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CHAPTER 620
STAND-IN MISSION

Inside the room, Sothoth pressed down on the edges of his eyes when he heard Bilt's sigh. He said in a deep voice, "Boss, that important figure will arrive the day after tomorrow."

Bilt's expression turned serious as he looked back.

"I know."

"We only have two choices. First, we ignore whether Gehrman Sparrow is worth trusting, and we entrust him with the mission. We can only hope for the best outcome. Second, we immediately abandon our business in Oravi, leaving with our cash and jewelry to become pirates at sea. I have the confidence to make most sailors and adventurers on the Pirate Hunter follow us." Sothoth paused before adding, "Boss, back when you were an adventurer, leading our ship and hunting pirates, you were always this decisive and tenacious. I believe you have already made your decision. There's no need for me to do anything else."

"Haha, there's no need to suck up to me." Bilt smiled bitterly. "I'm no longer the fearless pirate hunter who didn't fear blood or gunfire from before. Long periods of an easy and comfortable life have dulled my will. I don't even wish to seek out chances to advance. Those companions who had turned into monsters still live on in my mind."

Phew… He exhaled as his expression instantly turned solemn.

"However, you're right. We don't have time to hesitate. We have to immediately make a decision."

Having said that, Bilt turned his head and gestured at the window with his chin.

Sothoth was taken aback for a moment before understanding what his boss meant.

…

After leaving the Sweet Lemon Bar, Klein strolled by the side of the street, planning to hire a carriage at the crossroads.

At this moment, he heard a window open above him and saw a figure jump down.

Perhaps after experiencing the terrifying incidents involving the Antigonus family's notebook and Bansy Harbor's strange telegraph office, Klein's first reaction was that Bilt Brando was dead. He had suddenly died after his visit and was thrown down from upstairs, falling to the ground with his eyes wide open.

This was just like how he saw Ray Bieber's mother dead in a reclining chair back then. The body was highly decomposed, and the eyeball fell to the floor because of the external disturbance.

Similar thoughts flashed through his mind as Klein discerned the figure who had fallen from upstairs to be Sothoth Yann, not Bilt Brando.

Furthermore, he looked normal and was clearly still alive.

Oh no, here comes trouble… Klein's heart skipped a beat, having a more accurate guess.

If it were himself, he definitely would've pretended not to see Sothoth Yann jump off the building to intercept him, running before the man could even say a word and until he shook him off his tail. It would be akin to how Admiral of Stars was being pursued by knowledge.

Unfortunately, I'm currently Gehrman Sparrow. A crazy adventurer wouldn't flee because of such trivial matters… Sigh, getting to know myself better is an additional perk… Klein halted and watched as Sothoth firmly landed on the ground. He bowed with his hand placed over his chest.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, we have a very important task to entrust you."

Here it comes… Klein calmly replied, "I won't be that free lately."

"This wouldn't waste too much of your time. You can first listen to what it is about before considering to reject or accept it," Sothoth said earnestly.

I'm afraid I have no choice but to accept it after hearing it… Eh, actually it's still alright. If Bilt Brando and Sothoth Yann threaten me to take the mission, I don't mind changing them into gold pounds and Beyonder ingredients… Klein thought it through seriously and discovered that he didn't need to have too many reservations out at sea. Having the strength of a pirate admiral basically made him unstoppable in most areas.

He took out the pocket watch in his inner pocket and opened it.

"I'm giving you five minutes."

"Alright, that's enough." Sothoth pointed at the entrance to the Sweet Lemon Bar behind Klein.

Returning to the room, Klein glance at the wall clock and said coldly, "You still have three minutes and twelve seconds."

His attitude gave Bilt a baffling sense of ease. He began to believe that Gehrman Sparrow definitely had the capabilities to complete the mission.

"Mr. Gehrman, I heard that you can transform into anyone, just like how Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos was formerly capable of doing so," Bilt hurriedly asked.

Who revealed this matter? Klein pricked up his brows as his gaze towards Bilt turned gloomy.

If news of Gehrman Sparrow being able to transform into anyone spread, it was quite troublesome for Klein. This was because this made others either think of Creeping Hunger, making them think of Qilangos's death, or they would think that he was a Beyonder who had certain secrets and was suspected to be a Faceless. The former would attract the attention of the Twilight Hermit Order, while the latter would attract the attention of the Church of the Evernight Goddess, who would send personnel to investigate.

Of course, the Church of the Evernight Goddess wasn't a powerful force at sea, so Klein didn't need to worry too much about it. He just didn't wish to be in conflict with the Nighthawks.

If that happened, he had no choice but to abandon his identity as Gehrman Sparrow. This was at the critical point where more and more people knew of the crazy and powerful adventurer who had a soft heart while he was being acknowledged and gaining feedback.

Bilt sensed the change in Gehrman Sparrow's gaze as he tensed up. He chuckled and said, "This was news released from the Black Death."

Tracy… She's trying to seek revenge on me by doing so. One day, I'll successfully hunt her… Klein nodded slightly and said, "You can think of it as real."

He didn't explain how he received his powers of shapeshifting, as this didn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona.

Bilt heaved a sigh of relief and said after two seconds of silence, "We're helping an important figure to search for a stand-in."

Under Gehrman Sparrow's ambiguous gaze, he explained in detail, "That important figure needs to independently deal with a secret matter that he doesn't want others to know of; therefore, he needs a stand-in to represent

him in dealing with his daily affairs. He would meet different guests and socialize with his mistress without revealing a problem. He will take three to five days to return.

"We had already found someone who looked like him, spending a great deal of time to correct his posture and accent, and we had informed the good news to the important figure. Who knew that the tramp would overeat and suddenly die last night.

"That important figure is about to begin his operation. We do not have the time to look for another person who looks like him, so we can only seek your help."

Isn't this the true acting opportunity I've been looking for… Klein was moved.

However, he sharply noticed one point.

To be addressed as an important figure by Bilt, leader of the Adventurer Association, it definitely meant that the person was an important figure. Matters that happened around an important figure were often not simple. It contained quite a considerable risk!

Klein thought for a moment before asking in a deep tone, "Do you think that this matter will be dangerous?"

"No, as long as you aren't exposed, there shouldn't be any danger. You need to represent the important figure and appear at social conventions. Heh heh, no one would dare assassinate him. Yes… I know what you're worried about. You're afraid that this important figure would silence everyone who knows about this matter after it's done? Don't worry, the pirates have fabricated plenty of vicious rumors about him, so even if this matter succeeds, no one will believe it even if you divulge this in the future. It will only be treated as a joke," Bilt said with a smile as he spread his hands.

Klein no longer bothered with the topic and switched to asking, "What kind of payment are you offering?"

"1,000 pounds, and three chances to get the Artisan to make something for you. Heh heh, I'll pay for all expenses apart from the materials." Bilt made an offer which he believed Gehrman Sparrow wasn't unable to resist based on what had been previously entrusted to him.

It's not bad… Besides, it gives me a chance to do true acting… Klein took a look at the wall clock and said, "I'll return and consider. I'll give you the answer in the evening."

Regardless, he had to head above the gray fog to divine the level of danger!

Considering how Bilt and Sothoth were Sequence 7, or even Sequence 6 Beyonders, Klein didn't directly request to head to the washroom in front of them to prevent them from sensing a problem.

As the important figure's identity hadn't been revealed, Bilt wasn't too worried. He nodded.

"Alright.

"I hope for a pleasant partnership."

…

Williams Street. A stout man from Feysac who was nearly two meters tall was searching for clues.

Suddenly, he felt his spiritual perception trigger as he looked up.

Light which resembled the morning sun's rays surfaced around his body, illuminating the surrounding houses and street lamps as though they were illusions.

At the same time, sparks soared on the street as all kinds of supernatural phenomena appeared.

Indeed, the Sauron family has sent people over… The man from Feysac who had his suspicions cast his gaze straight down the street.

He saw Nighthawks wearing red or black gloves as black gun barrels covered with complicated patterns extended out of the rooftops. They were aimed at him while the surrounding passersby didn't seem to notice anything amiss.

He also saw the Church of Steam and Machinery's Archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Horamick, and the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Saint Anthony.

Immediately following that, he caught sight of members of the Sauron family raising their hands above their heads through the corner of his eye.

…The powerful Feysac spies also did the same thing.

They had decisively chosen to surrender!

Resistance only spelled certain death. There was still a chance of being repatriated by surrendering!

…

At half-past six that evening, Klein once again came to the Sweet Lemon Bar where he met Bilt and Sweet Lemon Bar.

He expressionlessly said, "An advance of 500 pounds.

"Then, you will need to tell me who I'm supposed to change into."

Bilt couldn't hold back his smile as he gestured for Sothoth to collect the funds from the safe while saying with a deep voice, "He's the kingdom's

highest-ranking navy commander of the Central Sonia Sea.

"His Excellency Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt!

"A real demigod!"

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CHAPTER 621 GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE BANQUET

Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt… A true demigod… Upon hearing Bilt's reveal, a few words immediately appeared in Klein's mind.

I'm sorry. Bye!

Gehrman Sparrow pricked up his brows slightly as Bilt hurried to explain, "This wouldn't influence the difficulty of the mission.

"There's no need for anyone to display a demigod's powers throughout the duration of the mission."

He cleared his throat and forced a smile.

"To make the mission not as difficult, His Excellency has specially arranged for him to inspect the Oravi naval base for a few days. This way, he doesn't need to stay in the Central Sonia Sea's navy headquarters, the City of Generosity, Bayam. As such, he will avoid Sea King Jahn Kottman and the governor-general of the Rorsted Archipelago, George Negan. He would avoid most of the subordinates he's familiar with, and he'll avoid his family who operates the family estate over there. He will also avoid his mistress who he's most familiar with.

"That is to say that you wouldn't need to face demigods, or the test of the masses.

"Here, there will only be three people who are familiar with His Excellency. The first is his secretary, Lieutenant Colonel Luan. He belongs to MI9, and he's in charge of monitoring His Excellency. He likely uses many names, and I'm not sure which is his real name. The second person will be the local mistress His Excellency has here, a beautiful lady by the name of Cynthia. It's said that her ancestor was a noble before his title was stripped, and his family was exiled here. The third person is Oravi's governor-general, Aston Rieveldt, the youngest brother of His Excellency. Earl Rieveldt from the House of Lords is their elder brother."

It really doesn't sound too difficult. Besides, my divination results tell me that it's not too dangerous… Klein fell silent for a few seconds before nodding gently.

"I need the detailed information regarding Amyrius Rieveldt."

"We've already prepared everything. This is his photograph. These are the descriptions of any unique traits hidden on his body. These are the unique points of his accent. These are the common words he uses. These are the different reactions and attitudes he has towards different matters. Here is the detailed information regarding his interactions with Luan, Cynthia, and Aston…" Bilt was delighted as he produced all the information he received from Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt.

Klein first took the photograph and saw a middle-aged gentleman with black hair and blue eyes. He had a strict and old-fashioned demeanor, and his hair was a lot more voluminous than most Loen men.

He nodded indiscernibly before looking up.

"I know this is a lot of information, but I believe that you can memorize them all in two days. You have to be very professional in such matters…" Before Bilt finished his sentence, he subconsciously took a step back because the person before him wasn't Gehrman Sparrow but Amyrius Rieveldt! The strict and arrogant vibes he exuded was no different from the actual person!

"Holy Lord of Storms, th-this is almost a miracle!" Bilt looked him up and down, and he couldn't help but be amazed. "However, you can be another three centimeters taller. Your legs can be thicker. But it's fine, there's no rush. His Excellency will arrive the day after tomorrow with the Imperial Navy's First Central Sonia Fleet. He would inspect the Oravi naval base in the morning and attend a banquet held at the governor-general's office. I have an invitation to it, and I can bring you there. You can watch from His Excellency's actions and the way he interacts with different people from the side."

As he spoke, he received the 500 pounds that Sothoth had taken out from the safe. He handed it to Klein and said, "I hope for a pleasant partnership!"

Klein weighed the notes in his hand and studied it with a few glances before saying, "I hope for a pleasant partnership."

…

Backlund, Williams Street.

As an inconspicuous member of the Red Gloves, Leonard Mitchell leaned on the outer wall of a house, awaiting the preliminary investigation work to end.

He had his right leg raised slightly, with only his toes to the ground. It made him look desultory.

After a while, he saw his teammate return with a somewhat complex expression. He was excited, puzzled, expectant, and nervous.

"Thomson, is there a conclusion?" Leonard's heart stirred as he leaned over with a smile.

"Yeah," Thomson nodded and answered frankly. "Both sides have spoken the truth. They have no way of lying in their dreams."

Thomson, with his thin hair, wore his top hat once again.

"Their descriptions are uniform. Beneath this street is a ruin belonging to the Fourth Epoch's Tudor Dynasty. The entrance is indeed that abandoned chapel. No one knows if there's another entrance for now."

"Is that so…" Leonard didn't delve into the details as he exchanged a few words before moving to the sidelines. Once again, he leaned against the wall.

He looked around and suppressed his voice.

"Old Man, this is what you're good at.

"There's a Tudor family ruin hidden here."

An elderly voice rang out in his mind.

"You're becoming more and more impolite. In our era, disrespect to high-ranking people implies being made into living sacrifices.

"Also, it's impossible for there to only be one Tudor family ruin in Backlund."

"Are they lying?" Leonard asked softly.

The elderly voice chuckled and said, "No, they just don't know enough.

"If my theories are correct, this ruin likely belongs to the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire."

"What?" Leonard was stunned.

This was an ancient dynasty he had never heard of before.

The slightly-aged voice chuckled.

"What an unknowledgeable kid. After the Solomon Empire was first destroyed, it was replaced by the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire. Its double consul ruled all of the Northern Continent."

"Double consul…" Leonard ruminated over this phrase.

The slightly-aged voice chuckled and sighed.

"In the ruins underground, there should be 41 inverted candlesticks on the left and 40 on the right. Two of them look like they belong to the throne of a giant, and… Heh heh. It might be where Alista Tudor became Blood Emperor."

Leonard frowned slightly before easing them. He said with a relaxed smile, "There must be quite a lot of secrets hidden in there."

"Of course, but you aren't qualified to know it." The slightly-aged voice tsked.

Leonard curled his lips indiscernibly and said, "What follows next is the exploration of the ruins."

The slightly-aged voice chuckled before falling silent.

A minute later, Leonard saw Archbishop Saint Anthony and the Church of Steam's Archbishop Horamick end their conversation as they returned to their own camps.

Immediately following that, Horamick ordered all Machinery Hivemind personnel to leave, leaving the area to the Church of the Evernight Goddess's Nighthawks.

What happened? Upon seeing this scene, Leonard was filled with puzzlement.

At that moment, all the Nighthawks heard Archbishop Saint Anthony's voice.

"All Red Gloves gather. The other Nighthawks are to leave the mirror world. Find a reason to evacuate all the residents in the area, and promise them compensation for their property.

"After all the residents evacuate, the Red Gloves and I will destroy this ruin that stems from an evil era!

"Entry is forbidden. It will be directly destroyed!

"May the Goddess bless us all."

This… Leonard never expected such a development.

…

Half-past seven in the evening, at the Oravi governor-general's office.

Klein changed into Sothoth's appearance. He wore a black tailcoat and a bow tie of the same color. He followed Bilt into the banquet's hall.

The temperature inside was like that of spring. A gigantic chandelier hung from the ceiling, and the shimmering candlelight illuminated the grounds like it was daytime.

In the corner on the right, there were musicians dressed in vests and bow ties playing a brisk tune. On the left were long tables. Ontop were roasted chicken, pan-fried foie gras, stewed lamb, Backlund-styled roasted goose, Odora lobsters with butter and cheese, and other delicacies.

Despite the distance, Klein could still catch a whiff of the fragrance wafting over. He planned on getting a plate and filling it with food.

At this moment, Bilt tugged at his collar in a reserved manner. He leaned his head over and suppressed his voice.

"Remember the etiquette as required by such banquets.

"Our current goal is to observe His Excellency's actions, so just taking a cup of wine would do.

"There's misty champagne here, Aurmir grape wine, and Southville red wine, all famous alcohols that are seldom seen outside. You can drink some, but not a lot. We have to maintain sufficient sobriety. Yes, try to just go through the motions when drinking."

Klein retracted his gaze and nodded.

The two of them took a cup of golden champagne, whose minute bubbles were like mist, from a red-vested waiter who passed by them. Then, they moved towards the banquet's highlight, where Amyrius Rieveldt stood wearing his dark blue navy admiral's uniform.

With their standing, they naturally had no way of approaching the admiral. All they could do was observe his every action from a slight distance.

Amyrius's figure is normal. It doesn't look that fit. The corners of his mouth droops a little, indicating his actual age…

He doesn't have a beard. His blue eyes seem to hide an authority that one cannot reject or defend against…

His dark blue admiral uniform is starched well. There's a red lanyard at his shoulder, which joins to his chest where there are all sorts of medals…

His sleeves have golden cuff links, accentuating his epaulets of the same color…

His epaulets are split into three parts. From inside out, there's an embedded crown with rubies, the crossed scepter and sword, four stars made of diamonds… Klein began scrutinizing and used his Faceless powers to memorize all the detailed characteristics of the navy admiral, as well as the attitude he used when talking to different people.

During this process, he only took a sip of the misty champagne and didn't take note of its taste.

After he had mostly gathered all the information, Klein exhaled and allowed his mind to rest.

The great drain on his mind made him hungry. Hence, he placed the wine cup on the tray of a red-vested waiter, and he planned to get some food from the long table.

At this moment, Bilt leaned over and said, "His Excellency has given me the signal. We will be meeting him at an agreed location."

"…”

Klein retracted his gaze from the roasted chicken and swept a cold glance at Bilt.

Bilt shuddered as he hurriedly turned around, leading Gehrman Sparrow from the floor-to-ceiling window and into the garden.

After walking for nearly a minute in the secluded path, he paused and pointed at Klein's face.

"You can change into His Excellency's appearance.

"Just pretend that you're that tramp who looks like him."

Klein nodded gently and extended his palm to wipe his face.

He did so to conceal the disgusting tendrils and granules that might appear on his face while changing his appearance.

By the time he lowered his palm, Bilt saw a middle-aged gentleman who looked somewhat like Amyrius Rieveldt.

"Very good." Bilt took a few steps forward and came to the entrance of a sundries room. He extended his hand and pushed open the unlocked door.

Amyrius Rieveldt was still wearing the eye-catching admiral's uniform. His body was standing sideways to the door as he observed the garden outside by the window.

At this moment, he turned his head and cast his gaze onto the person who resembled him.

The indescribable pressure and might made Klein involuntarily lower his head.

Amyrius Rieveldt's gaze didn't stop there as it slowly moved to Bilt. He said, without any tinge of emotion, "This isn't the tramp you mentioned before.

"He's a Beyonder."

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CHAPTER 622
TEMPORARY CONTRACT

Upon hearing Amyrius Rieveldt's descriptive words which weren't a question, Bilt's forehead instantly broke out into a cold sweat.

He turned agape, hoping to explain himself, but finally, he plopped to his knees and said under the indescribable pressure, "Admiral, Your Excellency, the tramp from before suddenly died of an illness. I had no choice but to find an adventurer who can shapeshift."

At this moment in time, Klein wasn't too nervous. This was because Amyrius Rieveldt had already noticed him during the banquet. There was no reason for him to only recognize him as a Beyonder only now. For him to agree to their meeting and not directly avoid the risk meant that he didn't mind who Bilt had hired.

Not worried at all? This is the confidence of a demigod; otherwise, his Beyonder pathway is able to avert disaster ahead of time… Klein raised his head with great difficulty as he cast his gaze towards the navy admiral beside him.

"Quite strong," Amyrius Rieveldt commented without an expression.

He continued looking at the genuflecting Bilt and said, "Do not try to use your under-the-table smarts in front of me.

"An ordinary person and a Beyonder in this world are different, and I'm a follower of order, making me be able to be certain of this."

Of course, it's identical to what's written in the information. This admiral is inclined to expounding on certain things. I have to remember this point. This is a completely different style from me and Gehrman Sparrow… Klein retracted his gaze in thought as he cast it to the ground as if he was unable to withstand the pressure.

Amyrius Rieveldt took one step forward.

"Lying is the first mistake you committed. Not being cautious is the second.

"A tramp you spent a great deal of effort on to groom had suddenly died, and all of a sudden, an adventurer who can shapeshift appears in front of you. Don't you find it a coincidence?"

Yes, it's quite coincidental… Klein nearly said the same thing.

If not for his confirmation above the gray fog, he would've suspected if he was being set up by a legendary creature or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Bilt's pupils constricted as he snapped to his senses.

He discovered that due to his horror and fear, all he thought about was to grasp at the final life-saving straw. He had lost the caution brought about from his experience, having not considered whether Gehrman Sparrow's appearance was a coincidence or not.

The tramp had suddenly died on the day he arrived at the Sweet Lemon Bar! The more Bilt thought about it, the more he felt as though he had fallen for some intricately planned trap.

As Amyrius Rieveldt watched Bilt's expression change with enlightenment and regret, he nodded gently and said, "My father, the deceased Earl Rieveldt, once taught me this.

"He said to pardon the first mistake of a subordinate.

"Bilt, you should be thankful for his benevolence."

Bilt's tense mood eased instantly as he felt extremely moved.

He thought Amyrius Rieveldt, who was closer to a god than man, would execute him on the spot, so as to warn all the adventurers who were under him. Who knew that he would choose to pardon him.

"Your Excellency, I… I…” Bilt was momentarily unable to form a sentence.

Amyrius maintained his stern expression and said in a deep voice, "There's a second half of the saying, that is 'punish them for their second mistake.' Bilt, do you know what you should do in the future?"

The genuflecting Bilt immediately straightened his back and pressed his right fist to his left chest.

"I'll be utmost loyal to you, Your Excellency!"

Amyrius nodded and turned to Klein.

"What's your name?"

*That depends on which identity you're asking about… *Klein lampooned inwardly and calmly replied, "Gehrman Sparrow."

Amyrius Rieveldt suddenly fell silent for two seconds as the atmosphere in the sundry room seemed to freeze.

Just as Klein couldn't help but feel uneasy, Amyrius finally said, "So it's you."

*Your Excellency, you sound as though you know me. I'm just an ordinary military informant. I only exchanged some bounty through you. I haven't

even made any reimbursement claims… *Klein silently mumbled as he felt less and less confident.

Amyrius nodded and said to Bilt and Klein, "The plan will proceed as per normal.

"However, we need to sign a contract."

A contract? Klein resisted the pressure with great difficulty as he raised his head to look at Amyrius.

Amyrius didn't provide a further explanation. He lifted up the paper and pen he had long prepared from the window sill and wrote something on it.

Every time he made contact with his pen, a golden glow would emit. The solemnity and holiness made it seem like he was penning a law.

Klein narrowed his eyes slowly as his vision turned blurry. He couldn't help but lower his head again.

After an unknown period of time, Amyrius stopped writing and picked up a piece of paper. He said to Klein, "Sign your name at the end.

"If the conditions aren't satisfactory, you can choose not to sign."

*Do you think I have or lack the guts to sign it? *Klein lampooned as he watched Bilt stand up. He received the pen and paper and handed it to Klein.

The conditions on the piece of paper were few and simple. Most of them restricted Gehrman Sparrow's actions when acting as Amyrius Rieveldt. It included, but wasn't limited to, voluntarily exposing any problems, not using his identity to engage in acts which were adversarial to Amyrius, as well as not make any intimate contact with Miss Cynthia, etc.

*I thought such important figures wouldn't care about the chastity of their mistresses… This admiral is indeed an old-fashioned man… However, I'm not such a person either… *Klein hid his curiosity and asked as though it was an academic question, "What if Miss Cynthia chooses to make intimate contact with me?"

In between the lines, he was saying that being too distant or resistant made it easier for Cynthia to notice a problem. He was asking how he should balance the act.

"It's fine," Amyrius said without any expression. "During the contract's validity, you will not have any desire or lack the ability to do it when facing her."

You can do that? This contract is rather powerful… Apart from a contract with spirit world creatures, this is the first time I'm seeing other contracts. Furthermore, the former used the power of the Underworld. This contract is only between two parties… Is this a demigod Beyonder power of Admiral Amyrius? The Arbiter pathway? Klein shot a glance at the dates and discovered that it lasted five days.

Is he confident that he will return within five days, or is his level only capable of implementing a contract for five days? Klein read the conditions once again before taking the fountain pen and wrote the name, Gehrman Sparrow.

With the final character written, he saw the words on the piece of paper emit a golden glow as they condensed into a resplendent luster.

Amidst the resplendent luster, the piece of paper rapidly dissipated and vanished, as though it had fused with the world's rules.

An invisible and faint gray fog gently rippled around him as Klein clearly sensed layers of indescribable restrictions placed on him.

These restrictions quickly melted into his body, temporarily becoming one with his Spirit Body and physical flesh.

The gray fog can block out bad and good luck from external sources to a certain extent, but it's unable to screen a contract I signed… That's right. If it can screen it, the contract with the messenger wouldn't have been valid… Klein gazed at Amyrius Rieveldt once again in enlightenment.

The admiral had already converged his might as he produced a dark gold charm in his palm.

On it were the symbols and magical labels representing the "Sword of Judgment." Its entire body was converged and somber, giving one the feeling that it was part of a codex.

"This is a high-level charm using my blood, a Fourth Epoch ancient codex, and the royal family's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact," Amyrius said calmly. "Its name is Ninth Law. When it's injected with minute amounts of spirituality, it can produce a might that's similar to mine. This can be done even by ordinary people. Without it, you'll find it very difficult to pretend to be me."

Indeed, the might I show in a disguised state is only superficial. It's fine fooling others usually, but once there's a need to shock and awe any subordinate, that would be useless… Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Amyrius continued, "With your present strength, you should be able to withstand its usage.

"Through it, you can indicate a necessary restriction on the target, making them be in an extremely disadvantageous state.

"This way, even if a demigod were to sound you out, you'll be able to scare him away.

"If no mishaps happen at the end of everything, and if you had no need to use it, then it will be yours to keep.

"It can be used for a year."

Klein was first taken aback before he felt a strong sense of delight.

He finally had another high-level charm ever since that time he used up the one which was created with the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

Although such an item had a time limitation and was single-use, a pro was that it didn't have any negative side effects. Of course, the stringent requirements that were needed to create one made them very rare in number.

As expected of a demigod. He's a lot more generous than Bilt… Bribing a tramp and an adventurer at the pirate admiral level are different in cost… As Klein thought in happiness, he silently extended his palm and received the high-level charm named Ninth Law.

Then, he saw Amyrius remove his belt.

After a brief silence, Klein kept his embarrassment in control as he took off his clothes without an expression on his face.

Soon, he had switched clothes with Amyrius and had donned the dark blue starched admiral's uniform.

After watching Amyrius and Bilt walk off through a secluded path in the garden, Klein calmly adjusted his buttons and turned to look at the glass window.

Under the dark night and the crimson moonlight, the glass window was like a mirror. It vaguely reflected Klein's present looks.

He had black hair which was neatly combed back, blue and profound eyes, slightly drooping cheeks, a beardless face, and an old-fashioned and stern demeanor, all while dressed in a dark blue attire with a lanyard, medals, and epaulets.

Klein twitched the corners of his mouth as he silently said to himself, *From this moment forth, I'm a navy admiral.*

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CHAPTER 623
FIRST NIGHT

As he touched the Ninth Law charm in his pocket, Klein adjusted his height and details regarding his appearance, making him look identical to Amyrius Rieveldt.

He walked out from the sundry room by using another door and walked down a silent corridor, back into the governor-general's office.

On the way, waiters and maidservants would occasionally pass by him, but no one dared to look straight at him. Just catching sight of his admiral uniform would have them scurrying to the sides as they bowed with their heads lowered.

Any person of the same height could probably find his way into the banquet hall when donning these clothes… I have to say, acting as an important figure can be easier than acting like an ordinary person… Klein continued looking straight as he maintained his somber attitude. He walked towards a path paved with black brick in an unhurried fashion.

He soon heard beautiful and melodic music as elegant wall lamps were burning with gas, illuminating the dark environment.

Just as Klein approached a break room, he saw a room open. A middle-aged man had been waiting there as he walked over.

The man had black hair and blue eyes. His facial features somewhat resemble Amyrius, but his forehead was higher and his eyebags were puffy. The corners of his mouth didn't droop.

He was none other than Amyrius Rieveldt's youngest brother, Aston Rieveldt.

This gentleman had once served in the navy, and he had been promoted to colonel after rendering meritorious services in the Southern Continent's colonies. Later, he got sick of his military career, and together with political balance, he agreed to a switch in career and became the governor-general.

In the five to six years he was in Oravi, due to the importance placed on the island's location and resources, he pushed for the Rieveldt family to mass purchase farmland and estates, allowing him to own plenty of property.

This wasn't completely obtained through his powers either. Aston and the Rieveldt family had paid a sufficient price, and they even took loans with the bank. It wasn't like the Balam east coast where land belonging to the Feysac people were forcefully bought at extremely low prices.

Of course, if he wasn't Governor-general, then Oravi and his elder brother wouldn't be the highest commander of the Central Sonia Sea's navy, and the Rieveldt family wouldn't have so easily convinced their targets to sell such excellent farmland and estates.

*Here comes the test… *Klein calmly approached and stopped in front of Aston Rieveldt.

Aston looked around and asked in a deep voice, "Have you decided on that matter?"

What matter… Klein first felt blank before he recalled an introduction in the information he received—"if Aston requests for a private chat or asks for an answer to a certain matter, tell him that an answer will be given to him when departing from Oravi."

*Admiral Amyrius really anticipated this. I just need to watch my attitude and tone. Yes, I also need to use the unique terms and pronunciations used

by Loen aristocrats… *Klein gently nodded and sternly said, "Wait a few more days.

"The answer will be given to you when departing from Oravi."

Aston didn't raise any doubts as he chuckled.

"You seem to be waiting for something to give you the strength to decide."

That matter that Admiral Amyrius has to do himself? Klein's heart stirred as he familiarly used the tone of high-level personnel.

"Keep your conjectures to yourself."

With that said, he took a step forward and walked towards the banquet hall.

Aston Rieveldt focused on his elder brother's back, his expression gradually turning cold. He then shook his head slightly.

After entering the banquet hall, Klein surveyed the area and walked towards the long table with food on it. From time to time, he would stop to exchange pleasantries with people who came near him.

During this process, he realized that he didn't need to understand the topics raised in any conversation. All he needed to do was nod occasionally, allowing the conversation to harmoniously progress until its end.

*Indeed, the status of an important figure makes certain aspects of acting easy, but correspondingly, there are certain matters that can be difficult… *Klein tore through one "obstacle" after another before finally arriving at the long table.

He casually picked up a plate and told himself that Admiral Amyrius liked fish, beef, and lobster, while disliking chicken and goose. Therefore, he avoided food like the roasted chicken and Backlund-styled roasted goose.

He picked up some beef, fried Dragon-Bone Fish, and Odora lobster with butter and cheese.

As the metallic containers had their bottoms lined with asbestos, with red-hot charcoal burning under it or steaming-hot water, all of the food maintained an appropriate temperature. Klein nearly broke down, destroying his persona when he took the first bite.

He tried his best to maintain Admiral Amyrius's image as he held his plate and chatted with the port city's member of parliament, navy suppliers, etc. He seriously listened to what they had to say, stuffing food into his mouth from time to time.

He noticed that a young man in a tailcoat kept following behind him.

He had neat, blond hair that he combed backward. He had a receding hairline with light-blue eyes. He looked handsome and gentlemanly.

Identical to the picture. Amyrius's secretary, Luan… Klein controlled himself and didn't size him up. He wanted to fill his stomach before the end of the banquet.

Once out of the governor-general's office, Klein boarded the carriage which was guarded by bodyguards. He sat beside the wine cabinet.

The blond secretary, Luan, followed him in. As his leather boots stepped onto the thick, soft carpet, he silently inched towards a spot opposite Klein.

He sat there, but he only occupied a third of the seat.

The carriage began moving as Luan took out a stack of documents from the black briefcase he carried.

"Your Excellency, this is the Oravi naval base's ledger for the year 1349."

Klein extended his hand over and casually browsed through a few pages.

What? A pound for a roll of toilet paper? The naval base's bathroom was renovated twenty times a year? Klein did some simple math and discovered all sorts of ridiculous line items.

Isn't accounting such as this way too simple and obvious? I can even give them classes and specially teach them how to make claims! Klein seriously considered the attitude he should show.

From his point of view, the greatest difficulty in disguising as Amyrius was to fool Luan.

This wasn't to say that Governor-general Aston and Miss Cynthia weren't as familiar with Admiral Amyrius as his secretary. It was just that, as his younger brother, Aston might help his brother conceal the matter if he discovered something amiss after being given a hint. Similarly, as his mistress, Cynthia would be inclined to help conceal the matter for the admiral as his dependent.

Of course, the possibility that Cynthia was a spy couldn't be eliminated. There was still the matter of there being a chance of being used by a spy, but nothing could be as dangerous as Luan, whose duty was to monitor the admiral.

I can't expose any problems… What kind of attitude would Admiral Amyrius have when faced with such a report? Go into a rage, or pretend to be in a rage? No, the Oravi naval base personnel wouldn't be that daring to hand over a clearly problematic report as though he were blind. They must have a certain level of confidence and a tacit understanding between them… As the information didn't mention this, Klein could only make a judgment based on his experience.

Furthermore, he could confirm that either the Oravi naval base's report was beyond Admiral Amyrius's expectations or was determined to be of little importance. Just based on the schedule, it was something that could easily be dealt with.

Regardless of the possibilities, I have to use the attitude that a person of high standing will usually employ. That is to not indicate my stance… Klein closed the documents and handed it back to the blond secretary, Luan. He said expressionlessly, "Put it on my desk."

In between the lines, this sentence meant: "I'll look through it carefully." To others, it would mean something different based on their standpoints.

If the Oravi naval base had done it without warning, this meant that the admiral was somewhat dissatisfied and was awaiting an explanation.

If the two had reached a tacit, mutual understanding on the matter, it meant that Admiral Amyrius wished to obtain more favorable benefits in the matter. As for whether it would offend anyone, Klein didn't care. After all, he wouldn't be Amyrius Rieveldt in a few days time. He believed that a true demigod had the means to repress the anger of his subordinates.

In addition, he was grateful that Amyrius wasn't a demigod of the Church of Storms. Otherwise, he had to consider whether to nod his head and pass the report, or throw the document back in anger while throwing a few people in passing into the sea to feed the fishes.

"Yes, Your Excellency." The blond secretary, Luan, didn't change his expression. He stuffed the document back into his black briefcase as though he had long expected such a response.

On the way back, Klein leaned into the carriage according to Amyrius Rieveldt's habits. He half-closed his eyes as though he was contemplating certain matters, but in fact, he wasn't thinking of anything.

Luan maintained his silence and didn't speak at all.

Human-height iron-black street lamps were quickly left behind as the carriage drove close to the naval base before taking a bend into a house with a garden and lawn.

Just as Klein walked up the steps, a butler opened the door for him as servants lined the two sides, reverently awaiting his entrance.

The living room was decorated in a very classic manner. There were oil paintings of beautiful scenery hung up, limestone statues, simple and elegant vases, etc. A faint but lingering fragrance emanated in the room, one that reached into the heart.

Klein, who should've relaxed, ended up tensing up as he saw a beautiful lady walk towards him in a home gown.

She looked to be in her early twenties. Her blonde hair cascaded down, and when she cast her blue eyes over, it was as though there was a glow hidden within them. While filled with gentle femininess, there were still some remnants of her youth. She was none other than Admiral Amyrius's mistress, Cynthia.

Klein held back his discomfort and allowed Amyrius's stern face to reveal a smile as he widened his arms.

Cynthia threw herself into his arms and tiptoed. With her cheeks by his cheek, she whispered with a smile, "Admiral, I've already heated the water for you in the bathtub."

This means she had someone monitor the end of the banquet… Being a mistress isn't something simple either… Admiral Amyrius does like to take hot baths so as to relax his thoughts… In order to ignore how close their cheeks were, Klein allowed his thoughts to wander.

As a straight man, he should've felt embarrassed while also being rather glad to be approached by such a beautiful member of the opposite sex. However, the temporary contract made him have zero urges. Hence, all that was left was awkwardness.

"Very good," Klein praised her as he gently pushed Cynthia away, having had nowhere to place them.

Knowing that the admiral didn't like to be intimate in front of the servants, Cynthia retreated and led Klein to the second floor. He was brought into the bathroom as he prepared a bathrobe for him.

After doing all of this, Cynthia instructed the servants not to come to the second floor unless they heard the bell ring. Then, she returned to the bedroom, took off all her clothes and changed into a nightgown made of silk.

Her nightgown revealed plenty of her chest. It was an alluring snow-white, and deep in her cleavage was a special necklace pendant. It was like a miniaturized black rhinoceros horn about the length of a finger segment.

Cynthia took off the necklace and stuffed it under her pillow. Amidst her blushing and hesitation, she left the bedroom and came outside the bathroom where the admiral was bathing. Mustering her strength, she pulled at the handle.

Creak. Her hand paused. She realized that the bathroom's door had been locked from the inside at some point in time.

With a blank look, Cynthia instinctively yanked at it again.

*Creak. Creak. *The bathroom's door didn't budge an inch.

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CHAPTER 624
WARNING

The bathroom was partitioned inside. The emanating steam covered the entire bathtub.

Apart from his head, Klein's entire body was soaked in the hot water. He lay there in such great comfort that he didn't even wish to move his toes.

*What a beautiful night… If only there was no Cynthia outside. I still have to deal with her later… *Klein sighed as he considered what excuse to use to avoid being intimate with her.

In accordance with Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt's traits, he decided to first use work as an excuse. After that would be the excuse of him not feeling well, him losing the ability to have sex, him needing some time to digest any medicine he had just taken, and how he had suddenly realized his true sexual orientation, making him find curly-haired baboons extremely attractive.

As for whether this would damage the admiral's image, Klein didn't feel the slightest bit of pressure. As long as he prevented Cynthia from suspecting that he was a fake Amyrius Rieveldt, he would've perfectly completed his mission.

The subsequent explanations for those excuses and how he finds an excuse to explain his recovery would all be Admiral Amyrius's problem. What has that got to do with me, Gehrman Sparrow? And what has Gehrman Sparrow's ruined reputation have to do with me, Sherlock Moriarty? Klein stood up in satisfaction as he walked out to the dry partition while dropping wet. He got a bath towel and dried himself.

After changing into a hanging bathrobe, Klein inhaled silently as though he had unlocked a major enemy in his quest—he opened the door to the bathroom.

Seeing the corridor empty, with only the light from the wall lamps on both sides illuminating the darkness, Klein felt slightly relieved and was no longer as tensed.

This is almost the same feeling as challenging a pirate admiral… As he mumbled, he realized a serious problem. He had no idea which of the rooms was the master bedroom or study.

Regardless, I have to inform Cynthia; otherwise, it would make Admiral Amyrius appear strange.… Klein recalled the layout of similar houses in an attempt to accurately find the master bedroom.

At this moment, the door to the room diagonally across him creaked open. Cynthia, who was draped in a silk nightgown, walked over.

Her blonde hair appeared wet and messy as they cascaded down. There were even a few strands of hair fluttering in front of her blue eyes and bright-red lips. It hid the glow in her eyes as her lips were somewhat closed. She appeared extremely alluring under the dim environment.

The neckline of the silk nightgown was very open, as snow-whiteness and a deep cleavage was reflected in Klein's eyes.

"…”

Klein nearly raised his head to look at the ceiling to avoid the intense stimulation.

*Calm down, calm down. You are Amyrius Rieveldt… Besides, you've seen a half-naked Demoness before… Compared to an Ailment Maiden, this lady's charms are clearly insufficient. Wait, why am I thinking about

Demonesses? Who knows if they were formerly men or women… *Klein maintained his gaze as he sized her up and down with a "teasing" tone.

In that instant, he could sense that primal desire, but there was no response from his nether regions…

This is the result of the temporary contract? In fact, Admiral Amyrius didn't need to go through the trouble. Even if I have the urge, I'll be able to control myself… What kind of situation haven't I encountered before?

Yes… Cynthia is a little different from what the records say. Isn't it said that she became Amyrius's mistress about one to two years ago? With them not being able to meet each other most of the time, the Admiral has to coax her each time as she hadn't had her pent-up desires fulfilled? Why is she the one taking the initiative today?

Does she find her standing as his mistress unstable, or has she been switched? Ever since Klein became a Faceless, he felt that everyone was a fake.

Cynthia's eyelids were lowered. The courage she had mustered disappeared bit by bit under Amyrius's scrutiny. Her face was tainted with a horrified blush—she was embarrassed but also felt some pride.

Then, she heard him calmly instruct, "Help me prepare some coffee and place it in my study.

"I have many things to deal with tonight. You don't have to wait for me."

"…”

Cynthia raised her head suddenly, her embarrassed blushing still present.

She had momentarily failed to understand what Admiral Amyrius had said.

Klein secretly inhaled and went forward to hug her before kissing her gently on the forehead.

"I'll spend lots of time with you in a few days."

Such a response came from the provided information, but he had slightly changed the terms.

To be frank, if not for him having some prior understanding, Klein would've definitely believed that Admiral Amyrius would wear the same stoic face while spending time with his mistress, even when having sex. He looked stern in whatever he said and did; however, this demigod also had his gentle side when it came to his speech. He was just not that great at saying lovey-dovey words.

This also made him understand something else—many people could only be viewed from the surface, and it was impossible to imagine what they were like in private. For a Faceless to pull off a true disguise, they had to do meticulous investigations and have ample comprehension of the target. This was just like how a Magician never performed unprepared.

Cynthia revealed a clear look of disappointment, but she quickly restrained those feelings as she smiled.

"Alright.

"Admiral, your nightgown is in the room. A bathrobe isn't suitable for handling matters."

This is identical to the information. She's rather considerate and knows how to be understanding… Klein watched as Cynthia turned and entered the room. She pulled at the bell. As for him, he took this opportunity to take off his bathrobe and change into a dark red nightgown with trousers of the same color.

Cynthia attentively opened the door to the study and tidied up the slightly messy desk. Later, she waited for the maidservant to finish making the coffee before personally taking it and delivering it by hand.

During this process, Klein read the documents and information, acting as though he looked extremely professional. But in fact, he had little idea about the data and designs plans of ironclad warships and sail battleships. He was no different from an illiterate.

In this domain, all he knew were carriers, air domination, the main cannon guns, and turrets.

When he saw Cynthia silently leave and close the door behind her from the corner of his eye, Klein relaxed completely. He knew that he had finally survived the night.

Inside the master bedroom, Cynthia pursed her lips as she took out the necklace under her pillow and tightly clasped the item resembling a black rhinoceros horn which was the length of a finger segment.

She stood there and silently prayed, *Oh great Mother Tree of Desire, please, make me more alluring, allowing Admiral Amyrius to be even more mesmerized by me, so that he can gain extreme pleasure from me and bear me a child…*

…

Inside the quiet study, Klein flipped through the pile of documents placed in front of him. He followed the handling methods according to what the information indicated—he chose the simple ones and signed Amyrius Rieveldt's name on them. The reason why he could mimic his signature was because Faceless allowed him to remember a target's unique traits, while Clown gave him the precise control needed.

The complicated ones he couldn't understand had notes written with the following vibe: "Continue studying the matter."

After "busying" himself until midnight, Klein reached out to cover his mouth and yawned slightly.

This won't do. I need to sleep. I have plenty of challenges tomorrow. I have to maintain sufficient strength and energy… Klein thought for a moment and gave up the idea of returning to the master bedroom.

He raised his right hand and pressed down on his half-closed eyes. He pulled them down and moved his eyes to his nose bridge.

Following that, Klein opened up two slits where Klein's eyes originally were and used his flesh to produce a pair of fake eyes.

After becoming a Faceless, I'm really beginning to resemble a monster… If only I had such a godly technique back in school… He sighed silently. He half leaned his body as he kept his real eyes closed while his fake eyes were left open to "read" the documents.

His specialty as a Clown allowed him to maintain his balance. He remained motionless like a stone statue.

After an unknown period of time, Klein suddenly awoke from his dream. He sensed that there was a force attempting to pull him into a deep slumber before infiltrating him!

Who is it? I didn't do anything recently. Why would anyone enter my dream? That's not right. I'm now Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt… Klein's heart stirred as he immediately changed his looks. Even in his dreams, he appeared to be that demigod.

Meanwhile, he felt his consciousness tightly contract as though it was avoiding something.

This is different from an ordinary dream infiltration. I've clearly regained my lucidity, and I can escape by myself and wake up, but I'm unable to

leave this dreamscape… Klein found plenty of oddities as he tried a few attempts.

He knew very well that he was sleeping, and he could sense and control his body outside the dream, but no matter what he did, he was unable to wake up!

Right on the heels of that, he saw a blurry white gas form an indiscernible figure.

Klein narrowed his eyes slightly as he tore through the dream with his psyche, allowing his real body to move silently. Then, he put his palm into his pocket to touch the Ninth Law charm.

At that moment, the blurry figure calmly said, "Do not participate in the matter regarding Aston.

"This is a warning."

…Quite impressive to warn a demigod… What is Aston and the others thinking of doing? Klein thought for a moment and emanated his spirituality, allowing the Ninth Law charm to produce a deep sense of dominance. Then, he imitated it and produced the same feeling in his dream. He said with a deep voice, "Who are you?

"Who do you represent?"

The blurry figure was taken aback before he said with a laughing sigh, "As expected of Law Weaver Amyrius. You actually managed to maintain your lucidity in such a situation."

*No, no, no. Although Amyrius has a title of Law Weaver, he's not adept in such matters. You should say 'as expected of Lord Fool'…*Klein lampooned and sternly said, "Answer my question."

The blurry figure chuckled.

"You don't need to know who I am.

"As a demigod, you should be clear that everything is fated, likewise for the times.

"Do not resist the fate of an era, which is also the trend of the times. This will only make you a sacrifice of history."

Fate of an era, the trend of the times, sacrifice of history… When he heard this, Klein suddenly thought of a term: Twilight Hermit Order!

However, Klein didn't say a word, nor did he say those words. This was because Admiral Amyrius would be him for the next few days.

Seeing Law Weaver Amyrius fall into silence, the blurry figure didn't say another word. it turned into a emanating white gas before vanishing from the dream.

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CHAPTER 625
SUCCESSFUL FIRST DAY

*Phew. What exactly are Amyrius and Aston Rieveldt scheming about? To attract a warning from the Twilight Hermit Order… Unless it can truly change the times and influence the direction of history, this ancient and secretive organization wouldn't even show itself or reveal its identity… *Klein stood by the side of a magnificent castle in his dream, thoughtfully watching the spot where the blurry figure had disappeared from.

Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly snapped awake and was no longer as certain about his theory.

The ploy which Admiral Amyrius and his brother are planning might not really influence the trends of the times!

Although the Twilight Hermit Order only involves itself in important matters, as a leader of another secret organization, Klein clearly knew that apart from carrying out the organization's own mission and values, it also provided help among members.

From Emperor Roselle's diary, I can tell that the Twilight Hermit Order has members from different domains, standings, and Sequences. Apart from a number of them fervently believing in the original Creator as they await the coming of twilight and the awakening of the true god, the rest are only seeking to benefit themselves. Under such circumstances, as long as the organizer doesn't strictly implement order, there would naturally be missions entrusted between one another.

Perhaps, the matter Aston Rieveldt is planning affects a particular member of the Twilight Hermit Order who was made aware of it ahead of time. He

entrusted the matter to another member and used the excuse of "the trend of the times" to warn Amyrius Rieveldt…

Working from this logic, the concealed matter is rather interesting… With the level of the Twilight Hermit Order, Law Weaver Amyrius, who's likely only a Sequence 4, isn't too difficult a target to eliminate. I even suspect that they can mobilize up to three or more angels in a manner that's far superior to the seven Churches…

Then, why didn't they take action directly and instead gave an advanced warning?

Back in Backlund, if an angel were to appear, who knows if some true god would descend upon the land. Therefore, the Twilight Hermit Order had no choice but to use a more roundabout and discreet method to deal with Duke Negan. But this is the Oravi Island. Even High-Sequence Beyonders aren't stationed here…

The warning is because the Twilight Hermit Order advocates secrecy and doesn't wish to expose itself, so they're trying not to use overly intense methods, or is it the case that the member who assigned the mission doesn't wish to see Amyrius killed? To "him," this admiral is still of use, so he's unwilling to give up on him; even if Amyrius might be involved in something disadvantageous towards him?

Then, his true identity seems to be confined to certain circles…

Klein made a bold assumption, but with no way of verifying it, he could only temporarily put the matter aside and throw it to the back of his mind.

It has nothing to do with me since it's the Twilight Hermit Order who's warning Admiral Amyrius… As long as I don't involve myself with anything for the next few days, I should be able to last until the mission is completed. Everything else that develops afterward has nothing to do with me! With my present status, I'm still far from investigating the Twilight Hermit Order. I

don't even have the right to probe deeper… Klein kept to his beliefs and turned his sights to his Tarot Club.

Heh, I just discovered a problem. Other secret organizations have their own aims and values at their core while mixing in the aid that members provide each other. As for our Tarot Club, it's more impressive. There are only missions given to each other, without any aims or values… No, there are aims and values among some of the members. For example, my dear Moon believes that this is an organization borne to save the world… The Fool Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh before exiting the dreamscape.

He rubbed away the fake eyes and moved his real eyes back to their original position in a very fluid motion when he suddenly paused.

That wasn't a simple dream infiltration! Klein frowned slightly as he recalled what had happened.

That was because the power had first attempted to pull him into a deep slumber!

Back then, I had already fallen asleep, so why would he do so? Captain once said that a Nightmare can directly see a dream, so it's impossible to commit such a mistake… Therefore, the visitor hadn't used the Beyonder powers of a Nightmare, but something else… He located me via the spirit world? Or after he knew my location, he used the sea of collective subconscious, as described by Ma'am Daly, to directly influence my Beyonder powers?

Yes… I'm more inclined to the second reason. That's the only thing that can explain why I couldn't escape my dream despite having regained lucidity. It's recorded in Emperor Roselle's diary that during his participation in the suspected Twilight Hermit Order, his entry into the gathering was based on a realistic dreamscape that encompassed the entire continent. A realistic dreamscape…

Klein nodded and chuckled silently with a sigh.

Admiral Amyrius definitely didn't expect the Twilight Hermit Order's warning.

It's only because he hired me. If it were anyone else, the stand-in would've already been exposed! That Ninth Law charm was well worth it.

…

City of Silver, inside the spire, in the room belonging to Chief Colin Iliad.

Derrick Berg, who had been summoned, saw the grizzled, scarred Demon Hunter once again as he felt uneasy.

After he finished his greetings, Colin sized him up and asked, "You've advanced?"

"Yes, I'm already a Sequence 7 Solar High Priest." Derrick had long registered his advancement, so there was no need to hide the matter.

Colin's light-blue eyes which had seen the vicissitudes of time moved away as he casually asked, "Do you have the subsequent potion formulas?"

The past Derrick would've directly answered "no," but the present him was used to thinking over it before answering.

*If I say "no," my subsequent advancement with the lack of experience to support it will definitely make me suspicious. But if I were to answer "yes," Chief might ask me to use it to exchange for items so as to nurture more Sun pathway Beyonders. This will no doubt prove that I'm lying… *As Derrick's mind raced, he answered sincerely, "No."

From his point of view, experience could be forged.

Colin nodded as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"In about two months, we'll arrange an exploration mission for you. The team will secure the route and ruins we found with the help of Jack before we make a second clearing.

"I hope you will receive greater rewards then."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Just as Derrick answered, he suddenly recalled Shepherd Lovia.

…

After daybreak, Klein changed into his clothes with the held of Cynthia, enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast, and took the carriage under the escort of the admiral's bodyguards to the Oravi naval base.

In the morning, under the companionship of the rear admirals and colonels, he inspected the conditions of the ships, ordnance stores, the newly built training grounds, and the bathroom which had been renovated twenty times over the past year.

After having lunch at the navy mess hall, Klein followed the schedule and summoned all officers above the rank of major to take in their reports.

During this process, he had a thick black-bound notebook placed in front of him. Inside were some of the questions that Admiral Amyrius had specially prepared for him.

"In the past few decades, due to the embezzlement of salaries and the harsh conditions sailors suffer, Oravi has had seventeen revolts by the lower ranks. After the passing of the Imperial Navy Latest Act, and thanks to Your Excellency's guidance, we've already had such deep-seated cultural issues improved. There haven't been any such cases in the past three years…" A colonel from the Oravi naval base stood on the spot and reported the entire situation.

He would raise his head from time to time to look at Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt and discovered that he was listening very seriously while taking notes. The scribbling sounds made none of the officers dare to not be at their best. Similarly, they took note of the important points.

The colonel who received a positive response unknowingly spoke up louder while reporting.

How boring… Klein held his fountain pen and had randomly drawn creatures like turtles, cuttlefish, and dragons on his black-bound notebook.

As he had never studied sketching before, his drawings were a ghastly sight to see.

Later on, he even drew intersecting lines and began playing Five in a Row with himself—a game created by Emperor Roselle.

Of course, his rich experience and his conscientiousness of his identity made him raise his head from time to time to give the reporter a stern look in the eye while giving a nod of encouragement. As for what the person had said, he didn't pay any attention to it. All he did was occasionally remember a few words.

During the briefing, Klein shot a glance at the blond secretary, Luan, to get him to represent himself to mention a few points that needed clarification.

Everything followed the schedule.

Towards the end, Klein flipped the black-bound notebook a few pages forward and used the accent of a Loen aristocrat to recite the report which the secretary had drafted and the admiral had edited. Then, according to the actual situation, he used the common terms Amyrius would use and added a few conjunctions and pet phrases, such as, "There are a few points," and "Let me continue on a few more points."

It was already evening by the time the briefing ended. Under Luan's companionship, Klein left the Oravi naval base and headed for the residence of a naval supplier where a banquet was held.

At the banquet, they casually chatted about the price fluctuations of port goods. As for Klein, he mimicked Admiral Amyrius, and he would mention a dated joke from Backlund from time to time, garnering a warm response from everyone as he was praised for his humor.

After successfully acting until the banquet ended, Klein boarded the carriage, feeling exhausted in body and mind.

I have to take note of my speech and actions every minute and second. Engaging in true acting for a day is more tiring than battling a pirate admiral… Klein silently sighed, as he closed his eyes halfway without a change in expression.

He knew that the most difficult stage of the day wasn't over!

He still had to deal with Cynthia!

…

Inside the villa, Cynthia learned from the attendant who had gone out to make inquiries that Admiral Amyrius was about to return.

She quietly returned to her bedroom, took out the tiny black rhinoceros horn pendant, and used a metallic plate to scratch off tiny bits of powder, mixing it into the hot water inside a white porcelain teacup.

After repeating the honorific name of the Mother Tree of Desire seven times, she waited nearly a minute before lifting the teacup in hope, cleanly downing it.

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CHAPTER 626
AMYRIUS'S DECISION

Looking at the lights emanating out from the villa in the darkness, Klein spent several seconds mentally preparing himself before alighting the carriage. He followed the three-layered staircase and came to the door, where the admiral's bodyguards and servants were lined up at the sides, before stepping in.

Seeing Cynthia wearing conservative home clothes due to the existence of others, Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief as he maintained his stoic expression and slowly walked over.

Cynthia's smile became more and more brilliant as she shifted the strands of her hair to the back of her ear, revealing her fair and slender neck. Her neckline didn't have any marks left behind by a necklace.

Seeing Secretary Luan and the admiral's bodyguards head for their own rooms or moving outside the building to take up their patrolling positions, Klein pulled Cynthia into an embrace and said in a deep voice, "There's no need to prepare any hot water. Give me a quiet room. I need to spend the night alone."

"…” Cynthia used her eyes to express her puzzlement and blankness.

Klein surveyed his surroundings and softly said, "Something unexpected happened. I need to enter an extremely quiet state to recover."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand to pull at his collar, revealing a patch of faint-colored fleshy granules.

His problematic physical condition with an abnormal reaction was an excuse Admiral Amyrius had prepared for the tramp stand-in, so as to avoid Cynthia's attempts of intimacy without exposing a problem. To make it more convincing, Klein used his Faceless powers to provide "evidence."

Cynthia turned agape as she nearly screamed. Thankfully, she covered her mouth in time and held it in.

The moment Cynthia recovered from her shock, she immediately asked nervously, her concern and emotions evident, "Are you fine? Do you need to see a doctor?"

"No, this is the price needed for powerful strength. I'll recover given two to three days of solitude." Klein had already found the excuse needed for the future.

"O-okay." Cynthia hurriedly helped Klein up to the second floor and led him into the quietest room.

As for the master bedroom, she had already lit some scented candles and scattered some faint-smelling extract, so she didn't offer him some.

Seeing the door close, Klein slowly exhaled. He changed out of his admiral's uniform and lied down in satisfaction.

Not far away in the master bedroom, the worried and disappointed Cynthia was soaking herself in hot water before sleeping.

She looked at the ceiling with an unfocused gaze as she couldn't help but recall the exhortations of her parents from a few days ago.

They wanted her to charm Admiral Amyrius and hopefully be impregnated with his child. This way, their family would be able to take on more businesses with the Central Sonia Sea's naval fleet.

Admiral seems to have many matters hidden in his heart, so much that something abnormal has happened to his body… Cynthia's thoughts wandered as they slowly dispersed.

Without her realizing it, she had fallen asleep.

During this period, she found her digestive system turning warm as her body felt a little hot. In her dream, she seemed to see a pitch-black sky which was dotted with resplendent stars.

One of them seemed to notice her gaze as it produced a brighter glow.

…

The next morning, the invigorated Klein enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast which was nothing spectacular to speak of. Once again, he was surrounded by the admiral's bodyguards as he arrived at the Oravi naval base and was placed in the most luxurious and spacious office.

According to Admiral Amyrius's habits, he would spend some alone time every two or three days to study and master his Beyonder powers to a deeper extent and produce more effective techniques. Therefore, Klein spent most of the day without being disturbed, with him only needing to handle some simple work.

Inside the quiet and spacious office, Klein leisurely paced about or flipped through books from the bookshelf. From time to time, he would put his palm into his pockets to touch the Ninth Law charm to release some of its powerful might. This was to make Secretary Luan, who was outside, believe that there was nothing wrong with Admiral Amyrius.

After some time, Klein felt sleepy and decided to take a short nap.

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door.

There's something important… Klein frowned.

Something that made Secretary Luan disturb Admiral Amyrius's focused training was definitely nothing simple!

"Come in," Klein converged his emotions and answered with a deep voice.

The handsome blond man, Luan, turned the handle and entered. He held a telegram in his hand.

He said with a suppressed voice, "Your Excellency, a telegram from Backlund.

"Mr. Aston has been relieved of his post as governor-general. He will temporarily be replaced by the city council's chairman.

"It's said that the new governor-general will arrive today."

Aston Rieveldt has been relieved of his post as governor-general? Has their secret been discovered? That's right. The Twilight Hermit Order has already warned me, no—Amyrius. It means that they had long grasped the actual matter. With another member cranking the wheel, the matter will likely go through a series of position changes, putting an end to the matter… A warning was given the previous night, and action was taken today. They must've prepared for quite a while… Yes, that can be seen from the fact that the new governor-general will arrive today… Klein was first alarmed before he felt that the matter was within reason.

He mimicked the attitude Admiral Amyrius would have when faced with a major problem by pacing back and forth before saying with a stern expression, "I'm aware."

Klein didn't express his views or pass any orders, appearing extremely staid.

However, it was because he hadn't decided on a response.

We have a saying from the Foodaholic Empire, "moving is not as good as staying put." I wonder if Roselle had translated this… Klein lampooned as

he gave a self-deprecating jest.

Luan raised his head and glanced at Admiral Amyrius without saying a word before silently leaving the office.

Phew… Klein paced about once again as he considered what Admiral Amyrius would do if he were standing here.

This was something important that had happened outside of his expectations; therefore, Klein could only infer from Amyrius's character, experiences, as well as some of the personal descriptions in the information provided to him.

He's a conservative person. Even while he was a Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonder and was on all kinds of different ships, he very rarely took risks… He believes himself to be a Loen aristocrat who values family, children, and emotions. He's a gentleman who's of good bearing and garners the affection of women. Eh, this point is open to debate. With his standing and status, even a curly-haired baboon would garner the affection of men and women, no—perhaps even more. At the very least, a curly-haired baboon doesn't tell dated jokes… Information ran through Klein's mind as they intertwined to form a multi-faceted image of Admiral Amyrius.

While in his deep thought, he heard knocking at his door once again.

"Come in." Klein instantly tensed up.

Luan entered and pointed outside.

"Your Excellency, Mr. Aston wishes to meet you."

Why is Aston here? He came to Amyrius to seek his protection? Or does he plan on making a desperate struggle? Klein narrowed his eyes slightly, realizing that he couldn't make a decision for Admiral Amyrius.

What would he do? After receiving a warning from the Twilight Hermit Order, he should already realize that the matter has been exposed. The target was long prepared, so with his conservative nature, it can be imagined that his decision would be…

However, he greatly values family. He even provided some of Aston Rieveldt's interesting tidbits. It's not hard to tell that there's the concern and love for his younger brother in this matter… He doesn't like cannabis and tobacco. Drinking is just for socializing purposes. Apart from being a little caught up with beautiful women, there's nothing seriously wrong with him…

He greatly values family… Family… Klein's thoughts raced as he fully immersed himself in Amyrius's identity, fully experiencing his hidden feelings for his family and the importance he placed on it.

Family… At that instant, he seemed to turn into Amyrius, but he was able to analyze the various problems in a detached manner.

After nearly twenty seconds of silence, Klein heard himself using a somewhat unfamiliar tone, saying, "Tell him that I have many matters to deal with. I don't have the time to meet him.

"Also, buy him a ticket back to Backlund."

Luan seemed to have expected it as he retracted his gaze and replied, as though everything was normal, "Yes, Your Excellency."

As he watched Luan leave the office to find Aston Rieveldt outside, Klein gently sighed like the real Amyrius Rieveldt.

He knew that Amyrius would've made the same choice if he had returned early.

This was family, something he valued greatly!

With their scheme completely exposed, there was no way Amyrius would've exhausted his last chip on a bet and place his family at risk of destruction. As long as he didn't participate in it, and as long as he's still a demigod, the Rieveldt family wouldn't suffer any overly serious damage even if he isn't able to remain as the highest commander of Central Sonia Sea.

And to get his secretary to buy his tickets for him made it clear that Amyrius still treated Aston as his brother. It was a warning to others not to harm him before they figured out what was happening.

After nearly a minute, Luan returned and said, "Your Excellency, Mr. Aston has left."

Amyrius greatly values family… Klein fell silent for two seconds before asking in a deep voice, his back facing his secretary, "Did he say anything?"

Luan answered truthfully, "He said that you are indeed a cold person by nature."

The corners of Klein's lips curled slightly as he produced an unfeeling smile.

This was an instinctive reaction; however, with him completely in character as Amyrius, he believed that the admiral would've had the same reaction.

The feeling and emotions were the same!

For the rest of the time, Klein sat in his office and didn't meet anyone, nor did he deal with any official business. All he did was occasionally listen to his secretary report to him about the situation on Oravi Island.

Nothing happened until the arrival of the new governor-general.

In the evening, he didn't attend the banquet he was supposed to attend, and he returned to his villa. As he saw Cynthia walk towards him, he hugged

her.

Then, he calmly said, "Aston has been relieved of his post as governor-general."

All his sighs and pain seemed to be condensed into that seemingly emotionless sentence.

"I heard about it. It should be fine, right?" Cynthia asked anxiously.

Klein closed his eyes and didn't mention it again. All he did was give soft, terse reply.

That sentence was the most obvious expression of his emotions as a stern, old-fashioned, and conservative high-ranking man.

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CHAPTER 627
LATE INTO THE NIGHT

Cynthia could vaguely sense the deep pain and helplessness inside Admiral Amyrius's heart. Without speaking further, she hugged him tightly and used her company to calm his mood.

After a simple dinner, Klein took a hot bath and entered the quietest guest room once again. He got into bed and stared at the ceiling in a daze.

Klein knew that with him having fully immersed himself in the "character" of Admiral Amyrius, Amyrius's helplessness towards fate and the pain he needed to hide had resonated with his past experiences.

*If I hadn't figured out the concept of getting into character and being detached, then I might've lost myself… Heh heh, this is like some actors in my past life. They get too into character and are unable to detach themselves from it, causing them to suffer from mental problems… And to a Beyonder, mental problems might end up magnified… *As Klein wallowed in his gloom, he got to learn what kind of person he was.

*I never expected that a navy admiral who enjoys a high standing, a demigod saint, would still be faced with such helpless and painful experiences… Strength can bring abundance, but it's not a solution to everything… Everyone wears masks, and this is the truest side of a demigod… *Klein watched as the crimson moonlight turned brighter, dyeing all the furniture in the room red.

At that moment, through the resonating feelings with Admiral Amyrius's experience and the contrasting differences, as well as the experience from

his previous acting, Klein established a more multifaceted and realistic image of Amyrius. He also gained a clearer picture of his blurry self.

A person who's very sentimental;

A person from Earth, but to a certain extent, a person who has been reconstructed into a new person because of the fusion with Klein Moretti's memory fragments;

A person who didn't spend too much time with the Nighthawks but has had that period of time deeply influence his actions and choices;

A person who tries to play safe and is afraid of danger but is able to change his mind at the critical moment;

A person who truly wants to skive, eat delicious food, travel, and enjoy life, but he has no choice but to be busy with more important matters;

A person who likes beautiful women, but he doesn't give himself up to pleasure to keep to his principles;

A person who loves money but is willing to spend large sums of money for his siblings;

A person who hides his pain inside while showing a smile to others;

A person who's used to lampooning inwardly but appears gentlemanly on the surface;

A person who can overcome his psychological traumas but never crosses his bottom line;

A person who feels embarrassed for his acting;

…

*He's also a guardian, a miserable wretch that is constantly fighting against threats and madness! *the corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he silently added.

These thoughts flashed through his mind as he seemed to come into contact with his true "self."

Without realizing it, Klein fell asleep, his body and mind at peace.

…

Inside the master bedroom, Cynthia had also fallen asleep.

She was dressed in a nightgown with her legs bare. She had a few layers of her blanket in between her legs as she gently grinded against them.

Her hand subconsciously scratched her skin, forming red streaks across them as tiny bumps were produced.

In her dream, she saw the illusory and surreal sea of stars, as well as that bright star that emitted its light at her.

Her vision was pulled closer to it as she could slowly discern the star.

…

Phew… Klein suddenly awoke from his dream as he still had an indescribable scene still seemingly burned into his eyes.

Why did I have such a dream? He frowned as he turned his head in disbelief.

Just now, not only had he dreamed of Cynthia, who was dressed in a silk nightgown, but he also had a sexual relationship with her. He even dreamed of the naked body of Demoness of Pleasure Sharon, the exquisite doll-like Miss Sharron, Miss Justice whose looks were relatively blurry, Trissy

Cheek, Tracy, and all the beautiful women he had met before. Then, he gave himself up to pleasure as he engaged in a myriad of positions.

To most Beyonders and ordinary people, this might've been a normal response from suppressing his body when recently faced with temptation, but as a Seer, a dream had a very special meaning!

Klein quickly observed his body and realized he was still erect, semen flooding out from his penis and causing stains everywhere.

This isn't a Seer's dream revelation, but the result of an external influence… There's an enemy! Klein was alarmed as he quickly made up his mind.

At the same time, he cautiously got out of bed and quickly changed into his admiral uniform.

This way, he had the Ninth Law charm and Creeping Hunger on him, equipping him with potent self-preservation powers.

As he wasn't clear of the present situation, Klein didn't attempt to head above the gray fog. He continued viewing himself as Amyrius.

With a staid expression, Klein carefully walked to the door and reached out his hand to grab the handle.

At that instant, he seemed to finally find the connection with the real world as he heard the chaos and din outside the door.

There were clear chewing sounds, debaucherous moaning, angry roaring, and sharp urging.

What exactly happened? Everything was normal just moments ago! Klein gulped a mouthful of saliva as he used Cogitation to maintain the necessary calm.

He had been using Spirit Vision to observe the situation outside the villa every day and had not discovered any problems.

*Where are the admiral's bodyguards? Where's Secretary Luan? *Klein found the entire ordeal strange and terrifying the more he considered the situation before him.

He touched the Ninth Law charm with one hand and made the deep domineering aura emanate, repressing the unease that was wafting through the air.

Exerting strength in his left hand, Klein twisted the handle and opened the door.

Before he took a step forward, he saw a red-vested attendant sitting opposite him.

The attendant had many cooked and raw food placed in front of him. There was steak, mutton, Dragon-Bone Fish, and Oravi lobster.

At this moment, the attendant picked up a huge fish that seemed to have just stopped struggling, raised his head, and smiled at Klein with a turbid look.

"Admiral, I have always envied your food…”

His stomach was different from before. It was bloated as though he was seven or eight months pregnant.

Just as he said that, the attendant raised his arms and bit into the raw Dragon-Bone Fish, forcefully ripping out a piece of thick flesh.

Fresh red blood dribbled from the corners of his mouth as his chewing sounds sent a chill down Klein's back.

The attendant hurriedly gulped as he swallowed the food in his mouth. His bloated stomach trembled as though he would blow up at any moment.

This is the instinctive reaction to restrict one's appetite.… Klein observed the attendant carefully, and for some reason, he recalled the tramp stand-in who had died of a sudden illness due to gorging.

He didn't spend too much time thinking or making attempts to rescue the attendant who was ravenously consuming the food. This was because he knew that nothing would be effective unless he resolved the matter at its roots.

Klein moved his feet and followed his spiritual intuition's guidance, carefully walking towards the master bedroom.

At the door, there were two maidservants. One of them was sitting on the other as she bent her back, strangling the other by the neck.

Wearing a beaming smile, she shook the maidservant beneath her as she hurriedly urged her, "Quick, quickly praise me!

"Quick, quickly praise me!"

She desires acknowledgment.… Klein frowned and took a few steps closer, grabbing onto the collar of the maidservant at the very top.

He threw the maidservant to the other side of the wall, slamming her to the wall with a force strong enough to make anyone faint.

However, this didn't prevent the maidservant from getting to her feet.

The maidservant at the bottom kept yawning without opening her eyes. Even though her neck was being wrangled, she appeared as though she hadn't had enough sleep.

*Such a scene… *Klein instantly had the urge to escape and seek help from the Church or military.

However, the strongest person on Oravi Island was none other than Admiral Amyrius!

And I'm Amyrius at the moment… However, once the situation turns for the worse, I should flee when the time calls for it. I shouldn't act at the cost of my life… Klein pushed open the ajar master bedroom door, his scalp tingling with numbness.

The first thing he heard behind the door was pleasurable moaning that gave itself up to one's primal instincts. Following that, a smell that made his heart race and sent blood gushing to his nether regions inundated his olfactory senses.

In addition, there was an eclectic mix of all sorts of bodily fluids. A scene of indulging pleasure couldn't help but surface in Klein's mind

Right on the heels of that, Klein saw the blond secretary, Luan.

He stood by the door, looking inside with an overlooking and cold manner. His arrogance was extremely real.

Upon sensing someone enter, he turned his head and discovered it was Admiral Amyrius.

His expression and gaze didn't change, as though he was looking at an ordinary, unimportant person.

This secretary is usually very reverent, but he's actually such a prideful person? Klein originally wanted to question Luan who seemed to possess some reason, but he saw him shift his gaze to look into the middle of the master bedroom from a height.

He only looks normal… Klein traced Luan's gaze and discovered a fair body that was three meters tall in the middle of the master bedroom.

It had brownish-green lumps growing on its surface that resembled tree warts. Some parts were cracked open, revealing organs that resembled flowers.

It had the bodyguards and the male attendants gathered around it as they either stood or knelt, prostrating or floating as they mated with those organs, letting out deep grunting sounds.

The other bodyguards and maidservants of varying numbers were scattered across the carpet, enjoying each other's bodies to their heart's content.

In addition, "tree warts" and "flowers" grew from the tall fair body, as well as brown "branches" that extended out as they participated in every promiscuous act of pleasure with the people present.

*What kind of monster is this… *Klein had his knowledge of mysticism overturned once again. He lowered his left palm and prepared for battle.

At this moment, the terrifying body which towered three meters tall turned a head over.

It was a female. She had blonde hair and blue eyes. She had a high nose bridge and plump lips. She was none other than the beautiful Cynthia with hints of her youthfulness!

As the "tree branches" danced while the "flowers" opened, Cynthia looked down at Klein with flushed cheeks as she said with hints of embarrassment, "Admiral, I want… I want to have a child with you…”

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CHAPTER 628
PROHIBITION

Upon seeing Cynthia's huge fair body with tree warts and flowers growing on it as though she was a tree, as well as hearing her shy, reluctant request, Klein couldn't help but shudder as his hair stood on end.

Such a scene exceeded a horror conceivable by human imagination. He had never encountered something like this even in his dreams.

If he were himself back when facing Megose in Tingen, Klein definitely would've been affected by such a scene. He would've temporarily lost his ability to react due to the horror and panic, but after experiencing so much, he was an experienced Beyonder in the true sense of the word. In the moment that Cynthia's words entered his ears, the glove on his left hand had already changed colors.

It had turned black, emitting a noble and sinister feeling. This meant that Klein had activated Creeping Hunger and had switched to Wormtongue Mithor's soul, giving him the powers of a Baron of Corruption!

At that instant, he distorted Cynthia's words, turning "Admiral, I want to have a child with you" to "Admiral, I only wish to have a child with you."

This way, Klein believed that the bodyguards and male attendants around the tree-like monster would be pushed away, far away by Cynthia, after having her will distorted, giving them a chance for a breather.

As for whether he would expose himself as a fake Admiral Amyrius, he didn't care. At this moment, anyone who was still bothered about whether

the true acting would be successful would definitely be someone with a serious case of obsessive-compulsive disorder, and he clearly wasn't.

In addition, in an environment with all sorts of desires being magnified to the limit, Klein suspected that the others who had been influenced weren't paying attention to the battle or the actual situation.

The Baron of Corruption's Distortion power was activated silently, but Klein was appalled to discover that nothing changed with Cynthia or the men's actions. They weren't affected at all!

*I've already used Distortion… The mutated Cynthia is able to directly resist such an influence… *Klein's pupils constricted as he hurriedly jumped to the side.

A brown tree branch sprouted out from where he was standing as a sticky flower bloomed at its tip.

The flower was abnormally large. As it bloomed, it seemed like it was about to swallow a person whole.

Although Klein had never seen cannibalistic flowers in the Southern Continent's rainforests, he didn't believe that they were any less terrifying or ridiculous as the one before him!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Similar branches drilled out from the walls, floor, and ceiling as they chased after Klein with their moist flowers.

During this process, the flowers bit down on Secretary Luan's head, as well as the bodyguards, male attendants, and maidservants who were gyrating in pleasure on the surrounding carpet.

At this moment, having learned the lesson that his Distortion powers would be resisted, Klein didn't hesitate to pull out his right hand, a dark gold high-

level charm clasped tightly in his palm.

Ninth Law!

He originally didn't plan on using the charm so quickly. It wasn't because he couldn't bear to use it, but he wished to engage in a longer battle to determine what Cynthia was good at after mutating into a monster. Only then could he target her weaknesses. After all, the Ninth Law was unable to make a general prohibition, and the clause had to be sufficiently specific. For example, it couldn't make Beyonder powers ineffective in the area, but it could specify the nullification of a specific Beyonder power. To use it to its fullest, he needed to observe carefully and make sound judgment!

However, the present situation was forcing Klein to use his trump card. Otherwise, he suspected that he had no means of damaging this tree-like monster!

If the Ninth Law charm isn't able to create an environment that allows me to kill the monster, I'll have to immediately escape from the villa with its help. I will lead Cynthia outside and find a chance to pray. I'll use the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to bombard it with attacks! Just as the thought flashed in his mind, Klein, who had been constantly jumping amidst the attacking tree branches and flowers, solemnly chanted a word in ancient Hermes, "Law!"

As the activation incantation resounded, the dark gold charm in Klein's palm instantly turned ice-cold. It was a coldness that seemed to make one lose any emotions.

At that instant, Klein reached an extremely calm state. In the moment he threw out the Ninth Law charm, his thoughts rapidly surfaced as he considered what to prohibit.

His first reaction was to prohibit the generation of any desire, but he knew that it was too general. Therefore, he thought of changing to the desire to

procreate; after all, Cynthia's desire was to have a child with Admiral Amyrius. The influence she had on her surroundings was a result of this!

Just as the Ninth Law charm was flying in midair, turning into bits of dark gold beams of light that scattered into the surroundings, Klein suddenly thought of a problem.

Cynthia was only an ordinary person prior to this!

This is a certain fact!

Over the past three nights, Klein had used Spirit Vision, divination, and other methods to repeatedly confirm that Cynthia wasn't a Beyonder.

Similarly, she would've long been discovered by Admiral Amyrius, who could distinguish between ordinary people and Beyonders.

Therefore, her sudden transformation into a mutated monster was a problem he needed to pay close attention to!

Could it be like Megose? She became a vessel of an evil god's descent through some form of ritual? No, if there's a ritual, it's impossible for me not to discover it. My spiritual intuition would've warned me not to activate my Spirit Vision and not look straight at Cynthia… It's some item or trait on her body that has an external force projected on her. Therefore, there weren't any problems the previous two nights until she suddenly mutated today… Regardless, the terror from her comes from somewhere else and not her body… Klein quickly made a judgment in two seconds. Without any hesitation, he seized the opportunity and said in a solemn tone, "This place is prohibited from having any interaction with the outside world!"

The ancient Hermes words, which were filled with mystery, instantly spread out as the dark golden light scattered everywhere and intertwined with the countless law-like symbols and magic labels before merging into the void.

Hum!

There was suddenly a light hum in Klein's ears as he seemed to see the formless light filled with desire get expelled out of the room.

Immediately following that, an illusory and resplendent starry sky appeared before his eyes. They were points of bright stars.

Pa! Pa! Klein's eyes burst as fluid—a mixture of blood and plasma—gushed out horrendously.

Although he had used the Ninth Law charm to isolate any external influence, the level of the power was extremely high. Just a normal level of recoil was enough to penetrate the natural protection of the high-level charm and burst his eyes!

This damage came abruptly and without any warning signs. Klein didn't even have the chance to use Paper Figurine Substitutes, just like Nimblewright Master Rosago from back then.

If not for the Ninth Law charm, his eyes might not have been the only things that burst. He might've turned into a monster just like Cynthia!

Meanwhile, the tree-like Cynthia came to a stop as her body began crumbling, turning into flesh and blood with brownish-green warts. The surrounding bodyguards and male attendants plopped to the ground, unconscious.

Cynthia's head was embedded in the blob of flesh as she muttered to herself, "Admiral, I want to have a child with you…

"Admiral, I want to have a child with you…”

…

She tried hard to extend the remaining tree branches on the ceiling and walls, binding Klein, who was still in a dazed state as a result of the recoil, and she pulled him towards herself.

The moment Klein recovered a little, he immediately began struggling desperately. Despite his attempts to snap his fingers to light a fire or switch the powers of Creeping Hunger, he failed because his hands and arms were bound tightly.

With the help of his Clown powers, he "saw" the brownish-green warts approach. Stirred, Klein changed his appearance, turning his appearance from Admiral Amyrius to Gehrman Sparrow—a Gehrman Sparrow with bleeding eyes!

The binding tree branches paused as they mysteriously released their hold. They began flailing everywhere as though in an attempt to grab at something.

Cynthia's head was filled with disappointment and confusion as she muttered, "Admiral, where did you go…

"Admiral, where did you go…”

Without the external force to continue the resistance, she finally only had the thoughts of having a child with Amyrius thanks to the Baron of Corruption's Distortion. This made her release Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein flipped to his feet and covered his eyes with his right hand and pulled downwards abruptly, moving the horrendous wound towards his left shoulder.

As his left shoulder became mangled, Creeping Hunger was tainted with a pure and resplendent glow.

Klein looked at Cynthia's head in the pile of flesh and blood with pity as he spread out his arms.

A holy flame which swirled around a pillar of pure light descended from the sky, enveloping the monster that had been reduced to flesh and blood.

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CHAPTER 629
NATURISM SECT

Amidst the holy beam of light, having already lost its support from the external power, the tree warts and flesh rapidly disintegrated. It was like snow meeting a red-hot metal ball.

Amidst an indescribable sizzling sound, Cynthia's face winced as abnormal agony showed itself on her face.

She turned around with great difficulty, looking up and down, her expression turning horrified and confused. Finally, she realized that there was a problem with her.

"Admiral…” Her voice trembled as she looked ahead with fear and despair, but all she could find was an unfamiliar face.

Klein could've fed Creeping Hunger with Cynthia's remnant flesh and Spirit Body, but at that moment, he sighed and said with a calm voice, "Try not to make contact with strange artifacts or religions in the future."

From his point of view, the reason why Cynthia had turned into this monstrosity either had to do with a cult or some particularly dangerous artifact. She had connected with some existence which couldn't be looked at directly, resulting in such a response.

Cynthia seemed to understand something as her remnant head and tiny bit of flesh suddenly wept.

"It's the Mother Tree of Desire, the Heavenly Body Sect…

"Admiral, Admiral, I don't want to die! I don't want to die!

"Save me! Save me!"

Mother Tree of Desire… Heavenly Body Sect… This isn't within the confines of my knowledge of mysticism… Klein maintained his expression as he looked pitifully at the pleading Cynthia. He spread his arms again and said in a deep voice, "Death is not the end. You will be redeemed when you are at god's side."

Another pure beam of light landed as Cynthia's beautiful, weeping face completely fixed in place.

Her eyes widened in despair, but there was the remnant hope of being sent to heaven after death.

Under the sun's radiance, her brain and remnant flesh melted away at a discernible pace. By vanishing, it had obtained its final rite of cleansing.

Klein looked silently at this scene without any expression or movement.

After everything calmed down, he curled the corner of his lips and chuckled, finding it hard to hide his sorrow.

"This is really a crazy and chaotic world…”

He didn't dare to channel Cynthia's spirit after what had happened. The many oddities had made him abandon the thought of bringing Cynthia's Spirit Body above the gray fog to "inquire." Faced with the irremovable evil and the ever-worsening corruption, he could only choose to have Cynthia be cleansed. After all, in this world with true gods, there might exist a heaven after death.

As for Creeping Hunger's backlash, Klein was temporarily not concerned. After spending a long time with it, this mystical item which had been sealed to a certain extent had adjusted to him. It didn't need to be fed after every

use. It had been restored to its original state. Once it was activated, it just needed to eat once in a twenty-four-hour period, regardless of how many times it was used. Of course, there was no need for it to be fed on the day it wasn't used.

Therefore, Klein had plenty of time to seek out food for Creeping Hunger without harming the innocent.

If the worst comes to the worst, I can throw it above the gray fog… Klein surveyed his surroundings, and he realized that the bodyguards and the male and female attendants in the room had shaken off the influence of their magnified desires, and they had fallen unconscious. This included the maidservant who was strangling her companion in a bid to obtain her approval and praise, as well as blond secretary, Luan.

Indeed, once the problem is resolved at its root, everything will come to an end…

According to Admiral Amyrius's description, Luan is at least a Sequence 6 Beyonder, and he's suspected to be a Baron of Corruption. He might've secretly reached Sequence 5… Even he was so easily controlled by his magnified desires, which means that the power that descended with the help of Cynthia is extremely potent. But why did I only have a wet dream…

Ignoring my mystical items, Luan and I should be at the same level…

Is it because a portion of the gray fog's power, when mixed with reality, provided me with help? Is it because of the restriction from Admiral Amyrius's temporary contract? Or could it be a mix of both?

Yes, if it wasn't because of these factors, as Cynthia's primary target, my desire towards sex would definitely be magnified. This wouldn't just be me having a romantic dream… Klein habitually reached out with his right hand to cover his face as he changed once again back into Amyrius Rieveldt's appearance.

As the lives of the others weren't temporarily under threat, he carefully observed the room when his spiritual perception was suddenly triggered.

Taking a few steps forward, Klein came to where Cynthia had vanished. He bent down and picked up a necklace from a pile of torn clothes on the bed.

A pendant that was the length of a finger segment hung from the necklace. It was completely black in color and looked like a miniaturized rhinoceros horn. Its surface was full and covered in cracks. Apart from exuding evil, there were no lustrous spirituality activity.

This is the dangerous item that caused Cynthia to mutate? As it had connected to the existence which couldn't be looked at directly, it had completed its mission, allowing all its powers to be injected into Cynthia's body? Klein made a preliminary conjecture based on the pendant's situation and from his past experience.

He checked the area and found nothing. Hence, he pulled out a paper figurine and dealt with the traces left behind. He dispelled the prohibition from the charm before walking towards Secretary Luan, who still had some signs of corruption due to temporarily being devoured by the flowers. He raised his knee and kicked him a few times with the tip of his shoe.

With Amyrius's character, it's unlikely that he would crouch down to shake his secretary awake… Heh, this fellow's arrogant way of looking down on others sure is irritating. I really want to beat him up… Klein paused as he watched sternly as Luan gradually woke up.

"Your Excellency…" Luan was in a momentary daze, as though he couldn't tell dream from reality.

As a high-ranking superior, I'm under no obligation to explain… Klein looked down at him and said in a deep voice, "Wake up all the lightly injured people. Get a number of them to treat the remaining people while the others are to investigate the Heavenly Body Sect on Oravi Island. They

worship an evil god named Mother Tree of Desire. Um… Start the investigation with the people around Cynthia.

"I'll be waiting in the study for the report."

With that said, he held the cracked rhinoceros horn pendant and turned to leave the master bedroom before entering the unaffected silent study.

As an important member of the military, although he was somewhat helpless when faced with the kingdom's upper echelons, he needed to choose to ignore certain matters. An example was the telegram which relieved Aston from his post as governor-general and the arrival of the new governor-general. This meant that the new governor-general had departed ahead of time; yet as the highest-ranking commander of the Central Sonia Sea's navy, Amyrius Rieveldt had not received the news at all. However, on Oravi Island, to Secretary Luan and the local police system and naval base personnel, he still held absolute authority. He didn't need to do the investigations himself, as he had plenty of people at his disposal.

A demigod only needed to be wary against any accidents and await news. There was no need to busy themselves!

Inside the study, as Klein heard the chaotic sound of footsteps and horrified screams, questioning, and exchanges, he couldn't help but have the starry sky and the bright, lustrous star surface in his mind.

What does it represent? Klein frowned and sat in the armchair behind the desk. His figure sank into the darkness brought about by the curtains.

He soon made certain connections. Due to the legends from the City of Silver and Emlyn White's description of the Sanguine's situation, he confirmed that the Moon pathway controlled a portion of the authority over reproduction and proliferation. This coincided with Cynthia's intentions and actions.

A starry sky… Mr. Door informed Emperor Roselle that the Goddess's corresponding tarot card is The Star and not The Moon. Could it be that this illusory starry sky represents "Her"? Yes, The Primordial Moon is suspected to be a particular deity, angel, or high-level devil's alternate identity. The Goddess has the honorific name of "crimson moon." Could "She" be the one passing herself off as the Primordial Moon and occupying the corresponding spot so as to control the required authority? Although Klein knew that such thoughts were sacrilegious, he couldn't help but suspect the Evernight Goddess.

But he soon rejected that conjecture. This was because, be it Vampire Ancestor Lilith or the Primordial Moon, what they projected was only "reproduction and proliferation." It didn't include the recognition of gluttony, pride, and desire. This was at odds with a number of victims earlier. The other honorific titles of the Evernight Goddess didn't include the corresponding domains.

This does coincide with the traits of the Devil pathway. A Desire Apostle is an expert in such matters… Could the one subjugating the Primordial Moon be a high-level Devil, or even the King of Devils who's known as the Dark Side of the Universe, Sequence 0 Abyss? This is very possible, but the problem with this is that it shouldn't produce an illusory starry sky and bright stars. Be it Moon or Abyss, they have nothing to do with the corresponding symbols… Klein found his conjecture problematic the more he thought over the matter.

Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly thought of a concept.

It was something important back when he was first educated in mysticism but had never received a detailed description or explanation!

That was the astral world!

Apart from the Life School of Thought and a few other organizations' belief in uncommon concepts such as the world of absolute rationality, most

schools of thought in mysticism believed that the world was comprised of the real world, the spirit world, and the astral world.

There was no need to explain the real world. Knowledge of the spirit world was the foundation of many ritualistic magic and Beyonder powers. It was only the astral world where Klein's knowledge about it was basically zero.

Therefore, the illusory starry sky represents the astral world. The bright star is a particular existence in the astral world? I've always suspected that the astral world is where the true gods reside. Then, this imagery which represents the Primordial Moon isn't something unacceptable… Klein didn't think further as he recalled the details of the past few days while awaiting the results of his subordinates' investigations.

Time ticked by when Klein finally heard a familiar gait approach.

Secretary Luan knocked before entering. He bowed his head and coldly reported, "Your Excellency. We've already found the Heavenly Body Sect and captured their leader.

"It was a clue provided by Miss Cynthia's parents.

"This sect has been rather active in Oravi over the past few years. They do not wear clothes, in a bid to return to nature. Giving themselves up to their instincts is their purpose, and they believed that humans can attain liberation of their spirituality in such states.

"Reproduction of the next generation is a subsidiary product of this belief."

After pausing for a moment, Luan added, "Their leader is a Beyonder, a Sequence 8 Lunatic."

Lunatic? A Lunatic from the Prisoner pathway? It has something to do with the Rose School of Thought? Yes, the Rose School of Thought internally has two factions, "temperance" and "indulgence." The latter's beliefs are rather

identical to the present situation.… Klein was alarmed as he said in a stoic tone, "Bring him here."

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CHAPTER 630
TIMELINE

The leader of the Naturism Sect was named Flight Ken, a man in his thirties. His thin face had brown whiskers, and there were evil-looking tattoos on his neck.

He was brought in front of Klein by Luan. He looked ragged, as though he had suffered the most severe mental torture.

"Your Excellency, while he was being captured, he kept exchanging his intelligence for strength, and he's on the brink of a mental collapse…" Luan reported the facts, ignoring the possibility that Admiral Amyrius could tell the exact details.

That's perfect… Klein had been previously worried that, as a Lunatic, Flight Ken would refuse to answer his questions while under the mental pressure. That way, he had to take the risk of being suspected of dismissing his subordinates and attempting a spirit channeling.

As he looked coldly at Flight Ken, Klein's left hand wore a golden luster under the cover of the desk.

He had switched Creeping Hunger to the Interrogator's soul!

And Interrogator happened to be Sequence 7 of Admiral Amyrius's Arbiter pathway!

Deep in Klein's eyes, two indistinct flashes of lightning appeared as they overlapped with Flight Ken's figure.

Psychic Piercing was poised for attack!

However, Klein didn't directly use the Beyonder power, as it was only at the level of a Sequence 7. Once he used it in front of Luan, he would immediately expose himself to the blond secretary.

With the pressure provided by Psychic Piercing on Flight Ken's Spirit Body, Klein sat there like the real Admiral Amyrius as he said in a deep voice, "Do you know Cynthia?"

As he spoke, he raised his right hand high and dangled the black miniature rhinoceros horn from his palm.

"What is its use?"

The dispirited Flight Ken trembled as he felt as if a dagger was being held to his psyche, capable of penetrating him at any moment.

He couldn't help but lower his head as he stammered, "Yes, I know her.

"Cynthia—Miss Cynthia wished to have a child with Your Excellency, a child with Beyonder powers. She was introduced to me by her parents.

"It's a Proliferation Necklace created with the bestowment of the goddess's aura. By consuming its powder and wearing it for prolonged periods of time, it… it will be able to make Your Excellency unable to resist her…"

Klein listened in silence as he was half-convinced by Flight Ken's explanation. However, he still had his doubts.

He believed that it was partially Cynthia's goal. This beautiful lady did wish to have a child with Admiral Amyrius, either by her own will or from the urging of others. This could be seen from her persistence even after she mutated.

Although the Loen Kingdom's aristocrats didn't like or even discriminated against their illegitimate children, it was situational. A child who had successfully inherited their father's Beyonder characteristics would similarly be given importance. Those ancient families who knew many secrets viewed this with importance, and the Rieveldt family was one of those families.

Furthermore, Admiral Amyrius is a stern and old-fashioned man on the surface, but he's someone who treasures his relationships. Even an illegitimate child would receive his love and have importance attached… This might be the real reason why Cynthia was eager to have his child… Klein sighed inwardly.

The doubt towards Flight Ken's answer was concentrated on the true effects of the Proliferation Necklace, as well as the possibility of the Naturism Sect deliberate misleading of Cynthia.

As he strengthened the pressure brought about by Psychic Piercing, Klein silently stared into Flight Ken's eyes until he could no longer take it and bowed his head again.

"What other uses does this necklace have?" Klein shook the cracked pendant.

His tone was calm, as though he knew every secret. His questions were only to obtain the final confirmation.

An indescribable pressure inundated Flight Ken, who was already on the brink of a mental collapse. He plopped to the ground and shouted nearly hysterically, "I-it can corrupt you!

"As long as Cynthia consumed the powder ground from it and sincerely chanted Mother Tree of Desire's honorific name, a-any man who has sex with her and successfully has a child would be corrupted!

"Th-that will make you become a believer of the Mother Tree of Desire! To become 'Her' Blessed!"

So that's how it is… Klein instantly understood the entire story, and he was no longer puzzled by the mutation that happened that very night.

The Naturism Sect's goal is to use Cynthia and the Proliferation Necklace, which looks like an ordinary object, to corrupt Admiral Amyrius, making this important military figure of the Loen Kingdom become the Mother Tree of Desire's devout believer. He can then help their sect develop and provide them protection.

The key to the success of this method is that it's sufficiently concealed and normal. It is in no way directly connected to terms like "potency," "strike," and "terrifying."

Therefore, after three rejections from me, Cynthia was unable to expel the corruptive forces in the Proliferation Necklace's powder from her body. She gradually reached her limit and finally connected with the Mother Tree of Desire and ended up with what seemed like a sudden mutation…

Therefore, the monster after the mutation wasn't able to pose any threat to the real Admiral Amyrius. Even my usage of the Ninth Law charm easily resolved the matter. This is because this wasn't the outcome the Naturism Sect wished to have. They wished to have Admiral Amyrius be secretly corrupted, and not have a conflict with a demigod… Klein silently looked at the Secretary Luan.

Luan had also gained a rough understanding of the entire situation. He immediately lowered his head and said in a deep voice, "Your Excellency, it was our oversight.

"We only monitored Miss Cynthia and the servants here without expanding the monitoring to their friends and family.

"I'm willing to accept any punishment for this, even if you send me to be court-martialed.

How would the real admiral reply? Klein once again immersed himself in the character of Amyrius, experiencing his recent pain, helplessness, grief, and anger.

He maintained his seating posture and sternly said, "We shall leave this for later."

The hidden meaning behind this sentence meant: "I'll decide based on your upcoming performance."

Luan was taken aback for a second, seemingly finding the admiral's mild punishment unbelievable.

Klein half-closed his eyes and said in a deep voice, "My father, the deceased Earl Rieveldt, once taught me this.

"He said to pardon the first mistake of a subordinate.

"Luan, you, as well as the other bodyguards, should be thankful for his benevolence."

Luan's gaze shimmered as he drew a silent breath. He was no longer as calm, as he rather earnestly said, "Your benevolence is admirable.

"I pledge my utmost loyalty to you, apart from my principles, god, and kingdom."

The pride in you is extremely exaggerated… Klein didn't believe him as he said seemingly calm, "There's a second half of the saying, that is 'punish them for their second mistake.'"

Luan nodded, unsurprised at that.

Klein cast his gaze back to Flight Ken who was slumped on the ground. He pressed without a change in expression, "Who instigated you to do this?"

From his point of view, Flight Ken's answer was likely that they had planned it. After coming into contact with Cynthia and learning of her requests and knowing who her lover was, the Naturism Sect boldly had the idea of corrupting the naval admiral, Amyrius.

Flight looked left and right somewhat neurotically as he apprehensively said, "I-it was the Mother Tree of Desire. 'She' instigated me to do it in my dream. I-in the beginning, I only wanted to lend Cynthia the Proliferation Necklace and for her to wear it. I never planned on her consumption of the powder."

Instigated by the Mother Tree of Desire? This is almost equivalent to a revelation… Klein nearly frowned.

Although Admiral Amyrius is an important figure of the Loen military and the highest-ranking commander of the Central Sonia Sea, making his standing and power rather tremendous, it shouldn't be important enough to have an evil goddess set "Her" sights on him… However, I'm not an evil god. I have no way of comprehending their thought process. Perhaps the corruption of Amyrius is for subsequent plans… Yes, I can't eliminate the possibility that Flight Ken is lying. I'll have to confirm it later… Klein thought before sternly asking, "When did you have this dream?"

Flight forced a smile filled with fear and said, "I-it was nighttime on 4th February, last Friday. I-I remember it very clearly. I had just released the spirituality of a lady."

*4th February… *Klein ruminated over the date, momentarily unable to find anything special about it.

After two seconds of silence, he turned to ask, "What relationship do you have with the Rose School of Thought?

"What relationship does the Mother Tree of Desire have with the Chained God?"

He wasn't worried that Admiral Amyrius might've already known of this, with Secretary Luan having a certain understanding of the matter. This could be easily understood as a confirmation question.

Flight Ken revealed a passionate look he could hardly keep in.

"W-we're a branch of the Rose School of Thought. My mentor is the Rose School of Thought's saint, Zatwen.

"The Chained God is another manifestation of the Mother Tree of Desire.

"The Mother Tree of Desire is the true and only deity that surpasses the seven gods and the True Creator!

"Your Excellency, you are a candidate to be 'Her' Blessed!"

Who can't brag… Can it be understood that the Mother Tree of Desire is an alt of the Chained God? According to the evil spirit in the underground ruins suspected to be Red Angel Medici, the Prisoner path of the divine and the Devil pathway can be swapped. Therefore, it's no surprise that the Rose School of Thought's Chained God can magnify the various desires of creatures. They have the temperance and indulgence factions internally… This matches the situation… Klein thought as he turned his head to Luan and said, "Go out for a while."

He planned on questioning Flight Ken on whether he had done anything evil, and if he was suitable to be Creeping Hunger's meal.

"Yes, Your Excellency." Luan didn't ask why as he briskly walked out the study and closed the door behind him.

After the echoing sound of the door closing subsided, the entire study suddenly turned quiet. It was as though it was isolated from the outside

world.

The Beyonder powers of a Baron of Corruption? The Distortion of "door closing" to seal the study? Very considerate… Klein pondered for a few seconds as he recalled the series of thoughts he had previously. Hence, he suddenly asked, "6th February. What did you do on Sunday evening?"

Flight Ken was taken aback as he said, "W-we followed the revelation given by Mother Tree of Desire, and using the Proliferation Necklace and a hair obtained from a particular tramp, we held a ritual to magnify the tramp's gluttony."

The tramp stand-in meant for Admiral Amyrius was indeed killed by you! It was to prevent the admiral from leaving and, hence, fall into a trap so that he can have sex with Cynthia and end up being corrupted? Klein instantly connected all the matters together.

And my appearance provided another possibility that coincidentally destroyed this plan… Coincidence… That's not right! When the words "coincidence" flashed in his mind, Klein suddenly recalled the peculiarity of 4th February—the day the Mother Tree of Desire gave Flight Ken a dream revelation.

It was the first day he arrived on Oravi Island!

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CHAPTER 631
THREE DAYS OF ABSENCE

Don't tell me that this matter was targeted at me? Klein was alarmed as he immediately became abnormally awake.

As a person who had several similar experiences, he had quite a persecution complex.

It really is possible… The Mother Tree of Desire used a dream to send Flight Ken a revelation just as I arrived at Oravi Island and began an entire series of plans. The first day I met Bilt Brando was the day the Naturism Sect held the ritual to make the tramp stand-in die from gluttony…

If they were targeting Admiral Amyrius, the plan needed to ensure that there was no lack of a stand-in, and that he couldn't find an additional helper or other means to conceal his departure. But clearly, this is something that cannot be confirmed. My involvement is proof…

If the target was me, then the previous problem is explained. Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial expression as he gloomily looked at Flight Ken.

With such a theory, more questions emerged in his mind.

But how were they certain that Bilt Brando would seek me out?

The news of Gehrman Sparrow being able to change into anyone was spread from Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. It's an element beyond the Mother Tree of Desire's control…

Of course, taking a different point of view, it's precisely due to the spreading of this news and my arrival in Oravi Island that made the Mother Tree of Desire send the revelation and put the plan into motion.

But why would "She" want to corrupt me? My grudge with the Rose School of Thought hasn't reached the point of garnering the attention of an evil god. All I did was kill a Sequence 5 Wraith, a Sequence 6 Zombie, and a Sequence 7 Werewolf, with Miss Sharron and Maric, snatching away the Scarlet Lunar Corona and Biological Poison Bottle… My hunt against Admiral of Blood was terminated before it even started. It was an idea that didn't translate into action. The only thing that happened was the killing of Steel Maveti…

The act of revenge that resulted from this matter shouldn't even exceed the attention of a saint!

Was it something special about me that resonated with some item formed by the aura of the Mother Tree of Desire on this island the moment I stepped onto it?

But I've never faced any abnormal reactions from the Holy Artifacts left behind by other deities in Backlund or Tingen City.

Furthermore, I did divine the matter above the gray fog and received the revelation that the death of the tramp was solely a coincidence. It wasn't arranged by a legendary creature or Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, but the outcome ended up different…

Th-this is the first time that divination above the gray fog has been disrupted in the true sense of the word? I didn't even notice that it had been disrupted?

Klein's thoughts came to a pause as he discovered the most serious problem.

Back when the matter involved 0-08, all he received was an ineffective revelation and not a disrupted outcome!

Therefore, it's a power that exceeds a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact? The Mother Tree of Desire personally disrupted the matter, and "She" is a true deity "Herself"? But it's very difficult for the seven gods to influence the real world. There has to be a corresponding ritual… Yes, I had also divined the risks of acting as Amyrius above the gray fog and received a revelation saying that it was an acceptable risk. The outcome does match the development of the situation, so it wasn't disrupted? The more Klein thought about the matter, the more perplexed he became.

What was most incomprehensible about it was that if the target of corruption was himself, why didn't he suffer any demanding trials, and he instead, solved the problem in a relatively simple manner?

This made the Mother Tree of Desire's arrangement appear like a joke! While pondering with this weight in mind, Klein nearly crushed Flight Ken. He asked again to verify his conjecture.

To his surprise, the Naturism Sect hadn't held any rituals to request the Mother Tree of Desire to disrupt any divination over the past week. They didn't make any special arrangements aimed towards the failure of the project.

Strange… Klein took out a gold coin and flicked it as a final confirmation.

Even without divination, he was almost certain that Flight Ken wasn't lying. Firstly, the man was already on the brink of a mental collapse, making him lack the ability to fabricate something reasonable. Secondly, Flight Ken's answers adhered to logic, completely confirming whatever Klein had deliberately kept to himself.

The gold coin landed in his open palm, the king's portrait facing up, indicating a positive response.

Combined with the divination statement, Klein finally confirmed that Flight Ken wasn't lying.

After temporarily suppressing his puzzlement, he cast his gaze towards Flight Ken once again. He asked without a smile, "What deeds have you done in the past that violate the kingdom's laws or the moral fabric of society?"

Flight Ken was taken aback for a few seconds as his mental state seemed to instantly turn for the better.

From his point of view, his ploy against Admiral Amyrius was the most serious crime, something that would most easily enrage this important figure. Everything else was trivial and nothing that needed a demigod to waste his time and energy on.

Therefore, after skipping the important matters and coming to an ordinary topic, it meant that he might enjoy a good outcome.

Flight Ken couldn't help but reveal a discreet smile as he hastened to recount.

"I once tortured a family for an entire night for their property and abandoned them in the woods after murdering them. Then, I used faked documents and successfully obtained a sizable amount of wealth.

"I deliberately enticed many believers to indulge in their desires and watched as their emptiness and regret after the deed slowly paved the way for them to become fertilizer for the Mother Tree of Desire.

"I once tricked many ladies to abide with their nature, an excuse for them to be redeemed by the spirits, allowing me to possess them.

"I tortured believers who attempted to renounce the religion, slicing off every part that protruded off their bodies…”

He recounted each and every sin of his, without any thoughts of concealing the truth.

Klein felt disbelief with what he heard. He never expected anyone to be evil to this extent.

As Flight Ken got increasingly excited from recounting his past deeds, he saw Admiral Amyrius stand up without an expression before circling around the desk and standing in front of him. The admiral then raised his left palm.

A terrifying mouth appeared in the middle of the left palm, revealing two rows of illusory, white, and eerie teeth that were icy-cold.

"No… No!"

A sharp and horrified scream resounded in the room for a long time until silence prevailed.

After a while, Klein bent down to pick up a blob of grayish-white light that resembled a shrunken brain.

This was the Beyonder characteristic of a Lunatic!

Unfortunately, Flight Ken had been searched before being brought here. He didn't leave behind any cash or items.

Klein snapped his fingers and ignited the rest of the clothes.

As he looked at his left shoulder which was beginning its recovery process, he sat behind the desk and remained silent amidst the dancing scarlet flames.

Once the traces were no longer noticeable, he pulled at a corresponding rope, making the bell outside ring.

Luan released the restriction and entered, instinctively observing every corner.

"Instruct the guards and the base personnel to cooperate with the Oravi police to do a cleanup of the Naturism Sect. It's best if clues can be found and a number of Rose School of Thought members are caught," Klein solemnly gave the order.

"Yes, Your Excellency," Luan answered respectfully.

He didn't ask where Flight Ken was, as though the leader of the Naturism Sect never existed.

…

Klein didn't pay too much attention to the raid on Oravi Island. Using the excuse that he was slightly injured, he declined the remaining schedules for the next two days.

This meant that he didn't need to worry about needing to exude the might of a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Arbiter pathway after expending the Ninth Law charm.

Nearing noon, Luan entered after knocking the door and reported, "Your Excellency, Mr. Aston has yet to leave on the liner. The new governor-general, Ben Conrad, has sent an invitation to participate in the banquet he's hosting tonight."

Ben Conrad… The person who replaced Aston as governor-general… According to what I know, Viscount Conrad's family is a loyal subject of the royal family. Talim likely got to know Prince Edessak while being the equestrian teacher of Viscount Conrad's youngest son… Klein nodded gently as he immersed himself in Amyrius Rieveldt's complex emotions.

He remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "Inform Governor-general Conrad that it's inconvenient for me to attend the banquet, because of the injuries suffered from the Naturism Sect's assault.

"Apologize to him on my behalf."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Luan didn't persuade him otherwise and calmly left the room.

A demigod definitely had the right to be "willful!"

As long as he didn't engage in some secret ploy or commit any serious mistake, there was no way he would be blamed regardless of what he did. This was because any faction would be willing to rope in a demigod!

As he watched Luan's back vanish from the door, Klein shook his head indiscernibly and sat back behind the desk.

A quiet day quickly passed. When it was almost midnight, Klein, who was sleeping in the guest room, suddenly woke up and sat up.

His spiritual perception told him that someone had entered the house!

Klein focused his gaze at the window and saw a middle-aged man in a tailcoat. He had black hair and blue eyes, with the corners of his mouth slightly sagging. He was none other than Admiral Amyrius!

Phew! He's finally back… Klein slowly stood up and cautiously asked, "What item did you give me before?"

He was afraid that the Admiral Amyrius before him was also a Faceless in disguise.

Admiral Amyrius stood there and answered with a stern expression, "The Ninth Law charm."

Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to speak again, he took two steps forward and calmly asked, "Did anything happen in the past few days?"

"…”

Klein controlled his facial muscles and said, "Your secretary committed a mistake and was injured."

"Oh? What else?" Admiral Amyrius nodded with deep reservation.

Klein tried hard not to move his gaze away as he looked straight at him and said, "Your younger brother has been relieved of his post as governor-general. The new governor-general has already taken over.

"Your Miss Cynthia mutated into a monster and was purified by me.

"A number of your bodyguards and attendants were infected to a certain extent and are currently receiving treatment"

"…”

Amyrius's expression turned into shock bit by bit in an uncontrollable manner.

His eyes moved slightly, as though he suspected whether he had returned to the wrong place.

It had only been three days!

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CHAPTER 632
FINISHING UP

After a frozen moment of silence, Amyrius quickly brought his expressions under control. He said in a domineering and deep tone, "Tell me the specifics."

Klein didn't hide much of the truth. He began with Aston Rieveldt's question, before mentioning the warning from the mysterious person in the dream, and how he was told not to make a choice that resisted the trend of the times. Following that, he talked about the sudden telegram, and finally he spoke of Cynthia's mutation. He went into detail about the situation, the arrogance of the secretary, how he dealt with it, and the general investigations that followed.

The only information he kept to himself was that the 4th February was the first day he arrived on Oravi Island, as well as his subsequent guesses.

Of course, he was also very vague with matters regarding combat. He believed that Admiral Amyrius was understanding enough. After all, what a Beyonder was good at or what unique abilities he had were one of their greatest secrets. If they were exposed or understood by others, it gave others a chance of setting up a targeted ambush, making it possible for them to die under the hands of an enemy of a lower Sequence.

Below that of High-Sequence Beyonders, many Beyonders could be very powerful or very weak!

After Amyrius listened to the recount in silence, his expression didn't seem to change in the dark room. However, the fact that he hadn't interrupted Klein's recount implied something.

After a few seconds of silence, he asked in a deep voice, "The mysterious person who infiltrated your dream emphasized the fate of an era, as well as the trend of the times?"

"Yes." Klein had already changed back into Gehrman Sparrow's appearance. He didn't deliberately go into detail that the mysterious person had never mentioned Aston Rieveldt's exact plan.

Amyrius fell silent again.

"You maintained my appearance in your dream?"

"Yes, this is my secret," Klein answered succinctly.

Amyrius nodded indiscernibly as he paced around in a tiny area before looking back at Gehrman Sparrow.

"There were no problems with your choices."

Upon hearing this, Klein seemed to receive the ultimate and most effective feedback. A large portion of the potion in him was digested as a result.

Amidst the deep, reverberating tone, Amyrius turned his body to the side and said without any hint of emotion, "I originally had no plans to have a contract with the stand-in, and instead I wanted to inform Cynthia that I had the symptoms of losing control, making it impossible for me to have any physical relationship with her for five days. However, I later changed my mind due to certain reasons."

If not for the temporary contract's forceful restriction, even if I'm able to withstand the temptations during usual times, I might not have been able to resist the magnified desires last night…

Of course, if Cynthia knew of the five-day restriction ahead of time, she wouldn't be in such a rush to consume the powder ground from the Proliferation Necklace. It would've prevented her from sensing the Mother

Tree of Desire and end up mutating… But as such, the ball is in the Naturism Sect's court. They could've made up an excuse to get Cynthia to consume it…

This matter was really targeted at me… What does the Mother Tree of Desire actually want? Also, what was the reason that caused Admiral Amyrius to make such an important change… Klein seemed to grasp the crux of the matter as he looked at Amyrius's side profile.

"What's the reason?"

Amyrius said with a deadpan expression, "There's no need for you to know."

"…”

For the first time in his life, Klein hated such a response.

After some thought, he took out the cracked pendant and threw it at Amyrius.

"This is the Proliferation Necklace that originated from the Mother Tree of Desire."

Amyrius raised his hand to catch it before looking down.

"You may leave.

"Go to Bilt to receive your reward."

Aren't you worried that I know of something I'm not supposed to know? That's right. Aston's ploy has been exposed and is known by his political enemies. As for Amyrius, he was clearly not involved; therefore, it doesn't matter if I understand anything… Klein imagined that there would be a long-term confidential contract, but to his surprise, he could leave just like that.

Noticing that Amyrius didn't raise another matter, he pointed at him and said, "Clothes."

Only then did Admiral Amyrius look up, silently taking off the formal attire comprised of a shirt and tailcoat.

Klein had originally wished to ask for additional payment due to the excessive dangers that went beyond the scope of the original agreement. But after secretly confirming that Cynthia's outcome was because of him, he abandoned the idea while feeling guilty. He quickly took off the comfortable sleeping robe, switched into a tailcoat, and under Amyrius's guidance, leaped out of the window, and secretly left the gardened villa while the bodyguards' eyes were "confounded."

Amyrius donned a sleeping robe and clenched the Proliferation Necklace before walking to the window. He stood there silently as he faced the crimson moon and few stars in the dark night.

He stood there without an expression, not even changing his posture for a long period of time.

Pa!

He slightly relaxed his clenched fist as the miniaturized rhinoceros horn fell to the ground in the form of shattered pieces, bit by bit, fragment by fragment.

…

The next day at noon, Klein, who had slept soundly the entire night, left the inn and took a carriage to Sweet Lemon Bar. He went to the second floor to meet Bilt Brando.

"It's over?" Bilt asked with relief and surprise.

Klein nodded and said, "Admiral Amyrius has returned.

"Where's the rest of the payment?"

Bilt revealed an unconcealable smile. After he dismissed his guards, he personally went to a safe and took out the remaining 500 pounds and a blue cufflink.

"This is the mystical item created from the murloc bladder you provided," Bilt introduced. "It can provide illusory scales hidden beneath the skin, so you will be as difficult to catch as a fish. It will also help withstand a certain level of damage for you. With it, you can dive to at least fifteen meters without any protective gear. You can freely move about in the water for ten minutes. It doesn't have any serious negative effects. It will just make you tired easily when in a hot or arid place."

That means this cufflink shouldn't be used with the Sun Brooch… Klein extended his hand to collect the money and item.

"Aren't you afraid that there will be problems?" Bilt cracked a joke.

"Your business is here," Klein answered calmly.

His meaning was clear. If there were any problems, he wasn't afraid that the person-in-charge would go missing.

Bilt's smile froze as he said, "It hasn't been named. You can give it one."

"Murloc Cufflink." Klein couldn't be bothered to waste his brain cells.

“…Nice name. It leaves quite an impression," Bilt said with a forced smile.

He paused for a moment before saying, "That Artisan said that he can fix the summoning ritual of a spirit world creature onto materials with spirituality. It will be able to last a maximum of one and a half years, but you will need to provide detailed information.

"Heh heh, according to our agreement, I'll be responsible for it, so there's nothing to be worried about."

"Alright. Make it a harmonica." Klein took out a pen and paper from his pocket and scribbled the ritual to summon his messenger.

"Messenger? This is rather rare. It's very hard for Beyonders not from the Death pathway to find a suitable one." Bilt received the piece of paper and casually scanned it. "Eh, if the messenger is accidentally summoned during the production process, a gold coin has to be given to her… What happens if it's not given? Heh heh. Spirit world creatures always have something odd about them. I've seen some who love music, as well as ones who loiter around shit."

What happens if you don't give one? Perhaps Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr might bring the heads of you and the Artisan to me. She's a creature with a castle in the spirit world. She might even be stronger than me. Well, under situations when I'm not using the Sea God Scepter… Klein lampooned as he said in a deep voice, "The third promised item can be left to the future."

"Alright." Bilt didn't have any objections. Following that, he asked out of curiosity, "Mr. Gehrman, how did you fool Secretary Luan, Governor-general Aston, and Miss Cynthia—people who Admiral Amyrius specifically mentioned?"

"…"

Klein did his best to prevent his facial muscles from twitching.

"Follow the information and think about it carefully."

He didn't provide an exact description before he stood up and bowed with his hat.

"It's time I bid farewell."

"It was a pleasure working with you," Bilt answered with a smile.

After watching Gehrman Sparrow's figure vanish behind the door, he shook his head and chuckled, muttering, "This powerful and crazy adventurer is actually a natural actor?"

After lunch, his subordinate sent him the day's papers.

As Bilt sucked on a cigar, he flipped through it when his expression suddenly froze.

Last night, the new governor-general, Ben Conrad, held a banquet… New governor-general? Aston Rieveldt has been relieved of his position as governor general? Bilt picked up the other sets of newspapers and found the same piece of information.

With his connections in Oravi, he should've long heard of news regarding a replacement of the governor-general. However, the replacement was extremely sudden. Most people only learned of the situation when the new governor-general officially made his appearance.

After a while, a partner who was secretly serving Admiral Amyrius entered the room.

"Your Excellency wants you to investigate the people around you for Naturism Sect believers and sink them all into the sea," the partner passed on Amyrius's instructions.

"Alright." Bilt asked curiously, "What exactly happened? The Naturism Sect suffered a terrible blow since yesterday."

"His Excellency suffered an assassination attempt from the Naturism Sect yesterday. Miss Cynthia perished as a result. Secretary Luan was injured, and the admiral lost many of his bodyguards," the partner described simply.

"Ah?" Bilt was momentarily stunned.

A-aren't these the people Admiral Amyrius mentioned to be careful of when acting in front of them?

I even specially emphasized it to Gehrman Sparrow…

Now, Miss Cynthia is dead, Secretary Luan is injured, and Aston Rieveldt has been relieved of his position as governor-general… The corners of Bilt's mouth twitched while he wore a blank expression.

…

East Chester County, Stoen City.

Audrey silently listened to a noble lady's words, echoing her from time to time as she provided an ear to listen to.

Towards the end, the noble lady praised her sincerely, "Audrey, you really are an angel. I feel a lot more comfortable after chatting with you."

At this moment, Audrey saw the female priest from the Church of Evernight enter. Hence, she exchanged pleasantries before walking over with a smile.

This priest appeared ordinary, as she only provided low-level preachings, but in fact, she was a secret member of the Psychology Alchemists.

"Audrey, the potion formula is already in my hands. However, you need to contribute enough to obtain it," the female priest whispered while no one was paying attention.

Audrey's eyes darted around slightly as she said, "That wouldn't be an issue.

"However, Ma'am Smine, can you tell me its name?"

The female priest looked around before saying with a suppressed voice, "Hypnotist."

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CHAPTER 633
TWO TYPES OF PARASITIZING

After leaving the Sweet Lemon Bar, Klein directly returned to his inn.

Just as he was packing his luggage, the gigantic skeleton messenger appeared suddenly.

It originally wanted to pat Klein on the shoulder, but it failed due to its nearly four-meter-tall body with its head penetrating through the ceiling. All it could do was throw the letter ahead before collapsing into nothingness.

Mr. Azik has finally replied. It has almost been a week… Has the messenger been changed? It looks like the original one and would make the corresponding warning… Klein caught the letter and unfolded it.

"I'm very sorry that I'm only replying to you today.

"Perhaps it's because the memories I've recovered has exceeded the limits of my body. I had to spend several days in a deep sleep to adapt to it.

"The matters you described does coincide with the traits of a Marauder pathway. Their corresponding Sequence 4 is Parasite. In higher Sequences, they possess the Beyonder powers of parasitized bodies.

"According to what I know, there are two types of parasitizing.

"The first type is a preliminary state. The Parasite would 'borrow' the Host's body to hide himself, so as to extend his lifespan and recover from his injuries. He can see and hear whatever the Hosts sees and hears, but he is

unable to interfere with the Host's thoughts or steal his thoughts. Therefore, for a Host to converse with a Parasite, he will have to be the first to speak.

"The other is full control. The Parasite is nearly fused with the Host's Spirit Body, knowing and understanding his thoughts, as well as take over control of the body.

"Faced against the first type of Parasite, one can inform the Host via dreams or a subconscious conversation without worrying about being discovered by the Parasite. This is because the Parasite has to use the Host's senses to sense his surroundings.

"For the second state, there is no way to converse with the Host without the Parasite's knowledge. However, there is a chance of eradicating the Parasite, which is to rely on the Host's faith. It's very difficult for me to accurately describe such matters, and all I can say is that when one opens his heart while praying, the target of the prayer would be able to discover the existence of the Parasite, and through a particular ritual, provide feedback to complete the separation or eradication.

"Of course, the prerequisite is that the Host himself doesn't know of this; otherwise, the Parasite would definitely be alerted and begin carrying out preventive measures…"

Isn't the latter situation somewhat similar to Little Sun's? He prayed to me without much thought, and I discovered the existence of Amon's avatar. Then, with a concealed goal, I taught him the secret deed ritual and used it to cleanse the Parasite… Klein instantly had a deeper understanding of the previous situation he was in.

However, I'm currently unable to determine which state my dear poet is in. Back in Tingen, he would occasionally talk to himself. This might be a result of the first type of parasitic states, but the problem lies in the fact that it has been months. It's possible that the Parasite has completed his complete control of Leonard.

I have to first confirm the matter before knowing what I should do. Otherwise, rashly entering his dream will only lead to preemptively warning the Parasite, making the problem more serious and harder to resolve…

If it's the second parasitic state, my dear poet believes the Goddess, but "She" has millions of believers. It's unlikely that she would pay important notice to a Red Glove who's neither a Blessed or Saint…

She's unlike me, The Fool. I read every prayer and often provide a one-to-one service.

This is what it's like during a "startup phase"…

As Klein thought over it, he suddenly sighed and felt wistful.

He originally planned on entrusting a task to Emlyn to secretly monitor Leonard Mitchell to see if he often whispered to himself. However, after considering how Emlyn had already appeared before Leonard and the Parasite because of Tinder, there was a high chance that he was a target they were wary of or a target of investigation. Therefore, he rationally abandoned such a thought.

Miss Magician is only a Sequence 8 and a Trickmaster. She doesn't have the ability to monitor a Parasite at the angel level or a Red Glove…

Miss Justice's identity is the best form of concealment. Besides, she's also a believer of the Goddess. But the problem lies in the fact that she's back in her fief. She will only return to Backlund in June…

Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit are at sea. As for Little Sun, there's no way for him to connect with the outside world…

There's still not enough Tarot Club members. The factions they've expanded into are still lacking. I can't find any suitable person to help me complete this task.

Among the people I know, Miss Sharron should be the best choice to perform such matters when it comes to concealment, but I have no way of contacting her, even if I do it through Miss Magician or Emlyn… Sigh, I had fled Backlund in a hurry, so I failed to consider many of the consequences…

Klein raised his hand to knead his temples as he thought about how Leonard was an elite Red Glove in the Nighthawks. There were high-ranking deacons and the Church watching over him, so it was unlikely the Parasite would dare to do anything for now. Hence, he decided to put the matter aside and wait for a more suitable helper.

Perhaps I can wait until I digest the potion and head east of the Sonia Sea to find mermaids. After I complete my advancement, I can return to Backlund and do it myself… The experienced Klein didn't hesitate further as he rapidly made up his mind.

…

Inside Sweet Lemon Bar.

After the uneasy Bilt handled two Naturism Sect believers among his close aides, he finally received some good news.

"Are you telling me that Admiral Amyrius will be returning to Bayam today?" He stood up with a cigar in hand.

Sothoth nodded gently and said, "His fleet left the harbor half an hour ago. It's steering towards the Rorsted Archipelago."

Phew… Bilt didn't conceal his sigh of relief, having confirmed that the admiral wasn't putting any blame on him.

Just the thought of how Gehrman Sparrow had managed to "make" the admiral suffer the loss of so many of his bodyguards, the younger brother's loss of his position as governor-general, the injury of his secretary, and the

death of his mistress, he couldn't help but wonder about his own management capabilities.

Although the responsibility of these matters wasn't necessary Gehrman Sparrow's fault, to have them all happen at once had made one believe that it was the crazy adventurer's fault. At the very least, he was unlucky enough. And as his employer and endorser, Bilt believed that there was no way he could escape responsibility. He definitely needed to incur punishment from Admiral Amyrius.

"His Excellency is indeed a demigod. He didn't let his rage blind his reason. Praise the Lord. May the Storm be with us," Bilt said as he struck his right fist on his left breast.

At this moment, the subordinates he sent rushed back.

"Boss! Gehrman Sparrow has disappeared!" the subordinate reported in a hurried tone.

Bilt frowned slightly.

"Disappeared?"

"Yes! After he checked out of his room, he held his suitcase and circled the area several times before disappearing!" the subordinate explained truthfully.

It's really difficult to monitor an adventurer who can shapeshift into anyone… Bilt sighed and said, "Leave it.

"There's no need to seek him out again."

…

After being targeted by the Mother Tree of Desire, Klein cautiously changed his appearance and identity, as well as his place of residence to

prevent anyone from targeting him.

From the feedback received from acting as Admiral Amyrius, he decided to quickly digest the potion by putting it into practice.

While riding a carriage to the Oravi Hospice Foundation, Klein once again stepped in.

The person in charge of the registration was still Ma'am Joanna. She looked up and asked, "You want to do volunteer work?"

"Yes." Klein nodded seriously.

Joanna took out a form and asked like clockwork, "Name."

Klein smiled and replied, "Sinbad Volentier"

…

The weather in East Chester County during April was comfortable. The vegetation was lush and the scenery was beautiful. It was the perfect season for hunting.

Audrey was dressed in a waist-fitting black riding suit with a helmet. She was on a burgundy mare, that belonged to her, while in pursuit of a brightly-colored wild chicken.

She shot a whistling arrow and accurately struck the prey.

As a Psychiatrist, her physical attributes had clearly been enhanced. Together with her education in archery from a young age, whether it was in shooting firearms or in archery, she was considered rather skilled.

A golden figure pounced forward and rapidly bit onto the prey which had lost its life. It was none other than Susie.

"It's a pleasure working with you." The corners of Audrey's lips curled up as she struck her palm with Susie's paw with a smile.

At this moment, the aristocrats surrounding her came over, either praising her for her hunting prowess or her training of her hunting hound.

Audrey felt a little ashamed regarding the latter half.

She had never trained Susie before!

The aristocrats quickly dispersed as they continued chasing their prey. As for the low-level priest of the Evernight Goddess, she came over and said to Audrey with a suppressed voice, "You can receive the Hypnotist formula after completing the final mission."

Finally… Audrey's eyes lit up as she silently nodded.

To be frank, if she were still the green and squeamish noble lady of the past, she would've long lost the patience to accumulate the required contributions and would've ended up requesting the purchase of the Hypnotist potion formula at the Tarot Club.

But she knew very well that building up contributions would aid her infiltration into the Psychology Alchemists. She would be more trusted and build up a good foundation for her to receive the High-Sequence potion formulas in the future. Therefore, she patiently performed matters that were either uninteresting or interesting.

Of course, Audrey didn't waste the past two months. She had been eavesdropping on the conversations of the aristocrats and maidservants, before guiding them to pour out their frustrations and aid them in defeating their negative emotions. This allowed her to act as a Psychiatrist very perfectly.

During this process, she realized that she would unknowingly eavesdrop, observe, and steer the people around her, to understand their flaws and

habitual thought processes. She believed that she could disadvantage or mentally break any one of them without leaving a mark. She could also get them to help her by their own will without them even realizing it.

It has to be said that it's actually quite terrifying, just like monsters in the legends, who can grasp your minds… As she recalled, Audrey couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Smine was somewhat unaccustomed to horse-riding as she carefully circled the area and said, "Stoen University's Associate Professor Michele is a collector. We wish for you to purchase a notebook from the Twenty Year War."

The Twenty Year War referred to a war between the Loen Kingdom and Feysac Empire in the Fifth Epoch's Year 621–642. The former was defeated and lost the ancient elves' island, which was present-day Sonia Island.

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CHAPTER 634
CITY OF WHITE

Stoen University… Professor Michele… Notebook from the Twenty Year War era… Audrey extracted the key terms in the words and glanced at Susie, who was running happily in front of the mare. She went straight to the point by asking, "Ma'am Smine, what kind of notebook is it?"

"I'm not sure. All I know is that it belongs to the period of the Twenty Year War. It's part of Associate Professor Michele's collection. It has an important characteristic—the patterns on the cover faintly forms a dragon." Smine didn't hide it from Audrey as she told her all the information she knew.

Audrey, who silently listened to her descriptions, restrained her burgundy mare as she considered how she could complete the mission.

Visit Associate Professor Michele and view his collections before raising a request to buy one of the items isn't too difficult.

Although it's embarrassing to admit this, it's quite unlikely he would reject me regardless of the way it's said. Yes, Audrey, you shouldn't be overly reliant on these…

The biggest problem is being out-of-the-blue. I didn't know Associate Professor Michele before this, making it very difficult to explain why I'm suddenly visiting him. Besides, I don't know what the notebook means to him. Announcing my desire to purchase it might result in him being alert and wary.

…Jen's elder brother is studying at Stoen University. At the last gathering, he depicted his penchant for describing and discussing matters. If I were to invite him and his sister to the next afternoon tea and steer the topic towards history, archeology, or collections, then he will likely mention Associate Professor Michele. Yes, at a university, there's definitely not many people who can be called collectors.

With such a precursor, I can send someone to pay a visit to Associate Professor Michele and make the request to view his collection. At the first meeting, I'll try my best not to show my desire for it. I'll observe the owner's actions and guide him to reveal his true self. This will be helpful for me to use suitable matters for suitable requests at a suitable time.

After confirming her line of thought, Audrey nodded at Smine and smiled.

"I'll work hard to complete the mission, but I can't guarantee success."

Just as she said that, she tightened the girth before shooting forward like an arrow, heading straight for a reddish-brown fox that was darting around in a hunting encirclement.

…

Above the tumultuous sea, the Blue Avenger was like a leaf tumbling amidst heavy squalls. From time to time, it would be thrown up before crashing back into the waves, but it maintained a stunning sense of balance without any signs of capsizing.

Inside the captain's cabin, Alger Wilson was floating around the window as he looked at the waves outside which were as high as mountains. There were forceful winds blowing around him in silence.

Some time later, he landed his feet onto the carpet.

Wind-blessed is indeed a Sequence that can be easily "acted" based on its name. The only problem is that it occasionally makes me irascible,

completely matching the characteristics of a gale… Alger sighed inwardly without any delight.

Over the past two months or so, he had failed to obtain the Ocean Songster formula through his own resource channels and the Tarot Club's trades. After all, it was that of a Sequence 5, the Sequence closest to a demigod. The corresponding formula was already something where demand far outstripped supply. Even with boatloads of money and the willingness to pay a premium, it was very difficult to buy one.

Normally speaking, joining the corresponding Church or organization was the most effective method of obtaining the corresponding formula, but as a Church of Storms bishop, Alger was unable to rely on this method. Due to particular secrets, he needed to hide his strength in order to win the freedom he needed to take action and be under light monitoring. Only after he had sufficient confidence would he head for a place and complete the goal he had been waiting for all this time.

To his joy, he didn't waste the past two months. At the very least, the speed at which he digested the Wind-blessed potion was pretty decent.

The Wind-blessed is simple. Ocean Songster is said to be quite difficult… Must I frequently sing? Alger couldn't help but turn his head and look towards the deck.

Although he was separated from them by several rooms, he could still hear the drunken sailors singing with gusto, creating a din that could rival the storm's roars.

Alger unknowingly frowned.

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. Synthes Circus.

"Ma'am, didn't you say that you're performing magic? Why are you dressed like that?" a youth asked the woman dressed in a pitch-black pointed hat and dress of the same color in puzzlement.

I don't know why I'm wearing this as well. Perhaps it's because of my first appearance here. My brain was freezing from the weather and my style was subsequently fixed… Fors rubbed her face which had red and yellow paint as she replied with a smile, "In ancient times, magic is often mistaken as witchcraft."

But this has nothing to do with why I'm wearing this… She picked up the middle of three porcelain cups which were placed in front of her. She then placed a white ball beneath it.

Then, she quickly switched the positions of the cups before smiling at the youth who had questioned her.

"Guess where the tiny ball is?"

"Isn't this one of the gambling methods invented by Emperor Roselle?" the youth said with piqued interest. "But you aren't a croupier, but a trickmaster at a circus. Therefore, I believe that the ball has already been switched away. All the cups are empty!"

Fors smiled and said, "Congratulations, you got it wrong."

She suddenly picked up the cup in the middle as a white blur flew out.

It was a dove!

As for the tiny ball from before, it was where the dove had left!

"Wow!"

"Godly!"

"Wonderful magic!"

"Brilliant!"

After a series of amazed exclamations, Fors clearly looked pleased with herself as she looked at the distant cathedral bell, put away her props, and returned to the tent where the circus master resided.

"Are you really resigning? I can double your salary!" the circus master came over as he tried to persuade her otherwise.

Unfortunately, I had already summarized the Trickmaster principles by the middle of March and had already completely digested the potion last week. If it wasn't because the contract ended today, I wouldn't even be here today…

*Although being a Trickmaster feels very nice, this doesn't stop me from my goal of advancing to Astrologer. Teacher said that he would be giving me the formula, ingredients, and a gift this week… What kind of gift will it be? *

Sigh, the ravings from the full moon are getting more terrifying. If not for Mr. Fool, I definitely would've lost control and become a monster… Fors extended her right hand and covered her mouth, languidly yawning. Then, she said with a smile, "Well, I'm actually a best-selling author. My next book is related to circuses, so I came here to be hired."

"A best-selling author?" The circus master's eyes lit up as he said worriedly and expectantly, "Will you write bad things about us?"

"Are there any? I had a great time for the past two months." Fors took off her pointed black hat.

The circus master revealed a sincere smile and said, "Wall, Ma'am Wall, can you mention our circus's name in your book? I-I'll pay you advertisement

fees. Of course, it won't be much. As you know, I'm responsible for the livelihoods of many people."

That can be done? This circus master is quite smart… For the first time, Fors realized that a novel could "advertise" just like in newspapers or magazines. Furthermore, the format was more obscure and natural.

…

Amidst waves, a liner with rows of cannons traveled along a safe sea route without daring to deviate far from it.

Any deviation from the sea route east of Oravi Island usually meant disappearing. Even pirates didn't dare to stray too far from the safe zones.

This sea was filled with unexplored regions, filled with all sorts of sensational legends!

After two months of volunteer work and finding four chances to engage in true acting, Klein bade farewell to carrying patients, scrubbing toilet bowls, cleaning vomit, and other miscellaneous chores. He boarded a ship headed for the Gargas Archipelago.

At the Tarot Gathering in early March, he had hired The Hermit Cattleya in a private conversation. He would meet her at the capital of Gargas Archipelago, the City of White, Nas. He would then board her ship and head for the dangerous ocean, which was close to an illusion, on the far east of the Sonia Sea. There, he would search for unaffiliated mermaids who lived there.

The Hermit Cattleya seemed to be very interested in meeting members of the Tarot Club in the real world. With just a few seconds of thought, she agreed to The World's request. However, due to the high level of danger, she had given a high asking price.

3,000 pounds!

Klein's first reaction was to give up and take Mr. Hanged Man's ghost ship, but considering how there would be many sailors from the Church of Storms following him, making his freedom limited, and the fact that the level of danger in the easternmost area of the Sonia Sea was high, he finally accepted Ma'am Hermit's condition. As for her, she would wait around the Gargas Archipelago for a month at the beginning of April. Any delay would imply the end of the cooperation.

To not waste the thousand-pound deposit, Klein didn't wait to complete his digestion before heading for Gargas Archipelago from Oravi Island.

Of course, with the summaries and chances at true acting from before, he was already very close to completely digesting the Faceless potion. Even if he didn't use true acting, just acting in his capacity as Gehrman Sparrow was enough to complete the digestion in two to three weeks.

Due to this reason, as well as The World's identity being tied with Gehrman Sparrow, Klein transformed back into the lunatic and powerful adventurer once he left the hospital. However, he did disguise himself to a certain degree.

As he watched the perturbed sea surface, Klein finally saw a port city that had houses mainly made of white rock.

The most eastern front of the Feysac Empire, the capital of the Gargas Archipelago, Nas!

I'm finally overseas… Klein looked at a fishing boat carrying whale meat cruising into the harbor. Its ruggedness wasn't concealed.

Meanwhile, he discovered several ships hanging pirate flags docked at the harbor without any signs of concealment.

Indeed, Oravi Island's eastern front is a playground for pirates… Klein wore his hat and carried his luggage and left the cabin after the liner came to a stable halt. He went down the gangway into the harbor.

After a few steps, he saw a crew of pirates seemingly entering conflict with a local gang. Both sides drew their weapons as they clashed.

Klein calmly walked past, showing no signs of stopping them.

At that moment, he saw a local pull out a few cans from his pocket and opened the lid before throwing it into the middle of the road.

What's the meaning of this? Klein nearly laughed out before recalling an infamous item at sea.

Canned wolf-fish!

Canned wolf-fish was popular on the east coast of Feysac and the Gargas Archipelago!

Just as the thought surfaced, an indescribable stench seemed to inundate Klein's olfactory senses.

His facial muscles twitched as he tried hard to resist his body's discomfort as he quickly left the region.

A small number of pirates who were struck by the stench vomited immediately, while the remaining ones frantically fled while dragging their companions as though they had lost all their combat strength.

A minute later, in a secluded corner, the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, crouched down and silently belched.

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CHAPTER 635
MEETING

The smell of canned wolf-fish is really pungent… Not only is it smelly, but it's also disgusting… It's practically a biological weapon! Klein crouched in the corner and took nearly a minute to recover.

Before that very instant, he had underestimated canned wolf-fish. He had failed to take the necessary actions to deal with the situation. He could've used Paper Figurine Substitutes or create an invisible air tube to pretend that he was using Underwater Breathing, but he had done none of that.

Now, he finally got a deep understanding of how wise it was to ban opening canned wolf-fish in public!

Phew… Klein exhaled as he slowly stood up. Carrying his suitcase, he slowly walked towards the harbor.

His first impression of the city named Nas was one of many white houses, with stone being a common material for the buildings. The second impression was that it wasn't too far north, but the temperature was rather cold. Even though it was already April, it was still only a few degrees Celsius. The third impression was that there were many whaling houses. Gigantic beluga whales were being dismembered for their skin, flesh, fat, bones, and "gray amber."

The latter two could be used to make pannier for banquet dresses or top-grade scented materials. Whether it was for incense or perfume, they were considered luxurious goods that only the wealthy and nobles could enjoy.

As for the skin, flesh, and fat of beluga whales, they also had their own uses. They were used separately to make clothes, food, or oil-related products. In Nas and the Gargas Archipelago, the culinary methods for preparing beluga whale had transformed into a unique culture. There were all sorts of techniques and famous restaurants.

Klein passed by the various whaling houses, seeing separated fat being carried out on cargo carriages towards nearby factories that spewed black smoke. They were oil refineries which were very unique to Gargas. Beluga whale fat could be refined into whale oil which could be bottled and made into outstanding incendiary material and the lifeblood of particular industries.

Very unique… Klein exhaled some mist as he stopped and watched for a while.

Out of the harbor and into the city district, a cacophony of Feysac inundated his ears.

Having mastered ancient Feysac—the source of the Northern Continent's language—Klein was long familiar with the language of the Northern Continent barbarians. He turned his head upon hearing the din and saw the tall populace with slightly blonde hair raising horizontal banners as they protested on the streets.

The horizontal banner right at the front clearly wrote the reasons for their protest.

"Oppose the poaching of beluga whales! We need sustainable development!"

Pfft… Klein nearly lost his cool as he believed that the concept of "sustainable development" was highly likely to be "invented" by Emperor Roselle.

As he swept his gaze, he looked at the banners behind it and understood the goals of the protest.

"Whaling for survival, not entertainment!"

"Humans aren't more important than beluga whales!"

"Greedy devils should leave Nas!"

At this moment, a policeman dressed in a gray uniform held a shield, riot fork, and baton to stop the protesters from advancing.

After a brief argument, the scene quickly turned violent.

Many protesting youths threw opened canned wolf-fish, as well as Molotov cocktails. The police didn't show restraint as they forged forward, raising their shields and striking with their batons.

Klein pinched his nose as he watched the fire burning on the street. He realized that many passersby were completely unfazed. Apart from a small bunch of spectators, the rest continued proceeding to their destinations.

It appears that such things happen often in Nas… Do protests develop into riots? As expected of the Feysac Empire… Klein mumbled to himself, circled the street, and casually found an inn to stay.

He continued registering as Gehrman Sparrow, unworried that the news released by Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy would cause the Church of the Evernight Goddess to view him as a Faceless. This was because he had no plans on traveling through the whale fishing routes to find mermaids who were believers of the Goddess. He planned on heading to the dangerous region farthest east from the Sonia Sea.

As for the safety in the Gargas Archipelago, there was nothing he needed to worry about. This was a colony of the Feysac Empire. The only legal

Church was the Church of the God of Combat. They were enemies with the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

Klein was originally worried that he would encounter many Faceless here, meeting seven or eight Faceless simply from going next door to enjoy some whale cuisine. However, after serious consideration, he rationally eliminated this possibility.

First, Beyonders from the Seer pathway were rare to begin with. Klein had only met three Beyonders who were beyond Sequence 8, and second, Sequence 6 Beyonders weren't commonly seen. Even in a playground for pirates, those who had 5,000-pound bounties were considered rare creatures. Third, once a Faceless had many preparations, they would seek out mermaids on a whaling boat. They would either begin having faith in the Goddess, sink to the bottom of the ocean, or become research personnel. Otherwise, the extremely smart ones would seize the opportunity and successfully advance before leaving safely. It was very rare for them to stay on Gargas Archipelago for long.

In all of Nas, excluding myself, there wouldn't be more than two Faceless… Klein straightened his clothes as he wasn't in a rush to contact Admiral of Stars Cattleya. He came onto the streets in a good mood and began searching for delicacies according to what he heard on his travels.

Raw beluga whale slices, fried whale steak, whale oil with skin, roasted whale meat… Like a standard traveler, Klein restaurant hopped thrice and sampled different food.

Not bad. It's pretty unique and it's not very fishy. Instead, it's very appetizing and alluring… Burp… Klein covered his mouth as he came onto the streets. He discovered that the street lamps were sparse, but the lights from the houses lining the streets were bright. To a certain extent, they reduced the darkness of the night.

Ice-cold winds passed through the ocean, causing Klein to raise his hand to prop up his collar. The blue cufflinks had their lusters restrained as they

were deeply embedded at his wrists.

Compared to rings, items like cufflinks were more suited to Gehrman Sparrow's persona. Therefore, Klein didn't blame the Artisan for making changes without his permission.

As for the harmonica that had fixed the summoning ritual of a spirit world creature, it matched Klein's inward intentions completely. It could be used for a year and a half. It was silver in color, exquisite and beautiful.

When he received the harmonica, Klein had imagined such a scene—a crazy and powerful adventurer playing a sad tune on the harmonica in a silent night under the dark moonlight by the side of a boat.

Unfortunately, the harmonica couldn't produce any sound, and it could only be used to summon Reinette Tinekerr.

Shaking his head indiscernibly, Klein steadily walked down the empty and cold Nas streets before returning to his inn.

Using sleep to bring himself back to an optimal state, he went to Gray Amber Street the next morning and entered a sundry store named Hot Whale Dance.

Upon seeing the grizzled boss who was a head taller than him, Klein tapped the counter and said in Feysac, "Whale oil."

The boss had wrinkles plastered across his face, but he only wore a coat made of beluga whale skin. The light-colored patterns had a strange beauty.

"How much?" The boss was drinking large mouthfuls of liquor, ignoring the messy placement of the goods.

"One and a quarter buckets," Klein replied according to the predetermined secret password.

The boss's drinking actions instantly slowed down as he placed the cup of brownish-green alcohol onto the bar counter.

"Do you want to try some? It's many times purer than Nepos. It's considered the mistress of all Feysac men."

This was a distilled liquor that's a specialty of Feysac. It's brewed with potatoes or grain. The alcohol purity was high, as stimulating and famous as Blaze. Compared to Sonia blood wine, its price was rather low, and it was well-liked by ordinary Feysacians.

"There's no need." Klein shook his head.

The boss chuckled.

"What kind of man are you if you don't drink Nepos?

"Are there only women in Loen?"

He mumbled before drinking another mouthful.

"Who introduced you here?"

"Ma'am Gehrmuses," Klein said a name in the style of the local customs.

The boss exhaled, causing a strong scent of distilled liquor to linger in the air.

He staggered as he got up, like a polar bear performing at a circus.

After giving the store employee instructions, he brought Klein to a tiny room on the second story of the warehouse at the back.

"Let me search for it. Let's see…" the boss mumbled as he crouched.

Klein controlled the twitching of his facial muscles as he recalled a widely-spread joke in the Loen Kingdom.

"When is a Feysac man not drunk? When he's in his mother's womb."

After waiting for a moment, Klein saw the boss find a pure crystal ball from his rummaging.

Then, the tipsy "polar bear" had his back facing Klein as he rubbed his hands on it, softly chanting the tongue-twisting ancient Hermes.

The room gradually turned dark as all the corners without light sank like they were producing a strange attractive force.

The crystal ball quickly lit up, producing the figure of a woman wearing a black, classic robe.

She had an oval face and had very fair skin. Her eyes were deep black with a slight purple hue which was filled with mystery.

I'm seeing another Tarot Club member's actual appearance again… Klein stepped forward and received the crystal ball.

On the opposite end of the crystal ball, The Hermit Cattleya could also clearly see The World. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin and angular face.

Her gaze paused for a moment before she hesitantly said, "Gehrman Sparrow?"

She discovered that the true strength and standards of the Tarot Club members were far stronger than she had expected. The World was actually the crazy hunter, Gehrman Sparrow, who was considered at the level of a pirate admiral!

My various assumptions of The World were problematic… Controlled, staid, experienced, and ruthless… Admiral of Stars didn't feel overly surprised.

"Yes, Ma'am Cattleya." Klein gestured for the boss to leave the room.

After it became extremely quiet, Admiral of Stars Cattleya asked once again, "I'm very curious. How did you recognize my identity? I've been very careful when participating in the gatherings."

Of course, she had jumped in fright when The World, who had chosen to speak privately with her, immediately greeted her with "Admiral of Stars."

And it was partly because of this that she chose to take on The World's commission.

"A secret." Klein smiled politely.

As he didn't wish for her to make connections to Mr. Fool, he calmly added, "Your eyes are very special."

"Can I understand that as a form of praise?" Cattleya smiled, feeling somewhat enlightened.

She believed that The World had previously only relied on her eyes and other details to suspect that she was Admiral of Stars, but she wasn't certain. Hence, he had probed her with language, and her reaction told him the correct answer.

Klein didn't respond as he switched to asking, "When can we set off?"

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CHAPTER 636
SLAUGHTERER

Admiral of Stars Cattleya thought before answering, "Tonight at 8. Dock 6."

Not bad. There's no delay at all.… Klein nodded slightly.

"Okay."

Just as he said that, the light inside the crystal ball suddenly converged as the figure dressed in a black, classic robe darkened and blurred before quickly vanishing.

Holding the crystal ball which had turned very ordinary, Klein turned around, pulled open the door, and walked out.

Glancing at the boss who was guzzling alcohol while leaning against a wall, he threw the crystal ball at him.

The boss fumbled to catch it as Klein unhurriedly walked down the stairs and left the warehouse.

Once he was out of Hot Whale Dance, he took out his golden pocket watch and snapped it open to check the time.

It's almost noon. Most bars will be open.… Klein stopped a rental carriage and used Feysac to tell the driver to head to the Lærdal Bar. It meant Dawn Bar in the local language. It was a place where adventurers would gather in the Gargas Archipelago.

To Klein, the gathering of different intel and news was meaningful. This might aid him in making the best judgment at critical points in time, allowing him to escape the misfortune of losing his life. Therefore, even if he didn't like bars, he often went there. He would get a cup of thick malt beer and silently sit in the corner of the bar counter and listen to any matters of interest which people mentioned at sea.

In addition, he wanted to know about Roy King, who had been imprisoned in Bayam's governor-general's office. Over the past two months, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin hadn't sent him any dreams. Similarly, Fate Councilor Ricciardo didn't summon his messenger to provide him any clues to a powerful mystical item.

About twenty minutes later, the carriage came to a halt. A huge vertical signboard with the words Lærdal Bar appeared before Klein's eyes.

He habitually took out two soli in notes and handed them to the carriage driver.

It was only when he saw the worn face of the carriage driver did he suddenly realize something.

He was overseas and this was a colony of Feysac. It had its own currency!

The smallest denomination was the kopek, followed by the feysilver, and then the gold hoorn. They maintained the very intuitive base-ten denomination, making conversions very simple.

*I forgot to visit the bank to exchange for kopek and feysilver… I used it all at the inn and restaurant… *Klein was just about to look around to see if there were any banks around when the carriage driver happily received the two one-soli notes. After repeatedly checking it, he beamed with his wrinkled face.

"Thank you, thank you for your generosity!"

Klein got off the carriage. While walking towards the Lærdal Bar, he was recalling the carriage driver's delighted look. *Gold pounds, soli, and pence can be used here as well? Yes, Gargas Archipelago isn't that far from Toscarter and Oravi. Many items would be sold here, and many Loen adventurers like to visit the Sea of Beluga Whales. To have Loen Kingdom's currency being used in private is rather common… Heh heh. Loen's industry and economic strength is greater than the Feysac Empire. It can even be said to be much stronger. The gold pound is worth a lot more than the gold hoorn… Wait! *

Suddenly, he recalled something. One gold pound could be used to exchange for 5.5 gold hoorn.

This also meant that two soli was equal to 5.5 feysilver.

And in the City of White, a rental carriage cost four feysilver an hour. There wasn't any prorated discounts.

It was no wonder the carriage driver was so happy! Klein turned back and realized that the carriage had long disappeared.

Sigh… Gently exhaling, Klein pressed down on his hat and pushed open the heavy wooden door before entering the Lærdal Bar.

In this world, bars near the dock and factory districts often sold lunch and dinner. Therefore, they opened around eleven in the morning. At that moment, there were quite a number of adventurers, who had nothing better to do, gathered in front of the bar counter. They ordered liquor and smoked fish or vegetable soup with oil floating on the surface. They had a great time eating all of that with bread.

Drinking Lanti Proof and Nepos at noon? Are they planning to be drunk the entire day? The customs of Feysac are really unacceptable… Klein mumbled as he walked to the bar counter with a deadpan expression. He sat in a corner and rapped the wooden counter.

"Two toasted bread with red sausage, a set of smoked whale meat, a bowl of thick vegetable soup, and a cup of Golas beer."

Golas beer was rather popular along the eastern seaboard of Feysac. It was rather rare in Sonia Island and the Gargas Archipelago.

"New here?" The bartender glanced at Klein. "A total of 4 feysilver and 6 kopek."

I'm new because I don't drink liquor? Klein ignored the bartender's question and threw 2 soli in notes.

It was equivalent to 5 feysilver and 5 kopek.

Considering how he was Gehrman Sparrow, Klein held back the urge to get the bartender to give him change as he treated it as a tip.

Of course, in a Backlund bar, that amount of food would've cost him about two soli.

Having received a tip, the bartender didn't ask further. He skillfully poured a cup of Golas beer and pushed it towards Klein.

The beer was rather black in color with plenty of foam. It had a pleasant charred taste, and there was slight stimulation in the mellow taste. It made Klein feel as though the alcohol content was rather high as he suspected if some other liquor had been poured in.

While waiting for his food, he sipped his beer and silently listened to the conversations of the surrounding adventurers.

And the group's conversation was mainly centered around how someone had made a windfall, who was killed by pirates, who finished off a pirate captain without claiming the bounty and instead inherited the deceased pirate captain's subordinates, which woman in Nas had an illegitimate child, or who became a laughing stock for failing to perform at a brothel.

When the Gargas specialty, thick soup brewed using sweet vegetables, onions, cabbage, carrots, fish, and butter, was served before Klein, he finally heard something interesting.

An adventurer suppressed his voice as he said to his surroundings partners, "Have you heard of this? There's a Fourth Epoch ruin east of Gargas."

"No! Who discovered it?" his surprised partner curiously asked.

The adventurer looked to his left and right as he said without much thought, "Gareth discovered it. As you know, he's a Seafarer who's good at diving.

"As he was drunk, he was thrown off the deck and sank to the bottom of the sea. Who knew that he ended up discovering remnants of steel buildings. They were definitely steel buildings made from human hands!"

"And then?" his partner pressed.

The adventurer chuckled.

"Gareth followed the ruins and discovered an abandoned sea well of unknown depths. It was already filled with seawater, but it still left him with extreme horror. Holy Lord of Storms, this might even lead to the core of the land.

"He said that there was something summoning him inside, but he didn't dare explore it. So he floated up in fear."

A deep sea well… Strange attraction… This might not be a Fourth Epoch ruin. Perhaps it's from the Third Epoch or Second Epoch. Little Sun had mentioned that during the Dark Epoch, sea monsters were subject to Elf King Soniathrym and helped "Him" rule the bottom of the sea… Sweet, salty, and a little tartish… Klein drank a mouthful of thick vegetable soup as he forked a piece of smoked beluga whale meat.

The adventurers didn't talk about Gareth's encounter, as there wasn't any sight of heart-stirring gold or jewelry, mystical items, or Beyonder ingredients at the moment.

The conversation quickly steered to a few adventurers who they weren't friendly with. They mocked about how they had married beautiful natives who all turned into stout and fat women a couple of years later. Their strength could even match those of Low-Sequence Beyonders.

Finally, they concluded that it might have to do with how people from Feysac had tiny bits of giant blood running in their veins.

They didn't say anything of value until Klein finished his lunch and drink his beer, but the number of people inside Lærdal Bar kept increasing.

Suddenly, the heavy door was pushed open as it slammed into the wall.

A top hat-donning young man who was clearly of Loen blood rushed in. He shouted nervously, "Is there anyone from the Adventurer Association?"

Yes, Bilt still owes me the creation of one item… Klein watched as the young men looked around frantically while constantly turning his head back. It appeared as though someone was pursuing him.

Before he could consider whether to render assistance, three adventurers stood up from different corners. One of them was more than two meters tall. He had wide shoulders and firm muscles. His hair was slightly blond, and his eyes were a deep blue; he was rather eye-catching.

The strength he appears to have matches with his substance… This isn't a Beyonder of quite a significant Sequence… Klein retracted his gaze as he became a spectator once again as he looked out the door.

Soon, a man in a linen shirt and brown jacket appeared. He was of medium build, and his lips were purple. His brown eyes could hardly conceal the intense baneful look he tried to hide.

He… Klein instantly connected the man to a portrait on a bounty!

It was the second mate of the King of Immortality Agalito, Slaughter Kircheis, with a bounty of 9,500 pounds!

This is a notorious pirate… Klein's nerves tensed up as his gaze locked onto the man. He naturally hung his left hand down as his body prepared to lunge forward.

Kircheis swept his gaze at the two-meter-tall "giant" and saw Klein before retracting his gaze. He turned to leave the Lærdal Bar without stopping at all.

Very decisive, very alert… Klein frowned slightly, confident that he hadn't revealed any killing intent. He had even controlled his gaze very well.

Was he worried about that "giant," or is his intuition very sharp to a particular extent? Just like the premonition towards danger like Devils? Klein wondered as he drank the remaining Golas beer without participating in the private conversations of the Adventurer Association members. He left the bar and came onto the streets.

Now, he didn't wish to give himself new troubles aside from finding mermaids.

After circling the area, Klein discovered that Slaughterer Kircheis had long departed, his whereabouts were unknown. Hence, he silently returned to his inn.

…

City of Silver. Inside the spire.

Derrick Berg once again met the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad.

He clearly remembered that nearly seventy "days" ago, Colin had told him that in two months he should prepare to be sent out on an exploration mission.

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CHAPTER 637
THE FUTURE

"Are you done with your preparations?" Colin had his back to the window as he asked without any abnormality in his tone.

With the Axe of Hurricane attached to him, Derrick lowered his head slightly.

"I'm done."

In the past two months, through the patrol missions and arduous practice, he had fully mastered the various Beyonder powers of Solar High Priest. He was already not too far from digesting the potion.

What he wished for the most was to obtain the Sun pathway's Sequence 6 potion formula in the next two to three Tarot Gatherings, so as to ensure his continual advancement.

The release of Shepherd Lovia made him feel highly threatened. He believed that only by reaching the same Sequence 5 would he have a chance of effectively putting her in check and avert the potential danger of the City of Silver. However, with the knowledge of the acting method and without the lack of Beyonder ingredients, all he needed to do was survive the various patrols and exploration missions and make enough contributions to make Sequence 6 a reachable target. However, Sequence 5 required a specific ritual which made it relatively difficult.

The grizzled Colin nodded.

"In another two days, I'll be leading a small team to the vicinity of the Giant King's Court. We will do a second sweep of Afternoon Town which we previously found, and your powers are very suitable for such matters."

Afternoon Town… Having been "brushing up" on his knowledge of legends over the past few months, Derrick was no stranger to this name. It was an area that needed to be passed when going to the Giant King's Court from the Kingdom of Silver. It was a town where humans and giants lived together. It clustered around the ancient god's residence which was forever fixed at sunset, just like the last door that separated the real world to a mythological legend.

"Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick couldn't find a reason to reject.

…

City of White, Nas. In a particular inn.

Klein sat behind a desk as he looked at the constantly changing clouds outside the window, silently awaiting the arrival of evening.

At eight, he would board the Star Pirates's flagship, Future, on Dock 6 to head to the furthest eastern front of the Sonia Sea. No matter what happened in the Gargas Archipelago or this region of the sea known as a pirate's playground, they would have nothing to do with him.

Therefore, he didn't attempt to hunt the small number of pirates with bounties on their heads that he met while walking in the big and small alleys or bars and casinos. He didn't want to mess up his plans of finding mermaids.

My spiritual intuition tells me that Slaughter Kircheis from noon seems to have targeted me… I wouldn't mind if he wishes to send himself to his death. Well, battle strategy can be despised, but battle technique needs to be treated seriously. Without using the Sea God Scepter or Tinder, I'm at best a little stronger than him. I'm at an advantage by being well-rounded and

strange enough… Klein half-closed his eyes as he imagined the gathering of countless spherical lights, and he used it to enter Cogitation rapidly so as to maintain the acuteness of his spirituality.

After an unknown period of time, his spiritual perception was triggered as he opened his eyes immediately.

At that moment, the sun had already set in the west. The fiery-red colors seemed to burn the sea as long shadows were drawn out through the curtains.

The shadows seemed to come alive as they danced about before distorting and standing up to project themselves on the wall.

Its pitch-black darkness was like the manifestation of the immense evil at the bottom of a human's heart.

Klein watched this scene with a deadpan expression. He raised his left palm high as he slowly extended his fingers.

The pitch-black shadow produced a voice that sounded hoarse, as though it held sandcloth in it. While looking at Klein, it said, "Gehrman Sparrow!

"Do not interfere in the matter that happened this afternoon.

"This is the will of the King of Immortality."

With that said, the shadow slid down like flowing water and scattered into the darkness, having its original state restored.

Klein didn't pay attention to the shadow's changes. Instead, he cast his gaze outside.

He could sense that the person controlling the shadow was somewhere across the street. Hence, he didn't plan on acting upon an incorporeal entity.

Indeed, Slaughterer Kircheis recognized me as the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, who loves to hunt pirates. That's why he didn't hesitate to turn around at noon. He might not be afraid of me, but there was another rather powerful adventurer present as well…

The power he revealed just now is somewhat similar to the Desire Apostle in Backlund. He's more and more likely to be a Beyonder from the Devil pathway…

Heh, using the King of Immortality to scare me. Do you think I'll submit just like that? I never intended to involve myself in it! By doing so, I'm actually a little curious… Forget it. Finding the mermaids is of utmost importance as of now. I shouldn't create incidents for myself… Klein retracted his gaze as he lampooned.

He was originally wondering if he should report the matter to the Church of the God of Combat in Nas, but after serious consideration, he discovered that it was likely to be meaningless.

The Church of the God of Combat is the only legal religion in the Feysac Empire. The number of High-Sequence Beyonders they have is definitely a little higher than the Church of the Evernight Goddess, but just by a little. Even if the demigods of the Feysac royal family and military are added, with the extensive land and numerous colonies it has, making the number of critical areas that require protection crucial, they would definitely be lacking in manpower. The Gargas Archipelago, which is far away from the empire and in a relatively ordinary location, with the only industry being whale fishing, there's no doubt that it's only an afterthought and doesn't have any saints protecting it.

According to what Klein had previously learned, the archbishop of the Gargas diocese for the Church of the God of Combat was only a Sequence 5 Guardian. Together with the tribunal's inquisitor, a baron from the royal family, and a commodore from the military, they form the highest level of Beyonder combat forces here.

Of course, the existence of Sealed Artifacts had guaranteed the control of the area. Klein suspected that the Church of the God of Combat in Nas had at least one Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. Only by doing so could they combine it with their fleets and Beyonders to ensure that the whale oil and gray amber trade industry wouldn't be under the control of pirates and not end up as one of the vassals of one of the Four Kings. Under any sudden assaults, they were able to use it to last until reinforcements arrived.

And it was precisely because of this that the officials in the Gargas Archipelago ultimately maintained a defensive state. As long as the pirates didn't cause problems, they were allowed to freely enter and leave.

Reporting things wouldn't be of any use… No wonder it's called a pirate's playground. It's no wonder Bilt wants to organize an Adventurer Association… Klein sighed as he gave up his previous thoughts.

After dinner and resting for a while, Klein took out his gold pocket watch and opened it to check the time.

Seeing that it was already seven, he held a ritual and summoned himself before responding to himself. He then brought different items into the gray fog while adjusting his inventory.

As he was adventuring out at sea on the Future, the Murloc Cufflink and various Sea God domain charms were necessary. Therefore, Klein left Tinder and the Sun Brooch above the gray fog. With Creeping Hunger as his main force, he matched it with the Biological Poison Bottle and a revolver which was loaded with different Beyonder bullets. He still had 7 purifying bullets, 13 demon-hunting bullets, and 2 exorcism bullets.

Wearing his coat, Klein placed down Azik's whistle, as well as his wallet containing only fifty pounds into his inner pocket. Then, he stored the silver adventurer harmonica and charms together.

After doing all of this, he touched the revolver beneath his armpit, polished the blue cufflink at his left wrist, and buttoned his double-breasted frock

coat. He wore his half top hat, picked up his black suitcase which contained only his change of clothes and some daily necessities, and left the inn for the harbor via a carriage.

After waiting for a while at Dock 6, he saw a gigantic sailboat slowly appear from the distance.

According to his limited knowledge of boats, Klein knew that a sailboat of such length wasn't scientific. However, this didn't deter it from cruising calmly on the black sea surface as it headed for the lighthouse which emitted its light.

As the sailboat approached, the flag gradually became clear. The crimson but weak moonlight allowed the people at the harbor to see ten white stars of the same size as they circled a cold eyelashless eye on the flag.

"Admiral of Stars!"

"The Future!"

The pirates and sailors who were watching over their ships exclaimed as every dock in the harbor was filled with stirred emotions.

After more than ten seconds, the defensive cannons on the two ends of the mountain "nervously" adjusted themselves and aimed at the gigantic sailboat which didn't conceal itself.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The distant cathedral produced light and ethereal chimes, signaling that it was 8 o'clock sharp.

As the tenseness around the dock became more evident, the Future came to a halt.

At some point in time, a woman dressed in a black classical robe appeared at the bow. Her clothes were filled with different symbols and magic labels, making her look like a powerful warlock of ancient legends.

Under the crimson moonlight, the ground beneath her suddenly lit up. Resplendent starlight scattered down, forming a long, transparent bridge.

The long bridge constantly extended forward before landing on Dock 6.

*An impressive show… As expected of one of the seven pirate admirals. Furthermore, she's a full Admiral, a rank higher than Iceberg and Ailment… *Klein sighed as he wished to extend his palm to cover his face.

He didn't wish to let others know that the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, was cooperating with Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

At this point, I can only maintain my persona. Once I'm done digesting the potion and by the time I'm back in the Northern Continent, there wouldn't be Gehrman Sparrow anymore… Klein walked out of the shadows as he pressed the half top hat on his head. He smoothly walked onto the starry bridge.

His footsteps were firm as Klein walked with his back straight while being targeted by numerous defensive cannons. Under the gazes with ambiguous meanings, he unhurriedly walked to the docked Future.

The bridge under his feet was transparent as the dark-blue seawater which was almost black ebbed beneath him. It would make anyone with acrophobia turn limp.

Thankfully, I've long become a Clown. I've even jumped off a clock tower… Klein covered the last ten meters with a cold expression before stepping onto the deck of the Future.

Faced with the black-eyed Admiral of Stars Cattleya, who had purple tint to her eyes, he didn't show any nervousness. He took off his hat and bowed.

"Good evening, Ma'am."

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CHAPTER 638
POISON EXPERT

While Klein bowed, the purple tint in black-haired Cattleya's eyes converged as they seemed to turn into an abyss that could suck up souls. What already exuded an air of mystery had turned even more obvious.

She saw that the Astral Projection deep inside Gehrman Sparrow's Ether Body was pure darkness. In minute areas, there were dark flows with unending changes.

She saw that Gehrman Sparrow's left hand was bright and lustrous, but it was stained with a sanguine color that couldn't be dispersed.

She saw a blue luster by Gehrman Sparrow's wrist and a silver flow on his left pocket. The colors were bright and obvious as though they were connected to the illusory, stacked spirit world. There was the sound of the tide and the illusory sounds of wind surrounding the items.

She saw an intermix of green and black lusters by Gehrman Sparrow's right pocket, as well as two points of golden, silver, and bronze under his armpit. At his chest, there was a deep grayish-white like rotting death.

Four mystical items and Beyonder artifacts or spirituality charms in units of ten… Cattleya's eyes were a little dazzled as she couldn't help but close them for a moment.

She nodded as well.

"Good evening, Mr. Sparrow."

Even as a powerhouse who was famous across the seas, a senior member of the seven pirate admirals, she seldom saw people who armed themselves to the teeth with Beyonder items.

Of course, she had also seen people with more mystical items, Beyonder artifacts, and spirituality charms, but they had secret organizations backing them. They typically had several ships and more than a thousand pirates under them. Many things needed to be turned in, split and shared, as well as sold in order to maintain and strengthen one's faction. Few things could be left in their possession as a result.

However, "few" was relative. They could compare with what Gehrman Sparrow presently had, but Cattleya had reduced her items to only two after several trades. They were two items that were sufficiently powerful and mystical enough to match her identity as a pirate admiral.

Apart from the lusters representing different items, Cattleya's black eyes, which were slightly purple, could also tell that Gehrman wasn't real enough. He seemed to be hidden behind thick curtains.

Th-this is the reason why he gives me the feeling like he's not a living person at the Tarot Club? He has quite a number of secrets. It involves at least a Sequence 3 saint or an even higher-level angel… Cattleya didn't dare take another look as the glow in her eyes were no longer as profound.

Meanwhile, she mocked herself, believing that some of her guesses about The World and Gehrman Sparrow were somewhat funny.

Involves a Sequence 3 saint or an even higher-leveled angel.* Heh heh, there's nothing wrong with that, since he's like me, a member of the Tarot Club. We're definitely involved with Mr. Fool, who's likely a reawakened ancient god.*

After exchanging greetings, Cattleya didn't engage in further small talk. She led Klein towards the cabin.

At this moment, the Future, which had been docked, set sail again. A long contour was drawn on the surface of the sea as it cruised east of the whale fishing route. With that, the tense atmosphere at the Nas Harbor dispersed.

Gazes from various sailors were cast over. Klein didn't show any signs of pressure as he surveyed the area and said with a tone as though he was back in his own home, "There are fewer people than I expected."

Cattleya turned her head and glanced at him before answering simply, "East of the whaling route is very dangerous. Only Ludwell heads there frequently as though he's searching for something.

"Apart from the Future, the pirate crew's other ships wouldn't join us. Similarly, a large number of sailors have been placed on the other ships. Only the minimum number needed to guarantee the successful voyage of the ship has been maintained."

A very wise choice… Ludwell. That Admiral Hell Ludwell? Mr. Hanged Man mentioned him a long time ago. He said that he was beginning to study Sonia Sea's eastern end of the navigation… Klein nodded a little without a word.

This was Gehrman Sparrow's bearing.

He silently observed his surroundings and realized that the deck, the cabin, and spars were covered with mysterious and abstract symbols. As a whole, it looked like a gigantic ritualistic magic ceremony.

It's like the Golden Dream. It's a sailboat of mystery, but it's not at the level of a ghost ship… Compared to Admiral of Stars and Vice Admiral Iceberg, Tracy, who has only become a pirate admiral for the past few months, clearly is considerably more inferior. The Black Death has nothing special about it… Klein retracted his gaze and followed Cattleya to the cabin's entrance.

Waiting here was a man in dungarees and a white shirt. He was in his thirties and looked strong and fit. He had thick body hair. As for his forearm, which was exposed outside, it seemed like he was downing a brown sweater.

He wore a circular hair with a depression in the middle as he revealed a smile and stretched out his right hand.

"The first mate of the Future, Frank Lee.

"Good evening, Mr. Sparrow."

Poison Expert Frank Lee who has a bounty of 7,000 pounds… Klein instantly recognized the man.

Considering how Gehrman Sparrow didn't have the habit of shaking hands, he bent his back slightly and said, "Good evening."

Frank Lee retracted his right hand and glanced at Cattleya. He said while maintaining his smile, "You seem to know me? That's right. The picture I took before is on my arrest warrant.

"Don't mind the Poison Expert title. I'm a very friendly person, as long as I'm not facing those darn bastards! My greatest hobby is to study soil and figure out cross-breeding techniques. Believe me, this is the future of humanity."

"But the people from the Church of Mother Earth don't believe him." Cattleya gave Klein an introduction in the most subtle manner.

He's originally someone from the Church of Mother Earth? Cross-breeding techniques are good. As long as the quantity rises, it will be able to provide for more humans, raising the poverty line… Klein looked at Frank Lee, and he calmly said courteously and truthfully, "This is something commendable."

“…You are indeed an adventurer who doesn't share the viewpoint of the common man! Excellent! Excellent! There are just too few people like you!" Frank Lee's blue eyes revealed a clear look of pleasant surprise. "I've only tried cross-breeding a bull, a cow, and wheat together, allowing calves to be born like wheat. For that, I was almost sent to court by the Church of Mother Earth. My benevolent mother, they don't understand your true will at all!"

Cross-breeding a bull, a cow, and wheat… You devil… Only then did Klein realize that his understanding of cross-breeding techniques was different from what Frank Lee was talking about.

He maintained a stoic expression without providing any further explanation. Under the lead of Frank Lee, who was reeling in a sudden bout of enthusiasm, Klein walked through the corridor beside Cattleya.

After stepping on the steps and arriving at a higher level, Klein's spiritual perception stirred as he cast his gaze to a shadow beside him.

A figure grew out of the distorted darkness—a thin and tall but pale figure.

His cheeks were nearly transparent, and his nose bridge was disharmonious and tall. His entire being gave off a sickly feeling.

"This is the second mate of the Future, Heath Doyle," Frank Lee introduced with a smile.

Bloodless Heath whose bounty is higher than yours at 7,600 pounds? Klein quickly matched the face to the correct bounty notice.

Heath nodded as a greeting before receding back into the shadows.

"He's a Rose Bishop." When turning around to head for the captain's cabin, Frank Lee warmly mentioned Heath Doyle's situation.

You are telling me your second mate's Sequence directly? Klein nearly pricked his brows.

He secretly glanced at Cattleya and discovered her masked exasperation.

"Are you puzzled and worried that he's a devout believer of the True Creator, a lunatic who has been tainted? No, haha. He's a lucky fellow. Due to an incident, the ordinary him was scattered with the potion concocted from a Rose Bishop's Beyonder ingredients. The potion seeped into him, bit by bit, and he survived the ordeal. Finally, he became quite a special Beyonder. As he didn't experience the Listener stage, he wasn't tainted, nor did he become a lunatic. As long as he doesn't proactively use the Beyonder power, Listen, he remains an ordinary person," Frank Lee said in a flaunting tone.

What an enviable fellow. He reached Sequence 6 in one go. Furthermore, he didn't turn mentally unstable like the sea serpent, Kalvetua… Klein sighed silently as he watched Admiral of Stars open the door to the captain's cabin.

Cattleya pointed inside.

"Your room is diagonally across from here. Frank will send you over. If there's anything, you can come to me directly.

"You can have your meals at the dining hall at any time. You can also get Frank to send someone to bring food to your room. What you choose is dependent on your preference."

Admiral of Stars does things in a very clear and direct manner. Yes, she's a mature and wise lady… Klein praised inwardly as he replied without a change in expression, "Okay."

He took this opportunity to glance at the layout of the captain's cabin, discovering that it contained a bookshelf, a full-body mirror, a table, and a carpet.

*She actually reads. Isn't she unable to digest all the information the Hidden Sage imbues in her… *Klein thought in amusement.

At this moment, having seen their conversation come to an end, Frank Lee passionately promoted, "Mr. Sparrow, would you like a serving of roasted potatoes tonight?

"When you chew it, it's like beef and its taste is like beef, but it's certainly potatoes."

Will I get sick eating that.… Klein answered coldly, "I don't eat supper."

"Alright then." Frank Lee drooped his shoulders and was just about to lead Klein to his room.

Cattleya suddenly thought of something and said, "Mr. Sparrow, you've likely hunted quite a number of enemies and have received several spoils of war.

"I'm curious about the number of Beyonder characteristics you have left. Perhaps, they can be used to reduce the remaining price of the trip."

Klein considered for a moment and answered frankly, "Most of them have been sold.

"There's Interrogator, Pugilist, and Lunatic left."

He didn't mention the All-Black Eye or the Beyonder characteristic of Nightmare.

*He really is the most famous adventurer during the past few months… Even after selling most of them, he still has three sets of Beyonder characteristics… *Cattleya sighed inwardly as she pondered.

"I want Pugilist."

She had a Warrior subordinate from the Gargas Archipelago who had long made enough contributions to apply for an advancement.

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CHAPTER 639
NAME LIST

There was no reason for Klein to decline Cattleya's request. He thought for two seconds and said, "700 pounds.

"Very fair." Cattleya didn't haggle.

Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristics typically cost 600 to 700 pounds, but there was often a premium if someone was in desperate need for it. After all, such items seldom appeared at Beyonder gatherings.

Klein didn't immediately complete the transaction. He raised his suitcase and said without a change in expression, "I'll give it to you tomorrow."

He didn't bring the Pugilist Beyonder characteristic with him, as most items of value had been thrown above the gray fog.

Cattleya wasn't surprised by Gehrman Sparrow's response. She nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

She had encountered many similar cases. It usually meant that the Pugilist Beyonder characteristic was stored with items which wasn't meant to be known by others. Therefore, it was impossible for Gehrman Sparrow to open his suitcase in front of her to complete the transaction on the spot.

A crazy adventurer definitely had his secrets!

Cattleya paused for a second before adding, "There won't be any surveillance placed in your room."

Whatever she could see had already been seen by her.

"It's fine." Klein curled the corners of his lips and coldly smiled.

His previous considerations was to place down items like Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane before holding a ritual or going above the gray fog. It was to resist any spying in the sense of mysticism. Then, he could use the washroom as a way to avoid physical surveillance.

Of course, he wasn't too worried that Admiral of Stars would go overboard. He didn't believe that she was afraid of the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, but that Cattleya had no reason to do so. She definitely had milder and more concealed means of observing.

For example, getting the help of a Beyonder from the Spectator pathway… Klein took off his hat, bowed, and followed Poison Expert Frank Lee to return to his own room.

Seeing him walk off at an adequate speed, Cattleya turned into the captain's cabin, picked up a heavy pair of glasses and wore it.

…

Backlund, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

In the eyes of an ordinary person, Bishop Utravsky, whose height was that of a half-giant, put down the bible in his hand. He prayed once around the hall and smiled.

"The number of believers is increasing."

"Is that so?" Emlyn White, who was in a brown priest robe, was wiping the candle racks as he said without even looking up.

He knew that the number of believers of Mother Earth had indeed increased significantly. It would've been a miracle in the past to have a handful of

people be in attendance for praying on weekdays or in the daytime. Now, there was often close to ten.

Father Utravsky looked down at the busy vampire priest and chuckled.

"Anyone can tell if they aren't blind.

"You have contributed greatly to this. If not for your concocting of the medicine and treating the plague, and your willingness and sincerity in teaching people about medicine, our faith wouldn't have been that easily accepted by the residents of this borough.

Emlyn held a cloth and straightened his back. He tipped his chin slightly.

"I was only acting."

What, what do you mean by "our faith?" Don't lump me with you! Emlyn's expression twisted before he said with a smile,

"Speaking of the blind, it reminds me of a joke. It's said that the demand for blind people in Backlund far exceeds supply. This is because they are widely believed to be most suitable to be jurors."

Father Utravsky ignored the joke and benevolently said, "Regardless of the goal, you have contributed greatly to the spread of the faith of Mother Earth.

"Besides, this also proves that you have a kind heart."

*Pui! I said so back then, but why didn't you believe me? *Emlyn looked up at the priest's massive body before retracting his gaze in silence.

After busying himself at the cathedral, he changed into his normal clothes and wore a silk top hat that sheltered him from the sun. He then walked onto Rose Street.

He stealthily sized up his surroundings and didn't notice any signs of monitoring.

The Red Glove named Leonard from before really hasn't appeared again… I thought my act of exposing his secrets and buying Tinder would result in me being constantly investigated in secret… Emlyn White shook his head indiscernibly as he felt puzzled.

In the earliest stages, he had planned on taking in The Hanged Man's theory to incur the investigations of the Red Gloves so as to disrupt the monitoring from the upper echelons of the Sanguine. He could then achieve a perfect equilibrium by using the Church of Mother Earth's Blessed, Utravsky.

But things didn't develop as he had expected. Leonard Mitchell had apparently left Backlund very quickly.

At the end of February, Emlyn had made a detour to 7 Pinster Street while he was out once, only to discover that it was uninhabited.

Without thinking about this matter any further, he walked to the end of the street, got onto a rental carriage and headed straight for the Odora villa.

He was left to a study on the first floor by an attendant where he saw many Sanguine who had recently come of age. Among them was a Sanguine who had already become a Baron.

I'm not the only one? he thought before closing the door. He then said to the owner, Cosmi Odora, "My lord, Was I not called here because of a summoning from Lord Nibbs?"

He had said "my lord" rather indifferently as though he was calling him by name. This was because he was also a Sanguine Baron; the difference was that he hadn't publicized it.

Cosmi was a very refined middle-aged gentleman. He smiled and said, "All of you are outstanding young Sanguine. My grandfather has entrusted all of

you with some tests."

Another Sanguine Baron, Rus Báthory, who was lucky to receive an inheritance, asked, "What tests are they?"

Cosmi drank a mouthful of dark red blood which was concocted with grape wine as he scanned the area.

"Perhaps you might not know, but the Snake of Fate from the Life School of Thought has disappeared for quite some time."

As Emlyn White and the other Sanguine looked puzzled, Cosmi continued, "But I believe all of you should know that the Life School of Thought is a coalition which was barely formed thanks to their belief in fate. They allied under the massive pressure placed by the seven orthodox Churches in the beginning of the Fifth Epoch and are formed by Beyonders who think of themselves as absolutely rational and aloof, those that worship the Primordial Moon, and those that seek the essence of life and spirituality.

"Due to the existence of the Snake of Fate, there hadn't been many serious problems internally. Their worship of the Primordial Moon was ultimately restricted to a fixed symbolic meaning. Furthermore, the process of formula exchange was melded with a master-apprentice heritage system.

"Unfortunately, heh, with the disappearance of the Snake of Fate, this process has been disrupted. The Primordial Moon's believers rapidly turned passionate, producing a fracture in the faction that represents fate. An intense conflict ensued as a result.

"This matter was used by the Rose School of Thought. It dealt quite a sizable amount of damage to them."

Emlyn White, Rus Báthory, and other Sanguine remained perplexed. After sharing the background information, Cosmi dived into the details.

"Worshipers of the Primordial Moon are our eternal enemies. They have always been hunting us, concocting us into potions to achieve strength!

"Now, we will not let go of such an opportunity.

"Here's a list of Primordial Moon worshipers and their situations. Whoever finds them and kills them will be the victor of this test. My grandfather, as well as various important figures would reward you generously.

"If you complete a portion of the list, we will determine this by numbers.

"Of course, these people were selected, and all of you are capable of dealing with them. The rest will be tracked down by the important figures."

Upon hearing the first few sentences, Emlyn White had no intention of participating, despite having hatred for those "artificial" vampires. He found the matter troublesome, laborious, and tiresome. He'd rather stay at home in silence to chat with his dolls.

By the time he realized that it was a competition, as well as sensing the gazes of Rus Báthory and the other Sanguine which were cast on him, Emlyn suddenly straightened his back and tipped his chin.

"No problem."

His red eyes slowly swept across the other creatures in the room.

…

On the Future, inside a spacious room with an attached bathroom.

Klein stood in front of the window, looking out into the undulating blue ocean. In a good mood, he breathed in the cold winds that came from the north.

The flagship of the Admiral of Stars had already separated from the other ships in the fleet as it began to cruise alone.

After an unknown period of time, two whaling ships appeared ahead. Once they noticed the flag containing the stars and eye flying from the Future, they immediately responded nervously.

They quickly adjusted their positions, aiming their starboards over, their cannons ready to shoot at any moment.

At the same time, spears and harpoons, which were shot using explosives, were directed in the same direction. The blond and large fishermen from the Gargas Archipelago held tridents and guns as they braced for an attack, either by standing or crouching.

Klein also noticed that there were a number of women with figures similar to the Hulk. It was obvious at a glance that they were heavy and good at fighting.

The Future didn't mind their "welcome." It continued cruising past them, heading deeper into the whaling route.

After cruising for a while, Klein saw more pirate ships ahead. They were clustered around the sea route's periphery, their motives unknown.

The Future came close without standing on ceremony. Immediately, the pirate ships reacted like startled birds as they quickly retreated.

Sensing the Future slowing down, Klein left his room in puzzlement.

Just as he approached the captain's cabin, he discovered Cattleya walking out. This woman wore a thick pair of glasses on her nose bridge, hiding her mysterious purple eyes.

She glanced at Klein and said succinctly, "Someone discovered a ruin which is said to be from the Fourth Epoch at the bottom of the sea in the

waters around here.

"We plan on taking a look while on the way."

Bottom of the sea? Ruin from the Fourth Epoch? Klein instantly recalled the rumor he had heard from the Lærdal Bar.

So this piece of news has already spread? I was wondering why I got to learn it so easily… he said inwardly in enlightenment.

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CHAPTER 640
FEMALE PIRATE

Klein had a certain degree of curiosity towards the outcome of the exploration. He didn't ask further as he walked past the captain's cabin and walked down the stairwell.

After a few seconds, he felt his throat itch. He couldn't help but raise his fist to his mouth and cough.

Klein wasn't surprised by such a development, as it was inevitable. He had carried the Biological Poison Bottle for more than two hours last night. Only when it was late at night and his confirmation that Admiral of Stars and crew didn't have any intention of attacking him did he move the mystical item into a black suitcase. Sadly, he ended up falling sick.

Of course, the amount of time he brought the Biological Poison Bottle with him wasn't considered long. His body wasn't in a weakened state, so his resulting illness wasn't anything serious. He just felt his tonsils swell in pain.

Cattleya, who was walking slowly behind, saw this scene, but she didn't find it a problem. Instead, she found it normal.

It was common knowledge for knowledgeable Beyonders that mystical items were bound to have negative side effects. Furthermore, they would learn from the seven orthodox Churches and categorize those with serious side effects which made them impossible to possess or use for prolonged time as Sealed Artifacts.

The reason why Cattleya had sold or exchanged many of her low- and mid-level mystical items was firstly because she wanted to better strengthen her survivability. Secondly, the various negative effects from multiple items were troubling. Often, one could avoid one but not the other. Some negative effects might even stack and synergize into something worse. Therefore, to most Beyonders, the disadvantages surpassed the advantages.

She discovered that Gehrman Sparrow had used mystical items, Beyonder weapons, and spirituality charms to arm himself to the teeth. While being amazed, she was already guessing at the type of negative effects he was facing. From what she saw today, it was a temporary simple illness.

With steady steps, Klein arrived on the deck and saw Frank Lee. He was still dressed in a white shirt and dungarees. His arm was stained with dirt as though he wasn't afraid of the cold winds that blew down at him.

"Good morning, Gehrman." Frank warmly waved his hand and said, "Here, try my latest product. This is definitely the most welcomed item at sea!"

As he said, he raised his other hand. In it was a wide and fat fish of an unknown breed.

No, I don't want to know what "monster" you have cooked up this time… Klein paused in his footsteps as he looked at him with a cold expression.

Frank Lee didn't discover any problems with his attitude. He pulled out a dagger from his waist and stabbed the fish before slicing a hole open.

Blood flowed out and accurately landed in a large beer cup on the deck. It didn't emit any fishy smell.

"Smell that? It's such an intoxicating alcoholic fragrance!" Frank Lee half-closed his eyes as he fervently said, "This is a fish who has red wine replacing its blood. As such, the wine contains lots of nutrients!"

"…”

Klein realized he was at a loss for words.

Frank looked at the surroundings sailors in excitement before saying to Gehrman Sparrow, "Do you know what's the most troubling matter out at sea? That's when we run out of alcohol without being anywhere close to shore! As long as this kind of fish can rapidly reproduce and become the sea's primary produce, then we won't be lacking any alcohol no matter where we are. By the way, they can be categorized by species. Some will produce Lanti Proof, others Nepos, red wine, and beer. The beer needs to come from sharks or whales; otherwise, there won't be enough!"

Isn't the most troubling matter the lack of water? Of course, all of you can use beer to replace water most of the time because it doesn't easily spoil… Those poor fishes… Klein was pondering over a response to Frank when Cattleya came on deck. She walked past him and questioned her first mate.

"Is Nina done with her preparations?"

"Yes, she has already finished a bottle of Nepos!" Frank pointed at a shadow formed by the sails.

*The so-called preparations are to drink a bottle of Nepos, a specialty of Feysac? The Nepos which can light a fire? *Klein suddenly felt that Nina, the lady mentioned by the first mate, was likely someone with Feysac blood.

"Captain, I want a bottle of Sonia blood wine more!" In the dark, a female figure slowly stood up and walked over.

She was more than 1.8 meters tall. Her blonde hair was casually tied up into a high pigtail. Her facial features weren't anything outstanding, but she had the striking traits of someone from Feysac. Her skin was fair and her eyes were dull.

This lady named Nina wore a black tight suit made of fish skin. The top and bottom seemed to be a one-piece, fully accentuating her stunning figure.

Such a style was rather sexy to begin with. Nina's breasts were also far above what was normal. It was obvious what the surrounding pirates were looking at.

Klein felt a little embarrassed and wished to move his gaze away. However, on second thought, Gehrman Sparrow was definitely not such an untried person. All he could do was empty his gaze and look straight at Nina's face.

"Gehrman, this is our boatswain, Nina! She's also the navigator's assistant. Haha, her Sequence's name is Seafarer!" Frank Lee still didn't hold back in his introductions.

Apart from his research of crossbreeding, this Poison Expert is rather simple… I now recall that this lady named Nina has a bounty of 3,600 pounds. Her nickname is Seabed Murderer. Sigh, after seeing so many bounty notices, there are some I can't immediately recall… Klein looked at Nina's eyes and nodded calmly.

"Good morning, Ma'am."

Nina held back her smile and sized up Klein.

"Good morning, Mr. Sparrow.

"I'm very curious if Vice Admiral Ailment is really as charming as the rumors say?"

As a female pirate who had mixed with low- and mid-class people for extended periods of time, she was always very frank and direct towards both men and women. She didn't show any coyness. She had originally planned on asking Gehrman Sparrow if she was lacking in charm, or ask if he was the cold type which resulted in her being completely ignored or him showing any reaction. But considering how the man standing before her was a powerful guy, an adventurer who nearly successfully hunted Vice Admiral Ailment, or a lunatic who could draw his gun and shoot at any

moment, she rationally held back her jesting words. She switched to asking about Vice Admiral Ailment.

*… How am I to answer you? *Klein gloomily said, "Her bounty is extremely charming."

Nina was taken aback, somewhat at a loss for a response to continue the conversation. Hence, she turned to look at Admiral of Stars.

"Captain, do we begin now?"

Cattleya, who felt her bounty flash through her mind for some baffling reason, nodded.

"Begin."

Just as she said that, Nina took large strides to the side of the ship. With her right hand supporting herself, she leaped into the sea, swimming downwards like a gigantic black fish.

At the same time, there were a few splashes. A few sailors had jumped down as well to provide her aid.

This… She begins at the mention of it. She didn't need any additional time to prepare… This lady has the temperament of the Church of Storms. As expected of a Beyonder from the Sailor pathway… Klein looked out the ship as he couldn't help but cough.

"You're sick?" Frank Lee asked directly.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "A little."

Frank thought for a moment. He didn't say a word as he rushed back into the cabin; his destination unknown.

By the side, Cattleya nudged her heavy glasses and smiled.

"Frank is a Poison Expert, but he's also an outstanding doctor."

As expected of someone from the Planter pathway… Klein didn't ask further as he stood there, awaiting Nina's preliminary exploration.

Seeing the sudden silence that became somewhat awkward, Cattleya took a few steps forward and said, seemingly in passing, "In another day, we will be leaving the whaling sea route."

"But we're at least a week from those waters?" Klein thought before asking.

"That is if we follow the whaling sea route. In fact, this will lead further north and be more roundabout. I know of a secret sea route that can allow us to reach the waters you wish to go to in two to three days." Cattleya's gaze looked at Klein's eyes through her thick glasses, as though she wanted to tell how much he knew of the extremely dangerous waters.

Klein considered and simply said, "Very good. That's exactly what I want.

"In addition, those waters are more illusory than real."

Cattleya retracted her gaze in thought as she looked at the entrance to the cabin.

Frank Lee ran over and held a green apple in his hand.

"This is the outcome of another one of my projects. It's a cross-breed of medicine and fruits. It makes the consumption of medicine more enjoyable!" He beamed as he handed Klein the apple.

…I'm afraid I'll end up even sicker after eating it.… Klein glanced at Admiral of Stars and saw her nod gently. Only then did he inwardly force himself to accept the apple while appearing calm on the outside. He then bit down at the apple.

It had the taste of a normal apple. It just had a lot more juice, and the insides were softer.

After a few bites, Klein discovered that his throat suddenly wasn't hurting. He didn't realize when he stopped coughing.

I have to say that it's rather magical… As long as it doesn't involve animals and humans, Frank Lee is really a genius that should be taken seriously in the Church of Mother Earth. Unfortunately, he ultimately became a devil-like person… Klein looked at the Poison Expert and said frankly, "It's healed."

"Very good." Frank didn't praise himself as he began casually introducing the pirates on the deck.

After a while, Nina and the other supporting sailors swam up to the surface and returned to the ship.

She held a metallic piece that had been rotten into an identifiable state and a piece of black hardened mud that was filled with honeycombed holes. She grumbled to Cattleya, "Captain, there's no deep-sea well!

"That well's mouth isn't even bigger than my breasts!

"Of course, it's very deep and dark. It's unknown what's hidden in it."

She gestured using her hands.

"Exaggeration is a common trait of pirates and adventurers." Cattleya nodded without using the term "bragging."

The diameter of the well's mouth is that small? Klein puzzledly looked at the item in Nina's hand as he politely diverted his gaze from her body which had streams of water flowing down.

Cattleya's gaze moved in sync with his as she said, "Go into the details."

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CHAPTER 641
A WELL MOUTH THAT HUMANS CAN'T PASS

Nina was a pirate who had risen up the ranks. Often, she might be easily irritated, but she was very experienced at handling matters. She was a rather reliable person. After some thought, she gave a description in a serious manner.

"The well's mouth is at a rather deep depth along the seabed. I need enough time to adjust myself before I can acclimatize to the temperature and pressure of the area. That's why I took so much time to get there.

"It isn't easily discovered, but the remnant iron buildings are indeed rather obvious. I found them once I got acclimatized.

"They've already completely collapsed or rotted. There's no way to imagine what they originally looked like. However, I could tell that they definitely spanned across a great distance in the past. It's just shrunken by a great deal now."

When Nina said this, she chuckled and scanned all the men around her.

A real female pirate is indeed different… Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart.

From his point of view, be it Admiral of Stars Cattleya, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, or Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, none of them could be considered a pure female pirate. All of them hailed from major factions or secret organizations. When they were Low-Sequence Beyonders, they were

either not at sea, or they were following important figures, so what they did were relatively safe matters. Otherwise, they were independent adventurers who had never been tainted by the characters and atmosphere of low- or mid-level pirates.

After Nina finished laughing, Cattleya pointed her finger to the rusted item that could hardly be described as a metal beam.

"This is a portion of the iron building?"

"Yes, Captain. As you know, I don't know much about history or mysticism. I could only bring some back for your inspection. You're an expert on this." Nina smiled as she handed the "metal beam" over.

Then, she pointed at the black piece of hardened mud which was filled with holes on its surface.

"Not far from the iron ruins, I found a well. It's not very big. If it's to be described with the word 'huge,' then I've definitely seen plenty of huge cannons.

"Those drunken adventurers are better at bragging than us pirates!

"This is the mud from the inner layer of the well. I can't imagine how such patterns could be formed!"

Nina's finger repeatedly struck the honeycombed dots on the black mud.

Klein originally believed that they were marks left behind by dense shots with very tiny projectiles, but after a careful inspection, he suspected that they were remnant "patterns" after something had rotted. Each spot was very shallow as its edges spread outwards in an irregular pattern.

Nina handed the black mud to Cattleya as she continued describing, "The well's mouth is really small. Even a child from Nas wouldn't be able to enter.

"It's very deep. I even felt that it was bottomless. In that environment, the interior was completely dark as though something was slowly summoning me, yes—slowly.

"I found a few rocks nearby and threw them in, but there wasn't any response. In short, it's filled with water."

Cattleya held up the "metallic beam" and black mud. Through the thick glasses, she observed them seriously.

"Since the mouth is very small and humans can't enter them, there's no need for us to begin the exploration immediately. It will be very dangerous.

"Let's wait until I figure out the secrets hidden within these items and whether the ancient well is worth us taking the risk before we return to make an attempt."

"Aye aye, Captain!" The wet Nina was trembling as a result of the cold winds. The way she wavered made all the surrounding pirates stare straight at her.

Cattleya nudged her glasses and said to Nina, "You can drink a bottle of Sonia blood wine. There's no limit for the rest."

"…Long live the captain!" Nina cried out in joy.

An underwater well that humans can't enter… Klein, who had no desire to explore it, summarized Nina's description.

Suddenly, he had a strange idea.

Humans are unable to enter the well, but that doesn't mean that non-humans can't do it!

Many deep-sea fishes aren't necessarily that huge. There's a significant chance that they can pass through the well.

As the "Sea God," he had the means to make marine creatures do his bidding while wielding the scepter!

There's no rush. Let's see if Ma'am Hermit is able to figure out anything from these two objects. I'll consider whether I'll explore it on the return trip; otherwise, I might attract some exaggerated danger… There's still not enough information regarding this. There's no way to do any divination… As his thoughts wandered, Klein's expression remained deadpan.

At that moment, Cattleya shot him a glance out of curiosity. Then, she retracted her gaze without leaving any traces.

Why did she suddenly look at me? She was seeing what I was doing? It's impossible for her to know that I possess the Sea God Scepter and can make marine creatures do my bidding. That's not right. She knows, but she only knows that Mr. Fool wields Kalvetua's godhood scepter, not The World… Unless she has figured out that The World is The Fool… But that's even more impossible. Even Mr. Hanged Man is still stuck at the concept that The World is a Blessed. She hasn't even realized this point…

Viewing this from a different point of view, I'll consider it from Admiral of Stars's angle… She's someone being pursued by knowledge, and she's a follower of Queen Mystic. She's loyal to the Moses Ascetic Order, and she has roamed the sea for years. She has plenty of knowledge and experience, so it wouldn't be odd that she knows that the Sea God domain possesses the Beyonder power to control marine creatures.

Therefore, after realizing that humans are unable to pass through the ancient well, she naturally made the connection with the scepter in Mr. Fool's hand. Does she plan on requesting for help in the future? She looked at me to figure out if The World has also grasped the corresponding information or have similar ideas?

Many ideas went through Klein's mind. With the powers of Clown, he forcefully maintained his indifferent expression. He didn't react abnormally in any way.

As Nina was about to draw the Sonia blood wine, Klein pressed down his hat and returned to the cabin.

Just as he was about to approach the door, a figure surfaced in his mind suddenly.

In a room in the cabin's upper level, the windows were tightly shut and the curtains were drawn. There were a pair of blurry eyes hidden behind them, silently watching the crowd on the deck, as well as Gehrman Sparrow.

Who is it? Klein didn't stop. His body didn't show any hesitation as he entered the cabin normally as though nothing had happened.

…

At three in the afternoon, the bright but not scorching sunlight shone into the garden adjacent to Stoen University.

Michele Deuth was already a Senior Associate Professor by forty. He was wearing a long tailcoat and a beautiful bow tie as he waited by the door.

Yesterday evening, he received a letter. The sender was from the attendant of the richest aristocratic family in East Chester County, the Hall family. The person who wrote the letter was the daughter of a Member of Parliament from the House of Lords who wielded immense influence. She was Miss Audrey Hall, who was deemed to be the most stunning gem in Backlund.

This noble lady had mentioned in the letter that she had learned from a gathering that Mr. Michele Deuth was an outstanding collector and an aficionado of this domain. She had a great desire in paying a visit.

Michele Deuth didn't have any reason to refuse.

Soon, a classic carriage with a family emblem arrived at the door.

Two servants, who had been instructed to open the outer gates made of iron railings, led the carriage around the garden and arrived in front of the house.

A housekeeper was the first to alight, followed by guards and maidservants.

Following that, a hand wearing a long white-gauzed glove was extended outside.

With the help of the maidservants, Audrey elegantly stepped onto the carpet which Michele had paved.

Michele was first taken aback before his eyes lit up. He felt as though the flowers in the garden had instantly faded.

He took two steps forward and took off his hat to bow.

"Welcome, my honorable lady.

"Your visit is an honor for me and my family."

Audrey took off the veiled hat and passed it to her maidservant before exchanging a few pleasantries. Then, she followed Michele Deuth into the living room and entered the collector's room on the first floor.

Here, Michele finally found his confidence as the master of the house. He began pointing at his collection and providing an introduction from the left.

"This is a helmet that appeared in the White Rose War. After lots of research, it can be determined that the owner is a member of the Sauron family. Back then, they were still considered royalty."

The golden helmet had an intricate design. There were avian and flying wings that adorned it, and the visor was formed from pieces of golden scales.

"My ancestor obtained his first aristocratic title in that war," Audrey replied with piqued interest.

She had already adjusted her mental state ahead of time—she was to appear as though she was really here to tour the collections.

"The failure of the Twenty Year War had caused the kingdom to suffer years of humiliation, but it also carved out several heroes." Michele resorted to flattery.

The White Rose War happened after the Twenty Year War and before the Battle of the Violated Oath. There, Loen defeated Intis and became strong again.

Michele continued introducing his collection as Audrey solemnly listened, raising questions from time to time as she conversed with him.

Finally, Michele's finger pointed towards a notebook with a black cover.

"This belonged to a knight stationed on Sonia Island in the Twenty Year War.

"This knight's name has already vanished in the long rivers of history. This notebook is the only proof of his existence. He once stood fast until the very last moment on Sonia Island.

"This notebook is not only a first-hand account for the research of that portion of history, but it also hides certain problems. The knight's grammar has many uncommon habits. This might be a clue to aid us in determining his exact identity."

Audrey instinctively believed that the notebook was her target. Hence, she only leaned in a little. Indeed, the black cover had unobvious patterns. Together, they outlined an abstract image of a dragon.

From Michele's tone and minute expressions, his interest is focused on the content and not the item itself. He doesn't particularly treasure it… I have a high chance of purchasing it… Audrey calmly made a judgment as she turned her head. She then smiled at Michele Deuth and said, "What are the uncommon habits exactly?"

"Enjoys using short sentences—very simple and short ones…" Michele described in a flaunting tone.

Audrey was always a good listener. She looked at him with a smile as she listened with focused attention. This made Michele speak more.

As she listened, she suddenly felt that the knight's grammatical habits were somewhat familiar.

That is… Audrey's eyes darted around slightly as she quickly remembered the source of the familiarity.

This was a grammatical habit of Dragonese which she had diligently mastered!

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CHAPTER 642
KILLING THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

A knight who knows Dragonese and even used it in the critical stage of his growth… It's no wonder that the Psychology Alchemists wish to obtain the notebook he left behind… Audrey was enlightened as she stopped her wandering thoughts. She happily and seriously discussed the problem that stemmed from such grammatical habits with Michele Deuth.

Soon, they concluded the discussion over the notebook as Michele began introducing the other items.

Time passed as the tour slowly came to an end. Audrey had planned on raising her request of purchasing the notebook to their next meeting in order to make her goal less obvious. However, in a friendly atmosphere and with the naturalness of their conversation, she sharply sensed that it was an opportunity. Hence, with the powers of Lie, she made her cheeks blush red.

"Mr. Deuth, that helmet from the Sauron royalty that originates from the White Rose War is a keepsake of my ancestors. Pardon my presumptuous, but can I buy it from you? Also, the notebook of the Twenty Year War. I'm very impressed by the knight that stood firm for Sonia Island and also wish to have it.

"I know it's not a polite request, but I wish that you can understand how I feel. Of course, you have the right to decline."

Her eyes moved as she obviously darted them around, partially deliberate and truthful to express her lack of confidence and embarrassment.

Michele subconsciously moved his gaze away as he said with a hoarse and slow voice, "I'm a collector. I won't sell my collection."

*His tone and the words he used aren't firm enough… In the intel I previously gathered, he's a gentleman who values his reputation greatly. Using cash to purchase his collection is probably unacceptable… The reason why the Psychology Alchemists didn't get someone else to complete the mission is firstly because I have a way of earning contribution points, and secondly, it probably took the Associate Professor's attitude towards such matters in mind… I have to change my approach. *Before the visit, Audrey had already carefully decided of different tests according to the intel she received. After some thought, she changed topics.

"Mr. Deuth, I heard that you're requesting Stoen University to build an ancient relic research center?"

"Yes, that has been my goal for the past few years," Michele looked at Audrey and answered frankly.

Audrey smiled faintly and said, "I'm very interested in the research in this area. I also feel a deep respect for you and hope to see your wish fulfilled.

"Well, I'm planning on donating 1,000 pounds, a nearby piece of land spanning 2,000 ares 1, and a manor with rather good returns to the faculty you are from at Stoen University. I hope to have a non-profit basic relic search and preservation foundation set up. I know it's not a lot, but I will drum up support from the ladies and gentlemen I know in order to get them to make a certain amount of contributions.

"Mr. Deuth, I think you're the most professional relic collector and researcher I know. I'm wondering if you're willing to be the person-in-charge of this non-profit foundation?"

2,000 ares of land near the university. That's worth about 6,000 pounds. Together with the manor and the cash, Miss Audrey would be donating nearly 10,000 pounds… With such a non-profit relic search and

preservation foundation, the difficulties I would encounter to get my research grants approved would be drastically lowered… Michele paused for a few seconds before revealing a sincere smile. He bowed solemnly and said, "My honorable lady, the importance you place on academia has left me touched. Its glow is enough to match your beauty and upbringing. I believe I have no reason to reject your invitation.

"I've already recorded the contents of the notebook. I will send it and the helmet to your residence tonight. Treat it as a gift from a sincere friend."

Success! Audrey was delighted as she wished to praise herself. However, she appeared reserved and indifferent. She didn't do anything that was improper.

"It's my honor," she said earnestly.

Although the two items were definitely not worth 10,000 pounds, it wouldn't result in any loss on her part.

In her plans, this suggestion contained three important goals which yielded three returns!

The first goal was naturally to obtain the item and complete the mission. She would then successfully obtain the Hypnotist potion formula from the Psychology Alchemists.

The second goal was to enhance her prestige, standing, and image via donating to academic research and the preservation of ancient relics. This was something most nobles and tycoons needed to do. Even if the donation wasn't today, Audrey would have to donate 3,000 pounds or more to the various charitable organizations. Therefore, she believed that her father, Earl Hall, wouldn't stop her from doing this with a few of her properties.

The third goal was that by having a foundation that focused on the search and preservation of ancient relics, it made it easier for her to come into contact with historical records or mysterious items of value. Audrey didn't

need to personally do anything. All she needed to do was sit at home to receive items that might be beneficial to her. It was equivalent to using 10,000 pounds to produce even more money to establish her own "faction."

Of course, if Michele Deuth hadn't accepted this exchange, then she had other plans. The kingdom's Higher Education Commission had someone from the Hall family, as well as noble friends she knew. As long as the Associate Professor had anything he needed, she was certain that she had the means to satisfy him.

However, Audrey didn't like such methods. She had a nagging feeling that it was shady and would harm the public interest.

After discussing the matter, Audrey stayed for a little longer and chatted idly for about fifteen minutes. It made the wrapping up process not as sharp and abrupt.

Following that, she first left Michele's house and rode her carriage back to the Hall family's villa in Stoen City.

Past eight in the evening, she received the Sauron royalty's helmet and the notebook from the Twenty Year War.

Audrey wore a pair of white-silk gloves and sat before her desk with piqued interest. She placed the helmet to the side as she began flipping through the content in the notebook.

She discovered that the records were sparse. The early records indicated how the knight who was stationed in the ancient elvish island had learned how to brew Sonia blood wine, how he chased after women, how he spent the boring days. In the later records, it entered the period of the Twenty Year War. It mainly included his cursing of the people of Feysac, his grumbling about his companions, and the consideration towards his plans to stand fast. It also included the end of how the Sonia Island was first lost.

Apart from the grammatical habits being similar to Dragonese, there aren't any serious problems. Nor can I find any hidden clues… Audrey frowned as she closed the notebook.

She had used methods derived from mysticism to do her checks, but they were to no avail.

This made her unwilling to waste time as she planned to turn it in to the Psychology Alchemists.

As her thoughts raced, she suddenly had a new idea.

Mr. World and Mr. Hanged Man will often consider problems from different angles to provide suggestions. Should I learn from them?

Well… Viewing it from a different point of view, if the content of the notebook isn't problematic, would the physical item actually be what the Psychology Alchemists are after?

What's so special about it? I didn't discover anything… It belongs to a knight who's accustomed to using Dragonese. That knight must've experienced something… Divination! Yes, divination! Perhaps I can find the knight's final location using divination with the help of the notebook. And this might be related to a dragon!

Since it's a dragon, there's a high chance that it's a mind dragon, a representative of the Spectator pathway. Clues involving it would indeed be something the Psychology Alchemists will pay close attention to…

Audrey, that's some nice thinking!

Audrey's eyes turned crystal clear as it seemed to hide a clear resplendence.

She couldn't help but turn her head and looked at the golden retriever sitting by the side.

Susie glanced at her owner and barked.

"Audrey, do you want me to praise you?"

"No, there's no need…" Audrey turned her head back, feeling a little embarrassed.

Then, she discovered an important question. She wasn't able to divine things herself, or it could be said that the revelation that she received from divination would be highly inaccurate!

There's no way to confirm it… No, I can seek Mr. Fool's help! A secret deed ritual? It can only be performed on my body and not towards an external object… Artificial sleepwalking? It's similar to secret deed rituals, so it wouldn't do as well… Sacrifice it to Mr. Fool and get "Him" to do the divination before bestowing it back to me? No, that won't work. It will appear rather disrespectful. "He" isn't my father or teacher, but a real god. Using such a method is way too casual and somewhat sacrilegious… Audrey's thoughts slowly went from Mr. Fool to divination.

Although she was rather incapable of divination, she had a certain level of understanding in the corresponding knowledge. She soon locked onto a particular method of divination.

It was to seek the help of a third party's strength—an unknown or mysterious existence—via a certain ritual. The most classic example of such a method was magic mirror divination!

Yes… It's indeed very dangerous, but the danger stems from the possibility that the target is filled with malice or one that can cause a person to break down immediately. But I don't have such worries. I can seek Mr. Fool's help! Audrey blinked and held down her agitation as she said to the golden retriever, "Susie, guard the door outside. I will use a mysticism method to study this notebook."

"Didn't you use them before?" Susie asked, puzzled.

She's getting harder to fool… Audrey's eyes darted around as she said confidently, "I plan on using magic mirror divination.

"Don't worry. I'll make the plea to a safe existence."

"Alright." Susie determined that Audrey was speaking the truth.

She took a few steps before turning around to exhort her.

"Audrey, you need to be careful about being possessed by a mysterious existence."

"I know," Audrey replied without feeling worried at all.

From her point of view, if Mr. Fool really wanted to do something to her, he had countless opportunities in the past. There was no reason for him to wait until this day.

After Susie opened and closed the door by herself and went out, Audrey sat in front of her desk and recited the honorific name of The Fool to request the use of magic mirror divination.

After a while, Klein, who was on the Future, went to the bathroom and headed above the gray fog. There, he heard Miss Justice's prayer.

That can be done? That's right. As a mysterious and unknown existence, I can be the third force in a magic mirror divination… Klein allowed it while feeling amused.

Audrey immediately picked up the notebook, sat in front of the dresser, and lit a candle while facing the mirror.

Footnotes:

Ch 642 Footnote 1

Author's notes: One are is 100 square meters. In the late Victorian era, land in the suburbs was approximately 100–130 pounds per acre. Converting to ares, it's about 2 pounds and 10 shillings to 3 pounds and 5 shillings per are. Well, that's excluding London. Of course, this might not be too accurate. I did an inference from the overall cost of the land purchase and building a house and subtracted the cost of building a house from the information from that era.

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CHAPTER 643
KLEIN'S VERSION OF "MAGIC MIRROR DIVINATION"

With the curtains drawn tightly and all the lights extinguished in the room, Audrey followed the requirements of magic mirror divination and completed the corresponding preparations.

Of course, she didn't specially choose a specific time, as there wasn't any need to be that troublesome when getting Mr. Fool's help.

Looking at the candles and reflected light in front of her, as well as her reflection, Audrey picked up a bottle of extract in excitement and some unease. She then dripped a few droplets onto the dim flame.

As the mild and refreshing fragrances filled her nose, for some baffling reason, Audrey recalled the times when she was still a mysticism enthusiast.

In the beginning, she would also commit all kinds of mistakes. She would realize that she had forgotten to prepare the essential oils and extracts that would please the deity at a critical moment during the ritual. All she could do was make do with perfume, and her attempts no doubt failed.

In fact, according to the information which Mr. Fool shared, "He" would similarly respond even if I had used my perfume… Audrey exhaled slightly and, using Cogitation, calmed herself down.

She knew that her uncontrolled thoughts weren't ordinary behavior coming from her. The tiny bit of anticipation and nervousness had been magnified by Lie!

After making sure she was in an optimal state of mind, Audrey clasped her hands and pressed them to her mouth and nose as if in prayer. She sincerely chanted softly, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

…

The secret incantation gently echoed seven times as Audrey felt the surrounding darkness had the inclusion of something which was somewhat indescribable. It was like an undercurrent hidden beneath the water surface.

Looking up, Audrey reached out her right hand and passed it through the still candle flame and stroked the mirror's surface from top to bottom.

At this point, the magic mirror divination was basically done. If the mysterious and unknown existence's interest was piqued, it would respond through the mirror.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient and magnificent palace, Klein looked at the crimson star representing Miss Justice expand and contract as it rippled with an illusory glow. Finally, it was tainted with a nearly black feeling of serenity. It condensed into a circular halo the size of a mirror that appeared to lead to the outer world.

It's different from past rituals. Interesting… Klein leaned back into his chair and extended his spirituality to make contact with the black circular hole.

Silently, his vision changed. The long bronze table and the crimson star overlapped with the spacious room which was illuminated with candlelight,

becoming distinct once again.

At this moment, Klein felt that a mirror had become an extension of his body or eye. It allowed him to clearly see and interfere with the real world despite being above the gray fog.

Yes, clearly!

All the objects in Klein's vision no longer looked blurry as they appeared distinctly in his eyes!

His gaze suddenly froze for two seconds.

In front of him was a golden-laced, white-dressed lady. Her long blonde hair was casually tied up as they smoothly and luxuriantly flowed down. Her emerald eyes reflected a somewhat palish flame, looking as deep as the ocean and also as pure as a gemstone. Her facial features and the shape of her face were matched with a stunning beauty. Her bearing and elegance were clear and pure.

Klein shifted his gaze away as he felt guilty for some baffling reason.

I nearly imagined her to be a Demoness of quite a high Sequence. Thankfully, I recalled in time that Miss Justice is a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. It's impossible for her to become a Demoness… The smell of this extract isn't bad. Very unique… It has a very subtle feeling. The mystical item created from that Faceless Beyonder characteristic? Miss Justice made it into a necklace… Klein's gaze landed on the mystical item which was disguised as a diamond necklace.

Then, he heard Miss Justice say with utmost anticipation, "Mirror, Mirror, please tell me the location of the owner of this notebook."

Audrey knew that she was asking Mr. Fool, but "Mirror, Mirror" were words she had always wanted to recite from the stories she had heard from a young age. She finally had a chance to use it in practice.

*The failures in the past don't count! Yes! *Audrey nodded inwardly.

Klein instantly looked at the black notebook placed between Miss Justice and the candle. He discovered that his spirituality could easily spread out with the help of the mirror. He could "hold" the divination medium as though he was using his hand.

Above the gray fog, he quickly wrote the corresponding divination statement.

"The location of the original owner of the notebook."

With one "hand" holding the notebook and another hand holding the piece of paper, Klein recited as he leaned back in his chair. With the help of Cogitation, he quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Audrey looked at the mirror intently with her emerald eyes, awaiting Mr. Fool's reply.

After a few seconds, she saw ripples being produced on the mirror's surface.

*It's a success! Magic mirror divination really works! *Audrey's eyes widened as they reflected the scenes flashing inside the mirror.

It was a view of a village from above!

The scene zoomed in as the dragon drawings on the various buildings gradually turned clear.

A cathedral quickly occupied the mirror in its entirety before being replaced by the cemetery attached by it.

Finally, the scene was fixed on a tombstone in a corner. On it were words that had turned blurry as a result of the elements. The only thing that could still be discerned was the name, "Lindelira."

At this moment, the mirror suddenly darkened before restoring to normal. It reflected Audrey and the candle in front of her once again.

Isn't this the village which had the customs of dragon worship? The knight who wrote the notebook is named Lindelira, and is from that village. He returned to his hometown after the loss of the Twenty Year War and stayed there until his death? Or was he sent back to his hometown as a corpse? Hmm… That village is in East Chester County. Stoen City is also part of East Chester County, so it's very understandable that the notebook which Associate Professor Michele obtained stems from there… There's indeed a mind dragon living in the sea of collective subconscious over there… Feeling enlightened, Audrey thanked Mr. Fool and ended the magic mirror divination.

Under the candlelight's illumination, she stared at the notebook for a moment before deciding to hand it over. She wanted to know what the Psychology Alchemists would divine or figure out.

At the very least, the present me lacks the strength to come into contact with that mind dragon. That's all I can do… Besides, even if the Psychology Alchemists really discover anything and benefits from it, once I slowly rise up the ranks in the organization, some of that will belong to me~ Audrey's mood very quickly turned positive once again.

…

Above the gray fog, Klein rapped the corner of the long bronze table. With Miss Justice's description, he made his judgment.

The notebook and the village had something to do with a dragon, and dragons often implied treasure!

What a pity. Miss Justice's strength is lacking; otherwise, I would've encouraged her to explore it and pray to the "Sea God" if something happens while I provide support to her via various means. Yes, it's too dangerous for her. It can only be set aside for now… If the Psychology

Alchemists didn't discover anything, perhaps we can attempt it in the future… Klein suppressed his regret as he recalled the experience of the magic mirror divination.

*This kind of divination is extremely advantageous for the third party. There's almost no price to be paid to connect to the real world. If I so wished, I could've torn out of the mirror in my Spirit Body form! But to the user, it's indeed dangerous. They will appear under the "sights" of an unknown existence without any protection. From there, they can be possessed, controlled, cursed, and corrupted… *Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart.

He wasn't worried that Miss Justice would abuse magic mirror divination, as she had the best and safest target to pray to. There was no need for her to seek anyone else.

And that would be me! Klein retracted his finger and sat at the end of the long bronze table and waited in silence for twenty to thirty seconds.

Soon, he returned to the real world. He didn't stay too long since he was on the Future. There was someone watching him from the dark.

After leaving the bathroom and putting away Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane, Klein glanced at the crimson moon which had been shrouded by clouds as he pondered silently for a moment.

He put on his half top hat, pulled open the door, and went into the corridor.

After taking a few steps forward, Klein deliberately slowed his footsteps and glanced at the first room on the left through the corner of his eye.

Based on his judgment, the mysterious pair of eyes that were silently observing him and the deck during the day was in that room.

Klein walked slower and slower as he nearly stopped in front of the door.

He didn't hide the extension of his left palm as he reached for the handle when scenes naturally surfaced in his mind.

Not far behind the door was a clothes rack with nothing hanging on it.

Faint starlight scattered across the clean floorboards. There was a sense of solitude and serenity that lacked the aura of humans.

The windows had opened at some point in time as the sea breeze blew in from the outside, lifting the curtains which weren't too heavy.

There's no one there? Klein had planned on probing the area, but he immediately retracted his left palm and walked towards the stairs as though nothing had happened.

When he arrived on the deck and was taking in the cold night breeze, Klein strolled on the starboard with a cold and casual expression as though his main goal was to come out for a stroll.

Suddenly, he saw a man sitting ahead of him. The man was wearing dungarees and a white shirt.

Frank Lee? Klein didn't stop as he approached.

The man sensed something as he turned his body halfway around to look at the person approaching.

He was none other than Poison Expert Frank Lee, but he no longer wore a smile. Streaming down the corner of his mouth was blood-red liquid.

Klein pricked up his brows without saying a word.

Frank Lee suddenly raised his hands and grabbed a silver-scaled fish that wasn't struggling.

He said in depression, "It failed… Their lifespan is shorter than I imagined. It's impossible to breed them, even if they are planted in the ground…"

As he spoke, he raised the silver-scaled fish in his right hand and bit down on it.

That's good… Otherwise, I'm really afraid of the kind of abominations you would create… So, you are drowning your sorrows with alcohol, no—fish? Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief.

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CHAPTER 644
LAUGHTER

Klein couldn't go against his own wishes to console Frank Lee, nor could he bring himself to tell Frank Lee that not being able to breed red wine fish was a good thing. All he could do was pretend that this was a trivial problem and not provide a response.

He walked two steps diagonally and circled around the starboard before looking far into the undulating sea.

By then, the clouds high in the sky had thinned. The crimson moon's moonlight brightened up the rather dark night.

In such an environment, Klein could see the nearby scenery. There were dark clouds that hung low, and he discovered a hurricane swishing back and forth, encompassing an unknown swath of sea.

Under the illumination of the silver lightning, fine rain danced amidst the wind, forming a scene that resembled the dawn of the apocalypse.

Such a terrifying disaster was only a few nautical miles or even shorter from the Future, but the Future didn't seem affected. Only the wind had become a little stronger.

This is the meaning of a safe sea route—to advance by the side of a storm… Without a good navigator, just traveling normally might push the ship into a disaster… Klein turned his head to look where the ship was heading. He saw a little illumination and fog being emanated. The visibility was extremely low, and using just the naked eye was very difficult to discern if they were in a dangerous or safe zone.

Such situations weren't obvious west of Oravi Island. But here, it was common once they took the secret sea route.

Klein was just about to retract his gaze when he saw a black, massive object seemingly hiding in the periphery of the storm!

A sea monster? He suddenly recalled some of the rumors he had heard at the different bars he had been to.

After steering away from the safe sea route, it's very easy to encounter all kinds of monsters. Some of them are behemoths and possess intense offensive power. Once they surfaced from the sea, they could finish it in one mouthful.

The Future didn't stop advancing. Before long, it closed the gap between it and the gloomy but massive object.

Klein finally managed to discern the entity's appearance and discovered that it wasn't a sea monster, but a gigantic sailboat which was even larger than the Future.

The sailboat was nearly two hundred meters long. With its bow and stern raised high, it appeared like a crescent.

Its surface was black. The cannons were arranged in three rows in an untidy manner on the side of the ship. There was order from top to bottom. Apart from the mast, the portions that extended out of the deck was similarly tall and massive. It was at least equivalent to a five-story building.

This ship's most odd feature was that it only had one sail and on it was the drawing of a black tomb.

"The Death Announcer…" A heavy voice sounded in Klein's ears. At some point in time, Frank Lee had thrown the silver-scaled fish whose blood had been replaced with red wine away and approached his side.

The first mate who had a bounty of 7,000 pounds held his head heavy as his muscles remained tense. It was as though an attack would be launched anytime from the minute changes of the gigantic sailboat.

Death Announcer? Klein was first taken aback before he recalled what the name represented.

It was one of the most legendary and infamous ships on the Five Seas!

It was the flagship of the King of Immortality Agalito!

We actually encountered one of the Four Kings… Klein clicked his tongue silently as he uncontrollably entered a highly-vigilant state.

However, he maintained a superficial level of indifference and calm as he continued looking at the Death Announcer.

Recalling how the second mate of the Death Announcer, Slaughterer Kircheis, who had a bounty of 9,500 pounds, had recently appeared in Nas and warned him, Kircheis came to an understanding. He was no longer puzzled as to why he would bump into the Death Announcer not far from the Gargas Archipelago.

After putting aside this question, he made connections with even more rumors. And among these rumors, there were a number which could be confirmed to be an actual description.

King of Immortality Agalito is a middle-aged man who's so pale that he's on the brink of rotting at any moment.

The bounty placed on him by a single country reached as high as 100,000 pounds.

His former enemies are all dead, regardless if they were pirates, adventurers, or members of a naval fleet. Only the other three members of the Four Kings remained alive.

He has never entered into direct combat with an official demigod. He is extremely restrained in such matters.

No one really knows his exact Sequence. No one knows what his Beyonder powers are.

He's cruel by nature and enjoys killing. He can launch an attack on any person or any ship at random.

He liked to find excuses to rip apart promises. Other than his nickname as the King of Immortality, he was often nicknamed "The Untrustworthy."

Thankfully, I'm on the Future. The King of Immortality will likely give Admiral of Stars a free pass. After all, she's one of the seven pirate admirals… No, the Four Kings and the Pirate Admirals can cooperate or be at odds normally, apart from the pirate convention organized by the King of the Five Seas… With the King of Immortality's character, he might not leave any chance of survival! Just as this thought flashed in Klein's mind, he heard a deep, rumbling horn.

Whoosh!

The sailors who were resting in the cabin jolted awake immediately. Without wearing their clothes, they ran to the different cannons on deck to make preparations to do battle. The Future instantly went from a peaceful state to a combative one.

Klein turned his head and looked up. He saw that the captain's windows were already open. Cattleya wore the usual black dress as she stood there and observed the Death Announcer.

She wasn't wearing the thick glasses, and her pitch-black eyes were tainted with some purple, making them mysterious and deep.

Indeed, she's also worried about a sudden attack from the King of Immortality… Klein retracted his gaze and looked at the Death Announcer

which had its tail raised up.

At this moment, the two ships had just passed each other by. The pirates could see their counterparts on the other ship.

Similarly, those pirates were also looking over. They maintained a silence resembling that of a statue as though they had zero emotional fluctuations, brandishing their knives and blowing at the guns. They were being extremely provocative.

At that moment, just a matchstick was enough to trigger the tense nerves and begin a war.

Finally, the Death Announcer didn't take any actions. It continued silently anchored on the spot, "watching" the Future pass it by before it distanced itself.

Phew… At Klein's side, Frank Lee didn't conceal his exhalation.

He produced a smile and said to Klein, "Heh heh, there has always been many rumors about the King of Immortality's strength. Others say that he's really a demigod, while others say that he's only a Sequence 5. He is able to reach the level of a Sequence 4 thanks to the Death Announcer. But regardless, he has lived long enough. Uh… Tell me, do you think crossbreeding him and my fishes would enhance their survivability?"

Frank suddenly had an idea.

*First, you need to capture the King of Immortality; otherwise, make him interested in your fish… *Klein lampooned before calmly saying, "You can discuss it with him."

Frank Lee was taken aback as he sighed, depressed.

"He won't agree to it. He will plant me into the soil."

Just as he said that, the Death Announcer which had opened a gap with the Future suddenly turned its sails.

A shrill laughter which was filled with malice sounded from several hundred meters away as it blanketed the Future.

"Hahaha!

"Hahaha!"

The laughter resounded constantly. It switched from being hoarse, to chaotic, sounding like ravings or singing at times. The sailors on deck fell to the ground one after another as they tried hard to cover their ears, but all they could do was struggle in pain.

A number of Beyonders began to produce fish scales on their bodies.

Klein was similarly affected. He felt that his brain was instantly injected with all kinds of thoughts. There were the good, the bad, the bright, and the dark.

They were abnormally disordered as they combined with the constantly changing laughter to produce a swelling feeling that could burst one's brain.

Klein's facial expression distorted slightly as inconspicuous flesh tendrils began to start wriggling under his skin.

If he hadn't experienced the True Creator's ravings and Mr. Door's cry for help, or suffer similar torment when he passed the gray fog each time, giving him a certain level of resistance, Klein would definitely be like Poison Expert Frank Lee—pressing his head, kneeling down with a ferocious expression to resist the pain brought from the terrifying laughter.

Klein noticed that some short orange hair was growing from Frank's face, making him seem to transform into a bear.

At that moment, the symbols and magical labels on the Future's walls, deck, and mast lit up. They became like a resplendent sea of stars in a moonless night.

The terrifying laughter which was either sharp or hoarse didn't weaken, but everyone was distanced from one another in a second. The sounds that came from a further distance away sounded empty and illusory.

Klein's swelling head instantly received reprieve as he used the rest of his strength to look up.

Behind the opened windows in the captain's cabin, the Admiral of Stars's face had additional traces of gloominess, and they looked like they would crack apart at any moment, producing horrible items.

At that moment, Cattleya's palms pressed down on the window sill as bits of starlight swirled around her, seemingly matching the Future which was on the resplendent sea.

Whoosh!

A squall stirred for no reason as the ship began its own adjustment. Despite the Future having so many of its sailors down, it sped up instead of slowing down. It quickly opened up a gap from the Death Announcer.

Klein looked at the room with the mysterious pair of eyes that observed the deck, and he discovered that the windows were rattling from the strong winds without any signs of abnormalities.

Whoosh!

Amidst the strong winds, starlight descended to form a swath of "floating ice" as they dragged the Future into a "rapid flight."

Finally, the Death Announcer vanished behind it. The terrifying laughter which could make a person lose control or go mad turned more illusory and

distant.

Frank Lee lowered his hands and panted before barely recovering. Many of the sailors on the deck were still tumbling about and struggling in extreme pain, but their condition didn't worsen.

This ability of the King of Immortality is truly impressive. There's almost no way to defend against it… It's no wonder he's one of the Four Kings… Klein frowned slightly as he sighed.

Although he was experienced and rather knowledgeable, this was the first time he was being directly attacked by a demigod in the true sense of the word. He discovered that even Agalito, who was ranked last among the Four Kings, similarly made him feel weak as though it was impossible to resist.

With Agalito's character, will he make the Death Announcer pursue us? Although there's a high chance he would wait for Slaughterer Kircheis to return, that possibility cannot be excluded… If he chases up, I'll pray to myself and use the Sea God Scepter to give him a maelstrom and a thunderstorm to wipe him out… After making the decision, he once again looked at Cattleya.

The pirate admiral's expression was already ghastly pale. However, there were no longer any signs of darkness. The starlight that twirled around her slowly extinguished one after another.

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CHAPTER 645
CALMING METHOD

Following the complete disappearance of the surrounding astral glow, Cattleya lowered her head and said to Frank Lee who was slowly recovering, "Let them calm down."

She was referring to the sailors who were still struggling in pain.

Just as she said that, Cattleya shrunk her body back as the windows closed.

At that instant, Klein vaguely saw a green vine grow upwards, covering the Admiral of Stars in layers.

As he didn't sense any danger or wickedness, he intuitively believed that it was a method in mysticism which Ma'am Hermit used to treat her injuries and recover her energy.

A power of her Beyonder pathway? Or is it from some mystical item she possesses? She began treatment without any worry and allowed Frank to deal with the chaos on the ship. She's not afraid that the Death Announcer would be able to chase up to us? How far did the Future "fly" in that last pounce? Klein no longer held his neck up as he turned to look at Frank Lee.

This first mate, who was both a poison expert and a capable doctor, had already retrieved a coiled soft tube from the pocket of his dungarees. It was connected to a small glass bottle, and on the other side was an embedded thin and sharp needle.

"A sedative I concocted," Frank Lee said with a forced smile while still having pangs of fear.

I've bought something similar before. They were all given to Zombie Maric… Klein surveyed the area and said, "This might not be enough."

"No, it's not for them. I need a helper. They will receive the help of beer which comes with a sedative effect. Haha, they're often rowdy once they're drunk, so I've added the necessary elements in most of the alcohol buckets," Frank explained in passing.

Spiking their drinks without any notice… Klein nearly twitched the corner of his mouth.

At that moment, he had a deep appreciation for the aptness of the nickname "Poison Expert."

Simply because he found the pirates rowdy when drunk, Frank had added a modified sedative to most of the alcoholic beverages without any sense of guilt or shame. It was as though he was doing something very ordinary.

This fellow is a really straight and warm person in certain aspects, but in other aspects, he's more terrifying than a devil. This is because he doesn't believe that what he does is evil… How did the Church of Mother Earth produce such a crazy scientist? Klein controlled his expression and followed Frank Lee from a distance and found the boatswain, Nina, who was squirming in the shadows of the bulkhead.

This pirate with an exaggerated figure was slumped there, writhing in pain. She kept scratching the deck, producing ear-piercing sounds as bloody marks were left behind.

Just watching the scene made Klein feel pain in his fingers.

"Gehrman, help me press her down to prevent her from struggling." Frank raised the needle and tube in his hand.

Klein didn't object to it, but he didn't say a word. He calmly crouched by the side and pressed down on Nina's shoulders.

He felt his hands slip the moment he touched her, finding it difficult to grab her. It was as though she wasn't a lady but a gigantic fish covered in slippery scales.

Klein instantly corrected his actions. Using a Clown's precise control, he grabbed Nina firmly by the shoulders.

However, Nina's struggling was surprisingly strong, far greater than Klein's. Soon, he felt his fingers turn sore as he could hardly continue.

As expected of a Sequence 7 Beyonder from the Sailor pathway, while I'm not a Beyonder who excels when it comes to physical strength… If not for the need to feed it, I can activate Creeping Hunger and switch to Steel Maveti's soul and use the strength of a Zombie as a most suitable response… As these thoughts ran through his mind, Klein saw Frank approach, crouch down, and press his knee onto Nina's back.

His muscles bulged as he quickly stopped Nina's struggling.

A Beyonder from the Planter pathway has quite a lot of physical strength as well… However, Mr. Frank Lee, it's probably difficult for you to get a girlfriend if you use such crude manners against a lady… Of course, you definitely don't mind. You could totally let your child grow from the soil… Klein lampooned as he watched Frank Lee inject the needle into the back of Nina's hand.

As the small bottle of sedatives was injected, Nina stopped her attempts at struggling. Klein released his hands and stood up.

After a few seconds, Nina combed her hair and rolled to her feet. She grumbled at Frank Lee, "Why must you always be so rough like a bear? Can't you try a different method?"

As she spoke, she stretched her arms without concealing the pained expression on her face.

Unlike the dive from earlier, she was now wearing a linen shirt and a brown coat. She looked no different from an ordinary pirate.

Frank wasn't fazed by Nina's complaints as he asked in puzzlement, "How was I rough?

"Alright, let's not argue on this topic. Let's help them first.

"Get the beer barrel out. Let's work together to make them drink.

"Gehrman, you don't mind participating in this, right?"

Klein shot a glance at the sailors on the deck. After contemplating for a few seconds, he asked, "The goal is to let them calm down?"

"That's right." Frank Lee nodded heavily.

"Can I just knock them unconscious?" Klein asked calmly.

This has almost the same effects as a sedative beer, and it's more efficient… he added inwardly.

Nina turned her head in surprise and was momentarily stunned speechless.

Frank Lee thought seriously for a moment.

"Okay."

"Alright." Klein walked to a cutlass he had long noticed, picked it up, and used the dull edge to strike it at its owner.

*Bang! *

Through his precise control, the pirate who was rolling in pain calmed down and fell unconscious.

Nina's expression froze for a second before she recovered.

She then slowed down when passing by Klein. She suppressed her laughter as she said, "I've heard rumors of you, but I never expected you to be more exaggerated than the rumors. Usually, it should be the opposite.

"Yes… Your thoughts are very, very special. Completely different from others, and they're closer to those of Frank's. This is probably why he's able to treat you as a friend in such a short time."

No, there are differences among lunatics. Gehrman Sparrow hasn't reached the level of Frank yet… Klein observed silently and gave such a reply inwardly.

He ignored Nina and held the cutlass and walked across the deck, knocking the sailors unconscious and waiting for them to wake up naturally.

Frank wished to do the same, but he gave up his rash thoughts when he was asked by Nina if he could guarantee that he only knocked them unconscious instead of killing them. He entered the cabin and brought out a beer barrel and acted according to his original plan.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Klein struck as he walked all the way to the bow. At this moment, an elder in his fifties with a pointed bonnet had gradually come round.

When he saw the cold and crazy adventurer approach, he hurriedly tried to stand up and blurted out, "No, I don't need it!

"I'm already fine. I'm fine!"

There's no need to explain. It's very clear… Klein held back his amusement and turned for the bow.

At this moment, the elder introduced himself, "I'm the navigator of the Future, Ottolov."

Navigator? Klein turned his head and discovered several books dropped around Ottolov. They were either spread on the ground face up or down, flat or sideways.

"Haha, I fell from above and brought them with me. They nearly went mad," Ottolov explained.

Klein shifted his gaze towards his eyes and discovered the colors of the deep sea in his blue eyes.

It's not the pair of eyes that were observing me in the day… But this feeling is somewhat similar to the Admiral of Stars… They are of the same pathway? Klein retracted his gaze and watched Nina and Frank Lee calm the other sailors.

Just as he was about to look back to see if the Death Announcer had continued its pursuit, Ottolov suddenly shouted, "Be careful!"

Whoosh!

A huge wave struck the bow, causing the Future to shake vigorously.

If not for his balancing ability as a Clown, Klein would've fallen like Frank. And when the huge spray pattered down like rain, it drenched his half top hat and double-breasted frock coat.

There should be a steam iron here, right… The act of a crazy adventurer washing his clothes doesn't violate his persona. It's weird if he doesn't wash his clothes… I should've worn clothes in the style of the Rorsted Archipelago natives! At that instant, Klein felt a series of heartache.

He saw a storm ahead with huge waves coming one after another as they surged high up like mountains. He could sense the crazy winds and the

rumbling thunder.

*W-we've come to the boundaries of the safe sea routes? The "flight" from just now might've allowed us to lose the Death Announcer's tail, but it has also diverted the ship from its path? *Klein watched as Ottolov, Nina, and Frank, as well as Bloodless Heath Doyle, who had appeared at some point in time, wake up the sailors as they took their places. They frantically and busily began to steer the Future.

Through their hard work, the Future changed directions in time and tore through the gigantic waves and dodged the bolts of lightning before returning to the safe sea route.

After everything calmed down, Klein released the charm from the Sea God domain and breathed a sigh of relief.

Looking back, he saw no signs of the Death Announcer's pursuit. He finally eased up and found that there was nothing calm about the night.

After surveying the area and seeing the pirates rub their heads or gasp for breath, looking exhausted and on the brink of collapse, Klein left the deck, feeling a slight guilty-conscience. He walked to the cabin and sighed inwardly.

We just left the Gargas Archipelago recently and the ship was nearly destroyed. The search for mermaids really doesn't seem simple…

Following the staircase to the upper level, Klein walked past the captain's cabin and slowed down. He observed for a moment and saw green leaves covering the crack in the door. Everything was isolated.

He shifted his gaze and returned to his room. He considered the matter of praying to The Fool before going above the gray fog to grasp the nearby waters and search for traces of the Death Announcer by responding. He wanted to let the King of Immortality Agalito, who attacked others for no baffling reason, to experience the same treatment as he did.

No, there are "eyes" watching. I should try my best not to do such things. Besides, it will only teach the King of Immortality a lesson and not seriously injure him. It's not worth the risk… I shouldn't let my anger get the better of my rationality… I'll think about it again after advancing successfully! Klein repressed his urge.

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CHAPTER 646
LEYMANO'S SPELLBOOK

Backlund, outside the steam locomotive station.

Fors wore a finely checkered black veiled hat with embedded blue flowers and stood by the hall at the station's entrance, awaiting her teacher, Dorian Gray.

The drizzle on the streets and the cold winds blowing underground had made this female author tremble slightly. She felt that she had underestimated Backlund's spring.

I wonder what Xio is doing that makes her busy all year round. Sigh, she said that she wouldn't even get out of bed when her father was still alive. Apart from going to the bathroom, both food and water would be served to her by her servants. Now, she's leaving early in the morning every day and only returning late at night regardless of the weather. She has completed one mission after another, capturing one fugitive after another. With this in mind, Fors couldn't help but admire Xio.

Last week, this female Sheriff had already paid off her debt and had even saved up 200 pounds!

I have to say that, as a Beyonder job, a Sheriff is really suited to being a bounty hunter. Of course, the choices available to her are limited to Low-Sequence Beyonders… Fors's thoughts wandered as her gaze that was directed outwards had suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure.

It was a man of medium build, and he was dressed in a black suit, the most popular attire in Loen. He wore a half top hat, and in a rare instance, his

shoulders appeared broad. It was broad in an almost exaggerated sense.

He was none other than Fors's teacher, one of the few remaining members of the Abraham family, Dorian Gray Abraham.

Fors was delighted as she immediately went over with her umbrella in hand.

With so many people on the streets, she didn't directly approach him. However, her gaze met his and saw him raise his clenched right fist towards the first button on his black suit.

*This… means danger! *Fors's expressionlessly diverted her gaze away. She smiled as she cast her gaze to a young gentleman behind Dorian, and as though nothing happened, she passed him and walked forward.

An ancient family had unimaginable experience in all kinds of matters, so Dorian Gray had long informed Fors of the signals and gestures to use in urgent situations. The action from before was extremely simple. It was to inform her to stay away!

The young man behind was somewhat taken aback to be stared at by the languid, mature lady. Following that, he instinctively adjusted his clothes and pressed down on his hat.

Just as he finished these series of actions, Fors had overtaken him and continued heading forward.

Under the drizzle, Fors circled the area and boarded a rental carriage and headed for Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street. This was the place that Dorian Gray had reserved in advance.

Having spent so many years in mysticism circles, Fors, who had plenty of experience, calmly got a neighboring room and stood before the window to observe the guests that came to the inn.

Finally, she saw Dorian Gray get off a carriage and walk through the door.

Fors quickly turned around and came to the bend of the stairwell. She covertly observed her teacher being led to his room by an attendant.

After a while, she took off her hat, messed up her hair a little before coming to Room 2016, and she knocked on it.

Her plan was very simple. If her teacher's response wasn't problematic, she would enter the room to converse with him. If it was abnormal, she would pretend as though she had come to the wrong room or that she was a prostitute trying to get some business.

*Creak. *The door slowly opened as Dorian looked at his student in front of him before looking both ways down the corridor.

Then, he raised his right arm and spread his fingers to press on the second button of his suit.

This meant that he wasn't controlled and that the abnormality was over.

Fors let out a silent sigh of relief and instantly entered the room.

"Teacher, what happened just now?" she asked, feeling worried and concerned.

Dorian closed the door and smiled wryly.

"I saw someone familiar."

He sighed and added, "An enemy."

It was his former student who had later betrayed the Abraham family with Traveler Boulaya and nearly wiped out the upper echelons of the Abraham family.

According to what Dorian knew, his former student had already joined the Aurora Order and was likely one of the 22 Oracles.

"What did he do? Is he very strong?" Fors asked curiously.

Dorian fell silent for a few seconds and divulged a little.

"Lawrence, Laubero, Aulisa, and I belong to a particular organization. A few members betrayed it and dealt a heavy blow to it.

"That was one of the traitors."

He didn't mention it as a family, nor did he mention the conflict between bloodline members and the apprentices so as to prevent Fors from getting her feelings involved.

"How despicable!" Fors immediately recalled the kind Mrs. Aulisa and the friendly and amiable Mr. Lawrence.

"Alright, let's not chat about such unhappy matters." Dorian took out a piece of paper that had been folded a few times and handed it to Fors. "Here's the Astrologer potion formula. Your digestion of the Trickmaster and Apprentice potions has exceeded my expectations. This is the greatest surprise I've had in the past ten years."

"I specially joined a circus." Fors didn't hide the fact, and she even felt that it was worth flaunting.

As she spoke, she unfolded the piece of paper to read the Astrologer's potion formula.

At this moment, Dorian nodded in relief.

"I'm very sorry. Due to the previous losses, I'm unable to provide you with the main ingredients of the Astrologer potion. Just treat it as a final test.

"However, I have prepared a gift for you."

As he spoke, he took out a palm-sized notebook from his inner left pocket. Its cover looked hard, and it was entirely bronze-green in color. It looked rather ancient.

The notebook was comprised of three types of paper. The yellow-type of parchment had the fewest pages, while another was a yellowish-brown goatskin of about ten pages, while the rest was ordinary white paper. On the cover there were the words written in ancient Feysac: "I came, I saw, I record."

Fors's gaze moved away from the Astrologer potion formula and onto the notebook. She recognized it to be the item left behind by Mr. Lawrence. It was the item she had specially traveled all the way to Pritz Harbor to hand to her teacher!

Dorian smiled.

"I believe you are no stranger to it."

After Fors nodded, he sighed.

"This is a rather potent mystical item. It can be ranked in the top five among all the similar items I've seen. This doesn't mean that it's more impressive than the ones ranked after it, but it's simply because the negative effects are the easiest to resolve. When the two are put together, it makes it worth a lot."

"What is its name? What negative side effects does it have?" Fors couldn't disguise her excitement and agitation.

Dorian caressed the notebook's cover and said, "It's called 'Leymano's Travels,' but we prefer calling it 'Leymano's Spellbook.'

While this spellbook will expose you to more kinds of Beyonder powers, it can also allow you to record them.

"It will be materialized onto a particular page for long-term storage. You can use it at any time, but remember, the corresponding page will become blank again with each use, awaiting your next record."

…*It sounds amazing.* Fors felt as though she was dreaming.

I can record any Beyonder powers I see and use them once?

I-isn't this another kind of Shepherd? The Shepherd mentioned by Little Sun… Yes, it's only limited to a single prepared battle.

I wonder if I can record the Beyonder powers of a demigod. If it's possible, in a prepared battle, I'll be even stronger than a Shepherd!

Dorian seemed to read her mind as he explained in detail.

"It can be said so. It corresponds to a Sequence 6 Scribe of the Apprentice pathway. It's not guaranteed that a Beyonder power that is higher than this Sequence can be recorded. There's a chance of failure; the greater the gap, the greater the chance of failure. Furthermore, the effects will be halved.

"According to the experience of past users, while chances of success against a Sequence 5's Beyonder powers is considerably high, once it reaches Sequence 4, which is the level of a demigod, it becomes relatively difficult. There might not be a single instance of success within ten attempts. And I believe no demigod will cast it again and again for you. If it's an enemy, they would've killed you ten times over.

"Do you see these? The yellow parchment is specifically used to record Beyonder powers with godhood. There are a total of three pages, which is to say that even if you are very lucky, all you can record is three demigod Beyonder powers, and you can only use them each once."

Although it appears to have many restrictions, making it impossible to fully produce the traveling notebook's might, it isn't an obstacle for two types of people. One of them is a lucky person, while the other is someone with a

large organization or faction backing them, the kind which has a demigod helping.… Fors instantly thought of seeking Mr. Fool's help to display "His" powers so that she could record them. However, she immediately found it sacrilegious as she hurriedly apologized inwardly.

Following that, she sincerely hoped that the supposedly strongest Ma'am Hermit in the Tarot Club would quickly become a demigod.

Dorian noticed that Fors's thoughts were going astray as he continued, "The pages like goatskin can record the Beyonder powers of a Sequence 5 or 6. There are a total of ten pages, and the effects would be more than half of the original, roughly 70 to 80%.

"The remaining pages record Beyonder powers below Sequence 6. There are a total of 25 pages, and the effects are almost equal to the original, but they are still slightly inferior.

"Due to some developments in the past, the spellbook still has five pages with Beyonder powers left. The rest are blank. You can test them for yourself."

Dorian paused before saying with a solemn expression, "Before giving it to you, I have to seriously warn you that it has negative effects. After using it each time, it will make you get lost, and it's the kind that causes you to encounter danger. You have to draw a bit of your blood to smear it on the cover evenly to reduce the effects.

"Remember, don't underestimate getting lost. You must resolve it as quickly as possible."

"Yes, Teacher," Fors replied seriously.

Dorian then handed Leymano's Travels to Fors.

"This is my gift."

Teacher is really nice… Fors pursed her lips and asked, "What's the name of that student who betrayed you? What does he look like?

"If there's a chance, I wish to seek vengeance on him for both you and Mr. Lawrence."

"No, don't think about it. You are much weaker than him. Back when he betrayed us, he was already a Scribe. Now, he might even be a Traveler," Dorian said solemnly. "However, you do need to remember him and avoid him. His name is Lewis Wien. I'll draw a picture of him later."

"Alright." Fors nodded.

…

On the Future, in the pirates' dining hall.

Klein met Cattleya who was exiting just as he walked in.

The lady was no longer as pale as the previous night. With a pair of thick glasses, she calmly said, "Make your preparations. We will be arriving in those waters in a while."

That fast? How far exactly did we fly last night? Klein was taken aback.

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CHAPTER 647
SEA OF RUINS

Although Gehrman Sparrow didn't show it on his face, Cattleya seemed to notice the surprise in him. She simply explained, "It's a kind of flight that makes it impossible for the Death Announcer to continue its pursuit."

Just as she said that, she discovered that Gehrman Sparrow had completely changed his attire. He wore a round neck shirt, a brown jacket, pantaloons with a dark-colored cap. He didn't look like an adventurer and instead resembled a native of the City of Generosity, Bayam.

According to Nina, his clothes were drenched by a huge wave last night… Does he only have one set of decent clothes? Cattleya recalled and found the reason.

She wasn't surprised by this. She even felt that it matched Gehrman Sparrow's insanity. He only had one set of decent clothes, spending the rest of his money on mystical items, Beyonder weapons, spirituality charms—with the sole goal of raising his strength.

It's no wonder the King of Immortality gave up. All he did was attack passing ships. There wasn't enough hatred to drive him to pursue us the entire way… Yes, in front of the Four Kings, senior pirate admirals still have a chance to escape to a certain degree…

Almost arriving… Man, I haven't completed my digestion…

However, acting as the crazy adventurer yesterday seemed rather effective. The crew of the Future gave a very spontaneous and warm response towards it. I should completely digest it in two to three days. And even if we

entered the dangerous waters, finding mermaids wouldn't be that simple. I should have enough time.… Klein nodded and suppressed his urge to ask. He planned on passing by Admiral of Stars and head to his usual spot to have breakfast.

At this moment, he saw a pirate who was carrying a blue fish which was alive and kicking rush in. He went straight for a corner.

Seated there was the second mate of the Future, Heath Doyle. His face was nearly transparent from the paleness, and his nose bridge was rather unharmonious.

Pa!

The fish which was nearly a meter long was placed in front of Bloodless.

Heath Doyle extended his hands and pressed down on the fish. He bent his body bit by bit as he inched his head downwards, plastering his face to the scales as though he was kissing it.

Suddenly, the fish stiffened and, like wax meeting fire, melted rapidly and turned into a disgusting pool of flesh and blood.

The flesh and blood surged into Heath Doyle's mouth like liquid as they covered his skin.

Amidst the horrendous sight of the squirming, the fish and all the bones, flesh, and blood vanished. Nothing was left behind as Heath Doyle's face appeared very clean. All that was left was the bright red color on his lips like a blooming rose.

Rose Bishop.… The name of the Sequence surfaced in Klein's mind.

Cattleya, who was beside him, also saw the scene as she nudged her glasses.

"Every Rose Bishop needs to replenish themselves with enough blood and flesh. That way, they can fully showcase their Beyonder powers and not lose control after being injured as a result of an intense battle.

Her lips curled slightly as she added, "However, the lunatics from the Aurora Order have an inclination towards human flesh and blood. Actually, substitutes would work fine."

From the looks of it, this Bloodless with a bounty of 7,600 pounds is really lucky. On the one hand, he's lucky to achieve Sequence 6 at once without any abnormalities or losing control. On the other hand, joining Admiral of Stars's pirate crew is another. Without the secret knowledge that this lady who is being pursued by knowledge possesses, he might've turned into a monster that desires human flesh and blood sooner or later, even if he didn't listen to the True Creator's voice… Klein sighed silently.

He was increasingly convinced that the Secrets Suppliant pathway, which was also the Shepherd pathway, was the Beyonder pathway which was the easiest to lose control and turn mad. Nothing came close; even the Abyss pathway, which represented evil, was slightly lacking.

Klein retracted his gaze, and just as he was about to take a step forward, the entire ship jolted.

In an instant, the scene ahead of the Future naturally surfaced in Klein's mind.

The blue sea was being separated by a gigantic crack as infinite amounts of seawater plummeted down into bottomless darkness like a waterfall!

This scene was magnificent and mystical. It made one suspect if they weren't on Earth.

Whoosh!

The Future wasn't able to stop in time as it rushed to the edge and quickly plummeted.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

All the pirates in the dining hall flew up and slammed into the ceiling. Toast, white bread, butter, margarine, beer, and roasted fish flew around at random without settling down.

Klein also lost his balance as he couldn't help but be thrown towards the ceiling.

He extended his palm in time and pressed upwards, quickly adjusting his posture like an acrobatic act, allowing him to look less pathetic.

Not far away, Nina showcased her stunning balance. With the help of the ceiling, she maintained her posture. Perhaps intentionally or unintentionally, she extended her feet and kicked Frank to send the Poison Expert flying diagonally to a beer barrel, drenching him with pale yellow liquid.

At this moment, the most casual and unfazed person was Cattleya. Stars swirled around her as the resplendence beneath her feet coagulated, causing her to float in midair. She wasn't affected by the sudden dip.

Apart from her, Bloodless was the least pathetic. At some point in time, this Rose Bishop had blended into the shadows and disappeared.

With the Future about to plummet into the bottomless crevice, a plume of water surged up suddenly!

It held up the ship and threw it high into the air and towards the other edge.

After momentarily floating in the air, Klein believed that the Future had landed stably on the surface of the sea. Once again, the charm from the Sea God domain, which he held tightly in his right hand, wasn't used.

At that moment, the sunlight outside the window shone inside, illuminating the mess inside the dining hall.

Klein, who had long regained his balance, briskly walked to the window and saw that the endless sea seemed to be burning with golden flames. It appeared to have been noon the entire time.

It was only morning moments ago!

Klein looked up and narrowed his eyes to see that the sky was filled with sunlight. There were no clouds nor the sun, just a swath of golden rays.

It's no wonder Arrodes's description of this place is that it's no longer a real ocean, but a relic of a war between the gods.

As he swept his gaze, he discovered nearby ruins which were diagonally ahead.

The ruins were mostly covered by seawater. Protruding out from the surface was gray stones and stone columns that formed a peak. At the top was a dome-like object. From its angle, it was able to hold up quite a large area of space.

The ruins were definitely massive in the first place. Through the transparent waters, Klein saw that its base extended to the seabed without end.

"These are extremely dangerous waters." At some point in time, Cattleya came beside him.

Klein turned his head over and waited for her to continue.

Cattleya's gaze was cast forward as she said somewhat wistfully, "I haven't been here many times. Furthermore, all my visits happened a long time ago."

*"My" and not "our"…That means that it wasn't with the crew of the Future… Or was it back when she was a subordinate of Queen Mystic? *Klein acutely noticed the terms which Admiral of Stars had used as he made a guess.

Cattleya didn't turn her head as she looked at the sky and sea which were covered in golden flames.

"No one knows where the ends of these waters are. Nor does anyone know how wide it is.

"Do you know what's most dangerous about this place?"

…I should've gotten Arrodes to give me a more detailed explanation… Klein honestly shook his head.

Previously, he had nearly been caught by a demigod of the True Creator. He had only survived thanks to the Die of Probability; therefore, in the past two months, he didn't dare bring the radio transceiver back to the real world. He was afraid that the True Creator, who was closely watching the region, would sense it. Hence, he didn't have an opportunity to contact Arrodes.

His original plan was to seek out Will Auceptin's help through the paper crane once he approached the dangerous waters, and understand the corresponding dangers of the environment. To his surprise, they had encountered King of Immortality Agalito, and the Future didn't give him any time before they arrived at their destination.

Behind the thick glasses, Cattleya's black eyes with a purple hue glazed over for a moment.

"There are many ruins floating here. There are all kinds of mutated monsters. Among them include many demigods who have lost control or ancient evil creatures.

"This isn't the most dangerous part. If it's only because of this, these waters would've become a hunting ground for the seven Churches, a treasure trove for them to obtain High-Sequence ingredients or items. Of course, there are many monsters and evil creatures who have lost control here, but they might not be real. They can kill us, but they might not leave anything behind after they are killed."

Upon hearing this, Klein made the connection to the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

This dragon king could conjure anything through his imagination!

*Could it be that these waters were where the ancient gods of the Second Epoch fought? *Klein nearly frowned.

Cattleya said with an ethereal voice as she continued, "Here, you will never guess what dangers you will encounter next. Perhaps you will just melt while approaching a ruin, turning into a wax-like monster. Perhaps you might turn into a rock amidst the storms from slightly deviating from the explored sea routes and end up shattering to pieces.

"To Beyonders at our level, that is the greatest danger."

Klein turned his head slightly as he sharply asked, "What about Beyonders that surpass our levels?"

Cattleya sighed and smiled.

"The waters here are filled with a voice that shouldn't be heard.

"The higher the Sequence, the easier it is to hear it. Therefore, most demigods who dare explore these waters have ended up with problems. They either went mad or lost control, ending up lost here forever."

*It's no wonder the seven Churches don't send their experts here to reap the harvest… Most of them ended up with problems… Which means that there

are a small number of demigods that can survive here? *Enlightened, Klein looked out the window again.

At this moment, the Future had closed in on the ruins.

Suddenly, a loud and clear panting was heard by everyone!

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CHAPTER 648
NOON AND NIGHT

Whoosh! Gasp!

The loud panting sounds entered Klein's ears in a slow and rhythmic manner. It left a chill running down his spine as he felt an inexplicable sense of horror, but he didn't feel any dangerous foreboding.

It wasn't only him. Cattleya, Frank Lee, and the other pirates also heard the panting sounds. They either turned their heads, looked outside, raised their weapons, or were on high alert, showcasing their rich experience.

After trying to discern the source, Klein discovered that the intense panting stemmed from the ruin ahead of them. It originated from a spot between the peak made of stones and stone columns.

At that moment, Bloodless Heath Doyle floated out of the shadows. He clasped his head and softly grunted in pain.

"There's a corpse…

"There's a corpse there!"

Corpse? A corpse that pants loudly? Klein's thoughts raced. Cattleya, who had subconsciously removed her heavy glasses and looked towards the ruins, had her expression suddenly turn solemn. She turned her head towards the pirates in the dining hall and said, "Quick!

"Quickly circle around that area and do not approach it!"

Her voice contained a magnetic allure that jolted everyone awake. The sailors rushed out of the dining hall and headed for spots that needed help. Under Navigator Ottolov and Boatswain Nina's instructions, they adjusted the sails and changed direction, passing by the ruins from a relatively great distance.

Only when the peak formed by stone and stone columns vanished beyond the horizon did Bloodless Heath Doyle lower his hands; his expression no longer in pain.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein narrowed his eyes. He felt that this Rose Bishop, the second mate of the Future might be a huge latent risk on this voyage.

This wasn't because of his contempt towards Beyonders of the Secrets Suppliant pathway, but a judgment he made from combining the Admiral of Stars's description and how Heath Doyle had reacted.

Just now, Heath Doyle was the only one in pain while everyone heard the loud panting. He instinctively believed that there was a corpse buried in the ruins, and Cattleya's reaction after her observation proved his words.

That means that even if Heath Doyle doesn't proactively listen to the True Creator's voice, just by having the Beyonder powers of a Listener is enough to make him hear more than the average person and most Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders in ordinary environments. Hence, he was affected the most and obtained more information on the danger when we encountered the panting sounds while being sufficiently close to the source of the sounds.

Here, it doesn't mean that problems can be resolved by avoiding similar ruins. Because according to Cattleya, these waters are filled with voices that can make a demigod lose control—voices that shouldn't be heard. If Heath Doyle were to be in an inadequate or overly adequate state one day, he might end up hearing those lethal whispers.

*Similarly, even if a Sequence 6 Rose Bishop is inferior to a demigod who is good at listening, the gap can't be too huge. In terms of the Die of Probability, just 2 points—not 1 point—is enough to have Heath Doyle hear voices he shouldn't hear to go mad or lose control… I have to warn Ma'am Hermit even though she should've long figured this out and made the corresponding preparations… *Klein retracted his gaze and heard his stomach groan softly.

He had yet to have breakfast.

At this moment, beer was splashed across the floor. Butter had been splattered everywhere. All kinds of food—roasted fish, toast, white bread—were strewn across the floor or hanging off of something. All of them had become somewhat dirty.

*It should still be edible by peeling off the outer layer… *Klein looked at a piece of bread that was leaning on a table leg, in a dilemma on his course of action.

This was at odds with Gehrman Sparrow's persona!

When he decided to wait for lunch, Cattleya instructed the chef, "Prepare breakfast for the rest once more.

"Leave this to Frank. P-perhaps he has uses for it."

For the rearing of monsters? Klein lampooned inwardly.

After a while, he finally had breakfast which wasn't as sumptuous as before. It was a smoked pork sausage and two utterly burnt toast, as well as a cup of unsedated light beer that was treated as water.

Due to them traveling through very dangerous waters with the possibilities of mishaps happening at every turn, Klein showcased his eating skills from back when he was studying in college. He only spent one to two minutes to finish the breakfast just like he did back in his college's mess hall.

He left the pirates' dining hall and came to the deck. He was having an after-meal stroll while also observing his environment.

At that moment, the sea still appeared as though it was illuminated by a midday sun as it was colored gold.

Klein stopped and looked into the distance and saw a point of light ahead expanding.

Under the sun's illumination, the point of light was producing coruscating, multi-colored lusters due to the refraction. It was a like a gigantic and transparent gem.

As the Future continued forging ahead, the point of light gradually revealed itself.

It first parted before becoming clear. It was comprised of four gigantic columns made of pure diamond.

They were like legendary columns that held up the sea. They extended downwards and stably stood there, holding up a sizable floating island.

Above the floating island, the soil was charred black without any hint of greenery. In its depths, the lights had such an abnormal brightness that it outshone the midday sky.

Suddenly, there was a long screech that was emitted from the island.

It was loud and unrestrained, but it gave people a hair-raising sense of danger.

Before long, Klein heard the galloping sounds of horses as he saw two steeds that seemed to be tempered from gold rush out of the floating island. Behind it was a beautiful chariot which was similarly made from gold.

At this moment, Cattleya's voice was amplified as she hurriedly had it resound in every corner of the Future.

"Look down!

"Don't look at it!"

Klein was never one to put on a brave front. He subconsciously lowered his head upon hearing those words and looked at his leather boots.

He noticed that the sunlight which illuminated the deck was becoming brighter before it dimmed and was rapidly restored to its former brilliance.

"It's alright now." Cattleya's voice sounded in the ship again without any obvious emotional fluctuations.

Only then did Klein look up. He discovered that the two steeds tempered from gold and the beautiful chariot they pulled behind it had vanished. The diamond pillar silently supported the floating island as resplendent glows swirled around it.

What a huge diamond… What a strange floating island. What would happen if I hadn't lowered my head and had watched the golden chariot charge forward? Klein looked around as he suddenly frowned.

A pirate who stood about seven to eight meters away from him had already vanished. Standing there were two pitch-black footprints.

Looking at the ashes floating in midair, Klein vaguely knew the outcome of not lowering his head.

Thankfully, Admiral of Stars has been here a few times in the past. She knows what to avoid and when to bow her head. If I had hired Mr. Hanged Man, even if he was the one steering the ghost ship, we might've already been wiped out by now… No, if the Future hadn't arrived at its destination ahead of time without giving me any time to prepare, I would've long sought

out Will Auceptin's advice. A magician never performs unprepared… Besides, if I had hired Mr. Hanged Man, I definitely would've purchased the relevant information from Ma'am Hermit… Klein first sighed before recovering his calm.

He didn't suggest visiting the floating island to explore it. He left the Future to pass it by and head forward.

In the rest of the time, the sea was like the outer world. There were only the undulating waves, the vastness, silence, and endlessness.

Klein occasionally saw fire embers floating on the surface of the sea, but he didn't find any signs of marine creatures, including mermaids.

Time ticked by, and lunch was soon underway.

Just as Klein was about to leave the deck for the dining hall, he suddenly realized that his surroundings had darkened!

The sky which had remained in a midday state no longer had any sunlight as it was covered in rich darkness.

This change was so sudden and fast that Klein's first reaction was to wonder who had switched off the lights!

Silently, the Future was covered in a layer of resplendent stars that illuminated paths in every direction.

Cattleya's voice that contained a magnetic allure was once again magnified as it resounded in everyone's ears.

"Return to your room or find any corner you can and make yourself fall asleep.

"Then, wait until you wake up naturally."

Puzzled, Frank Lee asked loudly, "What will happen if I don't sleep?"

At that moment, his voice boomed like a speaking bear.

Cattleya stood behind the window of the captain's cabin and said, "When we wake up, we will find you gone, never to be found again."

*The night here is that terrifying? *Klein was curious, but he had no thoughts of attempting to stay awake.

He returned to his room, and using the starlight which hadn't been extinguished on the Future, he unfolded a paper crane and picked up a pencil to quickly write:

"What should be taken note of when traveling to the dangerous waters on the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea?

"Where can I find mermaids there?"

Putting down the pencil, he folded the crane. Without taking off his coat, he lay in bed and, with the help of Cogitation, quickly fell asleep.

In a hazy world, he suddenly jolted awake, clearly knowing that he was dreaming.

No one is infiltrating it… Klein surveyed his surroundings and found himself on a mountaintop. Behind him and to his sides were black, cloister-like buildings. Ahead of him was a withered tree and a protruding boulder.

On top of the boulder, Cattleya sat alone. She hugged her knees and leaned her body forward as she stared at the mountain opposite them.

She was still dressed in the black classical robe that exuded an air of mystery. Her expression wore an indescribable look of confusion.

At that moment, she didn't move at all; it was as though she was a stone sculpture.

Why is she in my dream? Klein took a few steps forward and leaped onto a boulder.

Before he could ask, he was stunned by the vast scene before his eyes. It was a feeling that struck a blow to his body and soul.

In front of the boulder was a bottomless cliff and across the cliff was a mountain which was covered with countless palaces, spires, and majestic city walls.

These buildings were opulent and stacked in circles. Just one of them was abnormally huge and didn't resemble a human's residence. Combined together, it had an indescribable sense of epic proportions that seemed legendary or mythical.

The sun hung far away as it cast the colors of the sunset onto the city as the light seemed to be frozen.

"This is a dream shared by all of us…" Cattleya continued sitting there, hugging her legs as she said as though she was in a reverie.

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CHAPTER 649
BLACK CLOISTER

A dream shared by everyone? Klein repeated Cattleya's words inwardly as he slowly realized the situation he was in.

Nighttime in these dangerous waters would connect the dreams of all living creatures!

And any creature that didn't sleep would lack the necessary protection, as their Soul Bodies weren't in the dream. As such, they would suffer an unknown attack.

As for why such an attack would lead to one's disappearance and not instant death, Klein, who hadn't actually experienced it, had no grounds for speculation.

As his thoughts raced, Klein retracted his gaze from Cattleya's body, recasting them onto the magnificent city on the opposite cliff. He thought out of curiosity.

If this world can really be formed from the connection of dreams from all the local creatures, who could've imagined such an unimaginable city?

He observed for a few seconds before asking, "What is its name?"

What's the name of this city that can only exist in myths and legends?

Cattleya stared ahead in a daze as she spoke as though she was in a reverie, "No idea… There will be a chance of seeing it every time we enter the dream, but it's impossible to approach.

"She said that it resembles the Great Twilight Hall in Feysac.

"She likely has her own guesses, but she has never told me."

She? That Queen Mystic? The Great Twilight Hall is where the Church of the God of Combat's papal chair is… Klein surveyed the area and deliberated before saying, "I plan to look around."

He believed that the Future wouldn't leave these waters anytime soon. He would definitely encounter more nights and enter this dream world several times. Therefore, to defend against any accidents and to obtain intel, it was necessary for him to explore the area.

And the exploration no doubt needed a partner.

Cattleya remained sitting there, hugging her knees. Her tone remained ethereal as she said, "Not interested."

…This isn't what a mature pirate admiral should say. You could've been more euphemistic. Ma'am Hermit, you resemble a young petulant lady… Klein was taken aback as he suspected if he had misheard. This was in conflict with the Admiral of Stars he had in his mind.

Thinking of how Gehrman Sparrow also had his side of not being afraid of dirt and hardship, he came to a realization. He quickly made a guess.

Cattleya isn't completely awake in the dream. She is able to know that she's in a dream, but she's unable to effectively control it!

That is to say that she would unknowingly depict the feelings buried deep in her heart and reveal some of her personality which she usually suppresses.

It's no wonder she said that she was never able to approach that miraculous city. It's because she never had the intention of exploring it herself… Klein thought for a moment and deliberately probed, "We might be able to discover something over there."

"Not going," Cattleya didn't hesitate to reply, but she never shook her head. "I'll be here waiting! Waiting!"

She really is in a semi-unconscious state… Klein made the judgment based on her reaction and tone.

He didn't waste any more time and turned to leap off the boulder.

Pa!

Klein's feet stepped on the ground as he subconsciously looked back.

Cattleya remained sitting there hugging her knees. There wasn't anyone around, and the congealed sunset from the city opposite her shone over, producing a long shadow for her, blending with one of the shadows produced by withered trees.

A gentle mountain breeze blew as the black figure gently shook. Cattleya didn't move as she stubbornly waited on the spot.

At such times, there's a need for a Psychiatrist to interpret the dream's emotions. This has nothing to do with the revelations obtained from divination… Klein curled his lips and surveyed his surroundings to seek a direction in which to explore.

He discovered that regardless of the direction he took, he would end up at the black buildings formed from the cloisters. There was a towering wall that isolated it from the cliff. No matter how the exploration was made, one had to pass by the cloister unless once jumped down the cliff.

Since there was no other choice, Klein went directly to the pitch-black door of the cloister.

The door was nearly ten meters tall, and it didn't look like it was prepared for human use. Klein sized it up for a few seconds, took a deep breath, and extended his hands to push at the ends of the door.

A creaking sound followed. The door's weight far exceeded Klein's imagination. His muscles bulged as his face flushed red. Yet, he was only able to move the door by a tiny bit without being able to push it open.

Thankfully, it's only a dream. As long as there's reason to believe, I can raise my strength without truly activating Creeping Hunger… Klein exhaled and made his left glove be tainted with a paleness.

In the midst of dark green sparkles, he obtained the strength of a Zombie. His arm turned thicker as his legs swelled.

Screech!

A deep grinding sound boomed as the door slowly opened to reveal its interior.

The two dark spires and the black buildings were connected by covered bridges as they surrounded a vast grayish-rock square.

There were plenty of holes in the square. Embedded in them were huge arrows. There were flaming stacks in various spots as if they had previously encountered an attack.

Klein passed through the cave's entrance and entered the square. Unsurprisingly, he saw Frank Lee, Nina, Ottolov, and company there.

This is their dream? It doesn't seem so… Or should it be said that everyone's dream is limited to themselves? They will then be randomly placed somewhere in this world? Klein guessed without confidence.

Frank Lee was the closest to him. He was holding a shovel and digging at some rubble. Beside him were the white bread, toast, and roasted fish which had previously fallen to the floor.

He plans on using them as fertilizer? He's planting things even in his dreams… Klein went over and casually asked, "What are you doing?"

Frank didn't stop, but he revealed a smile.

"I'm cultivating some little things. They need to sleep in the soil for some time before they can grow big and proliferate."

"What's their use?" Klein asked, both worried and curious.

Frank beamed and said, "They're a crossbreed of fungus. It can make bulls produce milk. This way, we can obtain more milk, allowing more people to drink good milk."

*Spare those bulls… *Klein's face twitched as he asked, "Will it succeed?"

"There's no problems with the effects, but I'm very worried that they can't reproduce," Frank said with a frown.

May Death forever favor them.… Klein prayed as he walked pass Frank Lee and headed for the black building's entrance across the square.

Along the way, he passed by Nina and Navigator Ottolov, who were drinking beside a collapsed pillar.

"Have you ever thought of leaving the pirate crew after you're older to find a man to marry and settle down? I don't think anyone wishes to drift out at sea their entire lives." Ottolov took off his pointed bonnet and revealed his slightly hoary hair.

His eyes and tone informed Klein that in between the lines, he meant: if you wish so, why not consider me?

*Mr. Navigator, you are old enough to be Nina's father. You need to consider your health… *Passing by, Klein couldn't help but lampoon when he heard the conversation.

Nina gulped a mouthful of beer and looked in a particular direction.

"No, that's not the life I wish to lead.

"Before joining you, I once attempted to settle down in the east coast of Feysac and not be a pirate again, but I was unable to bear with the boredom. I have to lug wood and move things every day, and I can only stay at home at night. I'm not allowed to go to the bar or go out hunting in the wilderness. Such a life seems constant and unchanging! Furthermore, I suffered all kinds of criticism, tolerating those irritating people. I have to worry about the cops even if I wished to beat them up!

"It's still better on the ship. Although it's boring most of the time, we can often go to different places and encounter different matters. Heh heh. Even the most boring times can wreck those fellows, training them into passable pirates. I can also tell them that the one who performs the best every month can spend the night in my room. Then, I'll watch them excitedly enjoy the torment. Of course, spending the night and having sex are different. It depends on my mood."

A true female pirate… Everyone wishes for something different… Klein neutrally gave a comment and didn't believe that there was anything wrong with Nina's ideas.

I won't disagree with her choice, but if she often kills, engages in arson, and plunders, I don't mind using her head to exchange for a bounty the next time we meet… Klein retracted his gaze and arrived at the suspected entrance of the black buildings and spires.

Subconsciously, he turned his head and realized that the shadows in the corner seemed normal, but there was something different about it.

Bloodless Heath Doyle? He hides in the shadows even in a dream? According to my limited knowledge of psychology, this is a result of greatly lacking a sense of security… Klein pushed another door which was similarly almost ten meters tall.

Amidst the grinding sounds, his gaze suddenly froze.

Behind the door was a vast hall which had two rows of stone pillars supporting it.

The hall was abnormally dark without any candlelight. As the main door opened, the light from outside shone in, lighting up the interior to make it clear.

Klein saw that there were murals of various colors, with gold being the main color of choice on the dome. They were connected to one another without any gaps. It gave him a magnificent and sacred feeling.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A figure had its back facing Klein, using the axe in its hand to chop at a long and huge tree; its motives were unknown.

The figure was dressed in a white shirt and a black vest. It didn't look like any of the pirates on the ship.

There's someone else in these waters? Or could it be the mysterious pair of eyes that had been observing the deck and me? Klein's heart sank as he slowed down. He warily approached and came to the figure's side where he discerned the figure.

It was a man who looked young. He had blond short hair that was split seventy-thirty. His emerald-green eyes looked focused and serious.

"What are you doing? What is this place?" Klein carefully asked.

He intuitively believed that the person wasn't the owner of the mysterious eyes.

The young man raised his hand to touch his earlobes without turning his head.

"Why are you asking these questions? My ship has sunk, and I'm busy making a canoe for myself. I don't have time to speak to you."

"…”

Klein thought before asking, "Who are you?"

"Who am I? I'm the unlucky Anderson. Ever since I saw that mural, I've been plagued with bad luck." The young man pointed in a direction.

Tracing his finger, Klein saw a mural.

The mural depicted a sea of fire that split in the middle to produce a path.

On the path, there was a long line of people. The members either held their heads low with pious devotion or prostrated to the ground. Their destination was in the depths of the sea.

Their leader was a lanky man with long silver hair. His facial features were mild and his eyes were tightly closed. On his back were layered wings.

This… Klein's pupils constricted suddenly.

He recognized the leader on the mural!

It was the Angel of Fate which Little Sun had once depicted!

It was the Tail Devourer, Ouroboros!

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CHAPTER 650
THE UNLUCKY ANDERSON

After recognizing the leader on the mural, Klein subconsciously suspected that it was something from his dream.

However, he quickly rejected the idea. This was because the unlucky Anderson wasn't someone he knew. He was also not someone that had left an impression on him. There was a low chance of him being the extension of his own dream.

And Anderson had clearly said that he became unlucky after seeing the mural. It was strongly tied to the mural, so it could only be the case that the mural was part of Anderson's dream!

As he focused and looked carefully, Klein quickly realized that the mural was somewhat different from the mural that Little Sun saw in the True Creator's abandoned temple.

The background here was a sea burning with golden flames, while the previous one was that of a desolate plain.

The destination here was the depths of the sea, while the previous one was had a destination of a distant mountain. On the mountaintop was a huge cross and figure hanging upside down.

The bottom of the Angel of Fate Ouroboros's feet was black slush with heads pointing down and fishes stuck inside. Previously, it was a meandering river.

It's a different mural, but more of a memory from different stages of the same pilgrimage… Klein nodded with a guess.

A similar scene surfaced in his mind.

A very long time ago, in a particular period of the Fourth Epoch, Ouroboros led a devout group of pilgrims or the remnant believers of the True Creator. With many powerful enemies in pursuit, they rode a boat through this sea.

Due to certain reasons, "He" abandoned the boat. With the help of the True Creator or "His" own powers, he parted the sea and led the devotees through it and into the Forsaken Land of the Gods, leaving behind the kindling for organizations such as the Rose Redemption and Aurora Order.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, they tore through desolate plains, and on the pilgrimage, they built temples along the way. And one of them was discovered by Little Sun and company.

With how Will Auceptin was forced to restart a cycle and be reborn as a baby, the Tail Devourer is likely still alive… Does this mean that "He" eventually arrived at the destination with the pilgrims—the holy residence of the True Creator? Does this mean that the holy residence of the True Creator is somewhere in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? With this in mind, Klein suddenly felt a baffling sense of wistfulness.

If my theory is correct, then that means that no matter how the City of Silver tries to save itself, or how they continue passing the flame, once the True Creator completely awakens or is restored to his original state, they would unavoidably head towards destruction!

When you are very close to the divine kingdom or holy residence of an evil god, your survival has nothing to do with your struggles!

This is like the bubbles produced when sea waves surged to the shore. Once the waves recede, they would vanish.

Human civilization and ethnic groups are just that weak under the gaze of an evil god.

No, I can't be that pessimistic. I was only making a guess. Perhaps the one that forced Will Auceptin to reincarnate isn't Ouroboros. Perhaps the True Creator wouldn't recover or awaken that easily. "He" might be sealed by the seven deities…

Therefore, the City of Silver still has a chance. A path between the Forsaken Land of the Gods and the external world needs to be forged before the evil god escapes from his shackles, allowing them to be moved out! This is probably why the chief of the City of Silver released Elder Shepherd. They need to use all the power they can get… Klein forcibly retracted his thoughts.

He suddenly felt somewhat worried, afraid that his arrival was enough for him to be stuck in an endless cycle of fate created by the Tail Devourer.

At this point, he instinctively wished to take four steps counter-clockwise and go above the gray fog. He wanted to forcibly search for memories that he might have lost, but ultimately, he resisted those actions and prepared to observe first.

From his interpretation of the symbols, there were no repeating rivers. There was only a black slush with fish embedded inside. It didn't mean the existence of a circle of fate, only the lingering of bad luck!

This was identical to what Anderson said!

As a King of Angels, Ouroboros definitely has more than a cycle of fate. Different temples have different murals, and them using different powers is completely logical… Besides, this is a dream!

*Besides, even if I didn't do anything and really am stuck in a repeated cycle, making me repeatedly converse with the Admiral of Stars, to the point of making my observations, the problem will be resolved once

Monday comes. The Tarot Club will definitely not be held. Miss Justice and the others will definitely feel puzzled as they make a prayer, and I'll use it to regain my memories… *Klein instantly felt confident as the chaos and tension in his heart was buried instead of disappearing.

He looked up ahead and discovered that the hall went further in. There was no end to it, and there was light shining inside. However, it was restricted to the entrance. The other areas were dark and only became darker the deeper it was. All that could be seen were the wooden doors on both sides; their destinations were unknown.

Upon seeing this dark and creepy scene, Klein's desire to continue exploring was minimized.

To encounter a mural left behind by a King of Angels here, who knows what will happen if I delve deeper or enter some room…

The fear of the unknown was an extremely ancient feeling. A premonition of danger with unknown origins had brought about a strong terror towards the unknown. Klein observed himself for a few seconds before he stopped proceeding forward.

He turned towards Anderson, who was chopping the gigantic tree.

"Why are you here?"

Anderson looked up and scoffed.

"I'm a treasure hunter.

"So tell me, why would I be here?"

Treasure hunter… Klein casually asked, "There's treasure here?"

Anderson continued busying himself with the creation of the so-called canoe. His voice suddenly turned deep.

"There are treasures everywhere in these waters.

"As long as you obtain it successfully and leave alive."

That's true… But the problem is that it's very dangerous if one isn't a demigod, but it's even more dangerous for a demigod to be here… Klein looked into the hall's depths and asked, "Do you know where this place is?"

Anderson traced his gaze and said, "I don't know.

"At least a third of my companions formed a team and headed in to explore. But they never returned."

"Are you referring to the real world or the dream world?" Klein asked with a clear line of thought.

*Bang! *

After the axe landed, Anderson laughed.

"Of course it's in the real world.

"The ones that proceeded to explore the dream are the other third of my companions. They similarly didn't return."

"…”

Klein inhaled as he thought.

"Where are their bodies in the real world?"

"They have mutated into monsters. They killed off quite a number of my companions." Anderson raised his axe and cleaved down.

Clang!

Amidst a crisp sound, his axe broke into two. As the crack was towards the back, the fragment immediately shot at him.

Anderson's right chest and abdomen immediately bled like a spewing fountain.

He held his left hand to his wound and looked up at Klein. Smiling bitterly, he said, "I told you I was plagued with bad luck ever since I saw that mural.

"Thankfully, this isn't considered too unlucky. At the very least, they didn't destroy my ordinarily handsome face."

…*Are such descriptive terms supposed to be used that way?* Klein looked at Anderson quickly pull out the fragments from his body as he handled the wound and consumed some medicine. He discovered that Anderson was unfazed, and the skill involved in his actions meant that he had already gotten accustomed to it.

Klein had a single hand in his pocket as he played with the coins in it. After some deliberation, he asked, "When your companions began the exploration, were you part of the group that stayed behind to study the mural?"

Anderson was taken aback as he inserted his medicine bag into his belt and wiped his mouth.

"No.

"I was part of the group that did the exploration…”

As he spoke, he grinned and revealed a genial smile.

This… Klein's pupils constricted as he bent his back slightly and raised his left palm.

At this moment, blinding sunlight illuminated everything in a dazzling white. Then, it dimmed and vanished.

Klein naturally opened his eyes and discovered that the outside had been restored to the midday state.

He took out the pocket watch in his inner pocket and opened it.

Only half an hour passed. This night is rather short…

That unlucky Anderson looked very normal, but who knew that he was that terrifying!

Rolling to his feet, Klein suddenly recalled something. Snake of Fate Will Auceptin had yet to "reply" to him!

As everyone's dream had been pulled into the world without the connection of the spirit world, "He" was unable to locate me? Or did "He" sense Ouroboros's aura and didn't dare come close? Or could there be something problematic with these waters to begin with? As his thoughts whirled, Klein decided to verify it.

As for how it could be verified, the method was simple. He could sleep again while it was still "noon."

However, he wasn't in a rush to do so. This was because he wasn't sure if there were any taboos about sleeping in the day.

Wearing his cap, Klein came outside the captain's cabin and knocked on the door.

After three knocks, he retracted his hand and patiently waited.

Before long, Cattleya opened the door.

She no longer looked as lost as she was in the dream. She had worn her heavy glasses once again.

"Is sleeping in the day alright?" Klein asked directly.

Cattleya nodded.

"Yes."

After answering, she hesitated and asked, "It seems you were very proactive in that dream?"

Realizing how much danger lurked in these waters, and thinking about how he would be forced to show some of his abilities, Klein decided to proactively lay the foundations of his future explanations.

He looked at Cattleya and smiled politely.

"Yes.

"This is a gift bestowed upon me by my Lord."

My Lord… Under Cattleya's thick glasses, her eyes clearly shimmered.

In a rare instance, she frowned slightly and eased them without asking any more questions.

Klein thought for a moment, then he added, "Be careful of Heath Doyle."

Cattleya clearly understood what he meant and directly answered, "Don't worry. He has a Sealed Artifact which has a negative effect of him only being able to hear voices from nearby."

That's a smart use of a negative effect… Klein didn't drone on as he took off his hat and bowed before returning to his room.

He lay down once again and used Cogitation to fall asleep.

In the dream world, he woke up and saw the familiar pitch-black plains and black steeple.

Phew, it's still possible to connect… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and traveled into the steeple. In the usual place, he saw the scattered tarot cards and the new words.

"There's plenty of dangers there, the most dangerous being the dream that happens when night falls.

"It isn't about the disappearances if you do not sleep, but there's one thing to remember.

"Do not explore that dream!

"Absolutely do not explore that dream!

"Since there's not enough space, I won't explain why. Alright, it's just a joke. The reason is that the area contains some of the dreams left behind by a deity."

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CHAPTER 651
MEETING AGAIN

Upon seeing Will Auceptin's warning, Klein's first found himself blessed with good luck.

Thankfully I didn't court death and continue the exploration… He didn't hesitate to heave a sigh of relief.

Although he had seen the mural related to Ouroboros, as well as the terrifying monster, Anderson, who mutated for some unknown reason, he didn't actually physically get himself into a dangerous situation.

I wonder if I'll randomly appear in a region in the next dream, or will it continue from before… If it's the latter, the best choice of action is to not disturb Anderson so as to avoid agitating him. I'll just walk the same way back and leave that black cloister… Klein retracted his gaze and continued reading.

"Apart from the dream, the other things aren't that troublesome. As long as you don't attempt to approach those ruins, directly look at the thing that flies in the sky at 'midday,' or challenge the storms that give ample warning, then it wouldn't be a problem if you follow the safe sea routes that have been verified by others.

"As for mermaids, just keep cruising forward and you'll ultimately encounter them. This is because, at their levels, they will only live in relatively safer areas, and there aren't many such areas.

"Finally, I hope everything goes smoothly.

"Sincerely, your friend who might be often in deep sleep due to reaching a critical stage in his maturing development,

Will Auceptin"

The final sentence was long and somewhat awkward-sounding, but Klein instantly understood what the Snake of Fate meant: *Before I'm born, don't disturb me unless it's something extremely important and critical!*

I'll try my best… Klein replied inwardly without any assurance.

If he successfully advanced, then it might not take long before he had to seek Will Auceptin's help in finding the Sequence 4 potion formula for the Seer pathway.

Being more confident with finding mermaids, Klein immediately left the dream, wore his hat, and headed for the pirates' dining hall.

Due to the dream's disturbance, most of the food had turned cold, but the pirates still had a great time eating. After all, no one died.

Since no one died during this mystical encounter, they naturally felt great that they had something to brag about.

"Do you want a cup of milk?" Frank Lee held a plate and sat opposite Klein, asking warmly.

Recalling the conversation in the dream, Klein firmly shook his head with a deadpan expression.

Inwardly, he was very worried that the milk on the ship were all Frank's experimental products.

Frank didn't mind as he gulped a mouthful of milk.

"I remember telling you about those little things in the dream?"

"Yes." Klein cut through a Dragon-Bone Fish that was cooked in sauce, and he stuffed it into his mouth.

This kind of fish was well known for having few bones. Most of the time, it only had one main bone. In Backlund, due to its various species, they were considered a mid- to high-end delicacy, but east of the Oravi Island, in the periphery of the safe sea routes, they could often be caught.

Frank chuckled.

"My description back then was a little inaccurate. Their true purpose was to successfully produce milk even when they aren't in a state capable of lactation, regardless of whether they are male or female. As long as they consume it, they will produce milk and return to normal once they aren't fed. This way, the milk cows don't have to suffer any torture. This way, it becomes fairer for men and women to bring up their children. It will be beneficial for women to head out for work…"

Wait, why are you telling me this… Klein nearly failed to maintain his persona as Gehrman Sparrow.

At that instant, he felt that the nickname of crazy shouldn't be Gehrman Sparrow's but Frank Lee's.

He's actually someone who supports equality between men and women. However, his means are a little terrifying… That's right. The Church of Mother Earth is like the Church of the Goddess. They believe that women should have the same standing in society as men. However, they place more emphasis on reproduction, treating it as the holiest matter…

Among the seven Churches, the Church of Storms and the Church of the God of Combat are most biased towards men. The Church of the Sun is next. As for the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, they are different from the other Churches. They discriminate based on intelligence. The Church of Steam is neutral and has even worked with the Church of the Goddess to encourage women to head out for work due to the need for more

labor in the development of industry… Klein instantly had the differences between the seven Churches flash past his mind.

He looked up and glanced at Frank Lee as though what he had just said was something trivial.

This made Frank rather happy as he couldn't help but drink a few more mouthfuls of milk.

After the pirates finished their lunch in batches, Cattleya pushed open the windows to the captain's cabin once again. Using magic, she amplified her voice.

"There's an island 1.5 nautical miles ahead of us. We will dock there and wait for the storm to pass.

"In these waters, every time there's a switch from noon to nighttime, there's a possibility of a terrifying storm occurring. I cannot confirm when it will happen, but I believe it's safer for us to wait for it to pass before we continue our voyage."

She went into the details a lot more than in the past, as it wasn't a sudden occurrence, and there was plenty of time.

One of the things people at sea feared the most was a storm; therefore, no one objected to it. They went according to Cattleya's instructions. Under Navigator Ottolov's and Boatswain Nina's guidance, they nervously prepared to dock.

And this made Klein confirm one of the matters that Will Auceptin had mentioned.

Do not challenge any signs of a storm!

Before long, an island covered with gigantic trees appeared ahead of the Future.

The more than hundred-meter-long sailboat adjusted its course and docked against the wind.

More than half an hour passed as the sky suddenly dimmed. Lead-colored clouds surfaced one after another.

They overlapped with one another as though they enveloped all the surrounding waters.

Amidst a loud boom and blinding flashes of lightning, a hurricane from afar swept over.

It was connected to the clouds at the top and to the sea at the bottom. It was more exaggerated than any legendary giant. It was like a gigantic coiling serpent in a bid to destroy the world.

The terrifying hurricane brought with it waves that towered like mountains. Lightning that branched out like trees and didn't stop because of the incoming storm. It constantly struck the surface of the sea, splitting into tiny electric bolts that spread outwards.

As the rain pattered down on the Future's deck, it made the pirates who had entered the cabin or gotten shelter feel like the apocalypse had arrived.

Such a storm didn't last too long. The sea calmed down after about fifteen minutes, and the hurricane dissipated. The midday sunlight reigned in the sky once again.

"You can head onto the island for a while, but don't wander inside. You have to be within the range of the cannons." Cattleya gave the pirates a brief chance of reprieve.

Klein kept in mind Will Auceptin's warnings and had no desire to explore the island. After leaving the Future, he only walked about on the shore, taking in the feeling of having his feet on solid ground.

Beach, sunlight, trees… It feels like a vacation… Klein thought in amusement when he suddenly noticed a rapidly moving black dot through the corner of his eye.

It was rushing over from the boundary of a cliff!

The black dot increased in size to reveal a human figure!

Not far away, Cattleya, who was on the sand, also noticed the abnormality. She half-turned around and took off the heavy glasses on her nose bridge.

The figure with emerald-colored eyes approached. He was wearing a white shirt, a black vest, and trousers. He was of medium build with his blond hair split seventy-thirty.

Anderson!

The unlucky Anderson!

Klein instantly recognized him.

The person was none other than the terrifying Anderson in the dream world!

It was the Anderson who said that his companions never returned after they proceeded to explore the hall but had claimed to be a member of the exploration team!

At that moment, Anderson raised his right hand.

Without any hesitation, as Gehrman Sparrow, Klein took out a charm and chanted a single word in ancient Hermes.

"Storm!"

The charm made of tin immediately turned sharp, resembling a thin blade.

With the infusion of spirituality, the wind in midair reverberated.

With a deadpan expression, Klein threw out the charm in his hand at Anderson.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Azure sharp blades shot at their target like a lined up firing squad.

Anderson was raising his right hand high with a smile and was about to say something when he heard a deep and mysterious incantation and the scalp-numbing sound of the wind.

His gaze froze as he threw himself to the side and somersaulted multiple times in a pathetic manner as if the area before him was scorching metal.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

The wind blades struck the beach, slicing clear slits into the sand, but they were just short of hitting their target.

"Stop! Stop!" As Anderson nimbly somersaulted to dodge, he shouted, "I come in peace! I mean no harm!"

"Anderson Hood…” Admiral of Stars suddenly said a name as she raised her hand to stop Gehrman Sparrow who had taken out a charm.

She knows Anderson? Klein didn't rashly chant the charm's incantation as he said in a deep voice, "He has already mutated.

"I saw him in the dream."

He wasn't surprised at meeting the unlucky Anderson. This was because the pirates were all in the same area during the dream. They were all very close to one another, which also meant that Anderson, who wasn't too far away, was also very close to the Future.

"No! Not at all!" Anderson stood up, at a loss on whether to laugh or cry. He raised his hands like he was surrendering. "I recognize you. You asked me many questions. Back then, I wanted to pull a prank on you. Really, it was just a joke to enliven the mood. Don't you think that having the mood suddenly change into one of horror is an exhilarating experience? Of course, I'm referring to the target and not myself.

"If I had participated in the exploration, how could I still be alive?"

*That is what I'm worried about… *Klein didn't believe his explanation.

Anderson shrugged and said, "I was preparing to explain that the moment I said that. I was planning on telling you that I was joking and had planned to seek your help. I hope that you could take me away, but at that moment, the dream ended… Dammit, I was really too unlucky!"

*It does comply with the traits of being unlucky… *Klein silently muttered.

He planned on flipping a coin right there and then to test him with divination when he suddenly heard Admiral of Stars Cattleya say, "Listen to what he has to say.

"He's very famous in the Fog Sea. He has the nickname 'Strongest Hunter.'"

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CHAPTER 652
MERMAID CLUES

Strongest Hunter… Klein was shocked by this nickname. After carefully recalling, he realized that the man didn't have a bounty on his head.

That meant that Anderson Hood's description of himself in the dream world was real and reliable. He was more of a treasure hunter!

Unfortunately, Gehrman Sparrow hasn't killed any pirate admirals, otherwise, I would be the strongest hunter… Klein didn't let down his guard as he coldly looked at the man.

As long as Anderson Hood showed any signs of abnormality, he would immediately throw the charm in his hand. After all, the activation incantation was all the same. At his Sequence, he could do it simultaneously while injecting his spirituality.

Upon hearing the Admiral of Stars's introduction, Anderson seriously shook his head.

"No, I'm not the strongest hunter."

Oh, he's still rather humble… Klein sighed inwardly.

Anderson chuckled and added, "Admiral of Stars, if you really insist, then it's best if you add the condition: below that of a demigod.

"Yes, the strongest hunter below that of a demigod."

…I take back what I just said… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched indiscernibly.

Seeing no response from the Admiral of Stars, Anderson naturally lowered his arms.

"These waters are very dangerous, but it contains many treasures. In this regard, I believe the two of you are very aware.

"In the past, many adventurers, or more precisely, treasure hunters, have entered these waters to seek our fortuitous encounters, but most of them didn't leave these waters alive. Heh heh, I'm talking about most, so there are always some lucky ones who can obtain items and ingredients while successfully leaving.

"The treasure-hunting team I was in was organized by two treasure hunters who are experienced in this area. They claimed to be very aware of which ruins are not to be explored in the first half of the safe route and which ruins could be attempted. They also claimed to know which methods should be used to hunt various kinds of monsters, as well as what methods should be used to avoid evil creatures who have lost control.

"I've always been curious about these waters and was successfully convinced by them and joined the expedition."

"And then?" Cattleya looked at the figure opposite her with her black eyes that had a purple hue.

Anderson sighed and said, "It was very smooth in the beginning, as smooth as it can be. We avoided danger and obtained many of the relics left behind by former explorers, and we also hunted some monsters and obtained several ingredients.

"Everything changed when we discovered a strange temple on a submerged island. There were many murals which remained intact. This gentleman has also seen it in the dream world."

He used his chin to gesture at Klein.

"That's not important," Klein replied calmly.

Anderson shook his head and smiled bitterly.

"One of the murals was very sinister. It described a pilgrimage proceeding forward amidst a parted sea.

"The leader of the pilgrimage is depicted as an angel, having long silver hair that reached his back. He had very mild facial features.

"I was the first to arrive in front of that mural. I reached out my right hand and habitually outlined the various lines in midair. It's true, I… really didn't touch it. I was at least five centimeters away, but to my surprise, the angel in the mural suddenly opened his eyes."

…Your nickname as the Strongest Hunter must've been forced as a result of you attracting too many problems… Klein scoffed silently without any sense of pity.

"Silver-haired angel?" Cattleya asked in return.

"Yes, but I'm not sure which angel it is. At the very least, he hasn't appeared in any of the portraits of the seven Churches. Of course, the mural artist might've casually added it, and it might not be real." Anderson was just about to raise his hand to comb his hair when he discovered that the man wearing a round neck shirt, a brown jacket, pantaloons with a dark-colored cap was coldly staring at him. It appeared as though any abnormal action would result in the man attacking without hesitation.

But at that moment, Klein was thinking about something else.

This fellow is very professional when it comes to art. At the very least, the typical person wouldn't be able to know of so many religious portraits.

Cattleya, who didn't receive an adequate answer, immediately turned her head towards Klein, her gaze filled with an inquisitive look.

She had just heard from Anderson Hood that Gehrman Sparrow had seen the mural.

Perhaps, this member of the organization that has been gifted by the "Lord" can recognize the angel… Cattleya had an inexplicable feeling that Gehrman Sparrow might really know the answer.

Considering how Ma'am Hermit would be able to obtain the answer at the next Tarot Club from a casual question, Klein didn't hesitate to simply say, "Tail Devourer Ouroboros."

Tail Devourer Ouroboros? That Angel of Fate? That King of Angels? Cattleya unknowingly pursed her lips as the purple hue in her eyes turned slightly more obvious.

The last time she had heard this name was from the Tarot Club, thanks to Miss Justice.

And that was her first time learning of the existence of the Kings of Angels. She never expected to obtain clues of them in the real world in just a few months!

"Tail Devourer Ouroboros?" Anderson ruminated over the name in a daze.

Klein didn't speak further, showing his disinterest in explaining.

Seeing how the Admiral of Stars wasn't speaking a word, Anderson could only laugh and continue, "I thought I was hallucinating back then because the mural didn't show any abnormality after that.

"Following that, our team fractured into two. Most of them were frightened by my account and believed that they shouldn't continue exploring the temple. The remaining third desired to obtain more treasure and began

setting off deeper into the temple. We waited an entire day—noon switched night a total of three times—but we didn't manage to see them return.

"We were all outstanding treasure hunters, so we knew that something must've gone wrong. After making some confirmations, we didn't dare stay any longer or wait. We immediately left the temple and got onto the ship to return the way we came. We had already received plenty, and we didn't wish to take any more risks."

Wait, none of you had the intention to save your companions? Yes, a treasure-hunting team that is temporarily put together will only bother with themselves and the few friends they are familiar with when they encounter danger… According to my experience, those companions of yours that vanished might be eating the fingers of corpses… Klein lampooned and didn't reprimand Anderson.

Anderson sighed again and said, "After leaving that temple, I discovered that there was something abnormal about myself. On the one hand, I became very unlucky, with everything I do failing. Even when drinking light beer in silence, I'll realize that someone had used a beer barrel as a toilet and pissed in it. Well, that's not what I encountered. It was my companion.

"On the other hand, we obtained control of ourselves in our dreams. We were no longer in a reverie and knew something, but we had no means to take action. Therefore, a number of my companions, a third of the original number of people, ventured deep into the dream world. Heh heh, they never returned."

Cattleya, who had been listening in silence, asked, "What about their bodies in the real world?"

"They mutated into monsters, killing quite a number of my remaining companions and sailors." Anderson took an obvious deep breath. "We might've successfully killed those monsters, but due to the lack of sailors, as well as encountering a streak of bad luck, we failed to reach this island in

time before the storm arrived. Therefore, our ship sank. Likewise for our loot. The rest of my companions either drowned, got struck by lightning, or got eaten by the underwater monsters. I didn't see all of it myself.

"As for me, I was relatively stronger and luckier than them. I was sent flying by the waves and successfully swam to the shore of this island and began attempting to create a canoe to leave this area. Heh, as you can see, even my final axe has shattered. It was also reflected in the dream."

Anderson's final sentences were directed at Klein.

They really are a treasure-hunting group plagued with bad luck… Klein inwardly drew the crimson moon for him.

He believed that Anderson's description was likely real. His experienced didn't seem to be fabricated out of thin air. However, it was unknown if he was hiding something.

Perhaps, Anderson had really gone deep into the temple and eaten the fingers of the corpses before coming out, believing that he was fine. Perhaps, he had already explored numerous places in the dream world and had been corrupted by some unknown creature in an inconspicuous manner.

After Anderson Hood finished recounting his experience, he smiled at Cattleya and the man who he didn't know the name of.

"Do I have the honor of being a passenger on your Future?

"I will pay for the fare."

He looked as if payment wasn't a problem at all.

Cattleya once again turned her head to the side towards Klein, as though asking if he would accept.

This is to say that you are leaning towards accepting his request? Aren't you going to do any tests? I have to go above the gray fog to divine before I can provide a clear answer. What gives you the confidence? A Beyonder power obtained once a Mystery Pryer reaches Sequence 5? Klein figured out a lot of information from Cattleya's gaze.

Just as he was hesitating, Anderson hurriedly said, "I'm very familiar with the route ahead!

"I can help you avoid the latent dangers on the safe sea route, and I can tell you which ruins aren't to be explored. I can also give you early notice to avoid the singing voices of the mermaids in time!"

"Singing voices of mermaids?" Klein's eyes nearly lit up as it took him a great deal of effort to maintain Gehrman Sparrow's image.

"Yes, a day's voyage from here, and I mean a day in terms of the world outside, we will circle around a ruin and turn…" Upon saying that, Anderson suddenly realized something as he shut his mouth with a smile without saying anything more.

Klein thought for a moment and took out a gold coin in front of Anderson as he silently chanted.

"Anderson Hood is problematic."

…

He repeated seven times and went through the standard process of divination, but he didn't hold any hopes for an answer.

It was a test on Anderson.

If Anderson really was problematic, he would definitely show signs of guilt. After all, he couldn't be certain of Gehrman Sparrow's divination standard and was unable to determine if he could disrupt it successfully.

Ding!

The gold coin was flung into the air before landing. Klein glanced at it before putting it into his pocket.

"No problem."

I'll later make a confirmation by going above the gray fog… Klein added inwardly.

Cattleya looked at Anderson and nodded.

"I agree to your request.

"However, after we leave these waters, you need to hand over half of what you have. If there's nothing, I'll not take anything either."

Anderson fell silent for a few seconds before smiling again.

"Deal!

Having found a way out, he clearly relaxed as he smiled.

"Also, I have to warn you that although my bad luck is limited to me alone, you should be careful because I might attract monsters. Of course, I believe that with you, this gentleman, and myself, we should be able to guarantee our safety."

Just as he said that, the entire island quaked. A smoky plume emanated out of the primitive forest.

"Don't tell me a monster is really coming…" Anderson subconsciously turned agape.

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CHAPTER 653
BLACK-FACED, BLACK-HANDED

The ground trembled slightly as a figure that was nearly three meters tall appeared at the boundary of the island's primitive forest.

Its body was grayish-white in color, seemingly formed from boulders. Its face was potholed without any obvious eyes, nose, mouth, or ears.

"Stone giant…" Cattleya muttered the monster's type.

Be it Klein or Anderson, both of them knew nothing about such monsters.

However, they didn't cast an inquisitive look at Cattleya. They focused on the monster, looking highly professional.

Cattleya turned her body to face the docked Future. She raised her right hand halfway and amplified her voice.

"Aim!"

The pirates on duty immediately adjusted dozens of cannons on the port of the ship, aiming them right at the Stone Giant which was lumbering over.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Cannonballs flew out and landed around the Stone Giant, sending dust flying as the bombardment covered a huge area.

The ground clearly quaked as flames surged. Splinters spewed everywhere as though everything could be destroyed.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The tall grayish-white figure tore out of the dust, having not suffered any serious damage. All it had were a few cracks on its surface.

Cattleya said without a perturbed expression, "This isn't a kind of giant, but a kind of stone golem.

"Its core is the main ingredient of Sequence 5 Guardian from the Guardian Sequence pathway. Therefore, its defenses are extremely high."

Amidst the reverberating cannon bombardment, Klein nearly suspected if there was a problem with his auditory senses.

*Since you know that the stone giant has high defense, why did you use a cannon bombardment? Isn't that a waste of cannonballs? *he thought in puzzlement as he lampooned.

Perhaps hearing his inner thoughts, Cattleya said as she watched the stone giant approach, "I've never encountered such a Beyonder creature before, so I wished to do some tests."

I have nothing to say against such a reason… Klein was rendered speechless.

At this moment, Anderson Hood, who had been observing the stone giant the entire time, raised his hand and said, "Do you have anyone who has Beyonder powers in the ice and frost domain?"

"Me," Cattleya coldly answered.

Seeing how Ma'am Hermit had the means, Klein swallowed back the words he nearly said out loud.

He really didn't wish to activate Creeping Hunger unless necessary, despite Zombie possessing the powers of ice and frost.

He believed that he couldn't find any suitable food on the island!

Cattleya took out a grayish-black scroll from a secret pocket in her warlock robe and softly chanted a single word in ancient Hermes, "Freezing!"

Silently, the scroll was consumed by icy-blue flames and immediately, there were crystalline streams of light that appeared in midair.

They flew towards the stone giant and froze the target within as icicles hung from it.

Amidst jarring, cracking sounds, the ice layer cracked in turn as the stone giant slowly walked out of the zone. However, its grayish-white exterior had turned a darker shade. Its motions were a lot stiffer than before.

At this moment, Anderson raised his hands as though he was a conductor gesturing for the audience to give their applause.

Orange-yellow flames which were almost white in color sprouted at the stone giant's feet as though it had stepped into a particular trap.

Its surface rapidly produced a bout of steam as cracks spread across its body in the form of deep fractures.

Anderson pulled back with his right arm as a burning-white spear condensed in his palm.

The flames at the tip of the spear condensed to a point as it emitted a blinding luster.

The spear flew out, accurately hitting the crack in the stone giant's belly as the flames melted a huge hole in it.

As for Anderson Hood, who was originally on the beach, he seemed to merge with the burning-white spear. The flames brightened as he strangely appeared behind the stone giant.

He held his left hand into a fist as his arm bulged. With an uppercut, he struck upwards from the hole and into the stone giant's heart.

This simple-looking strike created an exaggerated effect. The stone giant immediately froze on the spot as cracking sounds constantly emitted from its interior. In seconds, it had crumbled into rubble.

A critical strike… Klein's pupils constricted.

Cattleya calmly stood on the spot and said without any surprise, "Sequence 5 of the Hunter pathway is Reaper.

"Furthermore, they are good at finding the weakness of their prey."

Reaper… A death reaper of life? No wonder… Klein nodded slightly.

At this moment, Anderson crouched down and rummaged through the stone giant's carcass.

Then, he turned his head and smiled ruefully.

"It's not a real monster."

That meant that there weren't any spoils of war!

While Anderson described the situation, the rubble vanished at a discernible pace.

…For an unlucky fellow like you, don't be the one opening chests or looting corpses… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

Anderson returned and kept droning on.

"The greatest problem of these waters is this. Not every monster will provide you with riches!"

This is because conjured monsters such as this are a part of more powerful monsters of a higher level. Of course, it's possible that they're the result of remnant powers and auras… Klein already had a preliminary theory towards this.

Having gone through the voyage, he discovered that there were Beyonder traces of Sun, Evernight, Storm, and the Spectator pathway. He had a more fleshed out theory from his previous theories.

He originally suspected that these waters were the remnants of a battlefield in a war between Second Epoch ancient gods. Storm belonged to Elf King Soniathrym; Spectator belonged to Dragon King Ankewelt; Evernight belonged to King of Demonic Wolves Flegrea. With Little Sun providing him with the legendary records from the City of Silver at each gathering, Klein had gained a preliminary understanding of the authorities of the eight ancient gods in the Second Epoch.

However, the constant midday and the Sun Chariot formed from gold had made Klein have doubts about his theory. This was because none of the eight ancient gods grasped the Sun pathway.

Soon, Klein connected it to Amon's and Adam's father, the City of Silver Creator who was deemed as the ancient sun god.

After this Creator awakened, and after a series of intense battles, he had taken back the authorities of the ancient gods!

Hence, these ruins of the battle between gods were left behind? The incomplete mural he saw at the elvish ruin suddenly surfaced in Klein's mind.

Elf King Soniathrym and the City of Silver's Creator, who was also the ancient sun god, were at odds!

As his thoughts wandered, Anderson had returned to his chuckling state. He looked at him and said, "How do I address you?"

"Gehrman Sparrow," Klein simply gave his name.

"Gehrman Sparrow?" Anderson was first taken aback before recovering. "I've heard of you. You're the adventurer who nearly successfully hunted Vice Admiral Ailment. You have the title of the craziest hunter! Last month, when the ship I was onboard passed by the Rorsted Archipelago and Oravi Island, I had thoughts of getting to know you over drinks, but your whereabouts were unknown."

Last month? I was doing volunteer work at the hospital… Klein nodded and said, "You know me now.

"Also, try your best not to say anything."

"…” Anderson forced a smile. "I know, my bad luck tends to make the negative words I say become reality. Alright, stop looking at me. I won't speak again. Put down that charm of yours."

Due to the appearance of the stone giant, the pirates' relaxation time was cut short. The Future quickly set off once again, venturing deep into the sea.

Along the way, Klein stayed standing on the deck and leaned against the side of the ship. He observed his surroundings while Anderson was loitering on the ship. He was good at socializing and interacting with the pirates.

Impressive. He easily got to know the situation of the ship… Klein shot a glance at Anderson, who was drinking with a few pirates in the shadows, as he sighed inwardly.

Of course, the Strongest Hunter probably doesn't know that the alcohol he's drinking has a sedative of unknown origins… Klein held back his laughter as he thought mischievously.

With Anderson's help, the Future circled around two hidden maelstroms and a floating palace ruin as it continued down the safe sea route.

About three hours later, night fell again.

Klein rapidly found his lucidity and reason in the dream as he opened his eyes and looked around.

His vision was a swath of pitch-blackness with nothing to be seen.

…*Don't tell me I'm blind.*… Such a thought instinctively appeared in Klein's mind. Then, he reached his right palm into his pocket and took out a matchstick.

This was a component that every Magician needed for his spells.

With familiarity, he took out a matchstick and ignited it. Immediately, a weak flame appeared in front of Klein's eyes.

The flame struggled as it bloomed, slightly illuminating his surroundings.

He was in a prison cell, one with an unlatched gate made up of metal railings!

Why would I be here? I'm neither beside Admiral of Stars or in the mural hall where Anderson was… I'm randomly placed in a particular area? As his thoughts raced, Klein flicked his wrist and extinguished the matchstick that nearly burnt his fingers.

A resplendent layer of sunlight bloomed on his left hand as his eyes had two miniaturized suns.

With the soul of the Priest of Light, he obtained night vision from the Light of Holiness.

As he observed his surroundings, Klein saw that the cell he was in wasn't too cramped, but the floor was dirty and messy. There were many footprints, a mystery as to what previously happened.

Most of them are human footprints. A few of them are rather exaggerated, likely belonging to giants… The single bed is broken in the corner while there's a key beside the door… Someone succeeded in a jailbreak? Klein came before the unlocked metal gate and carefully looked outside.

The prison was filled with darkness. The darkness enveloped a stone-paved corridor, and across from him was a cold but solid wall. The path extended continuously on both sides as though there were more prison cells.

Klein retracted his gaze, picked up the key on the ground, and locked the gates.

He didn't attempt to head out and continued staying in the cell.

He clearly remembered that Will Auceptin had advised him not to explore the dream world. Therefore, he planned on awaiting the arrival of noon!

So what if it's a prison cell? It's not like I'm leaving… Klein huddled in the corner, sitting on the halved single bed, seemingly blending with the rich darkness around him.

In this extreme silence, Klein suddenly cocked his head since he vaguely heard light footsteps!

The sound of footsteps came from afar in an ethereal manner and at a slow frequency as it approached him.

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CHAPTER 654
PRISONER AND GUARD

No way. I haven't gone anywhere… Has the far-reaching hands of trouble come on its own? Klein revealed a grimace that didn't match Gehrman Sparrow's persona. He nearly drew a gasp.

The only thing stopping him from doing that was because it would cause quite a stir, making "trouble" discover his hiding spot!

No longer a green Nighthawk, he rapidly made up his mind. He held his breath, slowly stood up, and moved to the side of the metal gate, without a sound. He secretly and silently looked in the direction of the incoming footsteps.

He believed that, since hiding and avoiding it wasn't necessary useful, he had to determine the danger revolving around the situation so as to make the best choice!

The two miniature suns in his eyes dimmed as Klein waited for nearly a minute as he heard the footsteps turn heavier and clearer. Following that, he heard the clanking sound of a metallic gate slamming into the wall.

Following that, he saw a towering figure appear on the right of the corridor.

The figure was nearly 2.5 meters tall and wore black, full-body armor. The cold feeling it exuded seemed corporeal like a gigantic knight.

His aura was converged, and he was staid like the deep sea. In the space where his eyes were, there were two deep-red glows that flickered. In his hand was a long and broad black sword.

Creak!

He pushed open the metal gate to a cell and stepped in. He circled the cell, seemingly in search of something.

*Man… Is he trying to find a particular prisoner? I'll definitely be discovered if this continues… *Klein hesitated for a moment and wondered if he should leave the cell and search for a way out before the figure came close, or to sneak an attack to finish the target in a clean swoop before continuing to huddle in a corner to await the end of the dream.

After judging how much time he had left to think, Klein quickly took off the topaz pendant on his left wrist and began divining with a voice that perhaps only he could hear.

"That knight from before is very strong."

After quickly repeating it seven times, Klein opened his eyes to see the topaz pendant turning clockwise at a high frequency and large amplitudes.

This meant that the target was an extremely dangerous existence!

Without any hesitation or time to hesitate, Klein used the Beyonder powers of a Clown and controlled his muscles to pull open the metal gates without causing any additional stimulation.

Then, he took the opportunity when the black-armored entity entered another cell, to gently walk out into the corridor and rapidly headed left with his body crouched.

In the immense darkness, as he listened for any commotion behind him, he maintained his stealthy and swift motions, quickly making a bend and arriving at a metal gate which opened outwards. It looked like an exit.

Attempting to push and pull, Klein discovered that the metal gates weren't heavy, but it had been locked.

After two seconds of thought, he took out the key he picked up inside his cell, inserted it, and twisted it without holding out much hope.

A light click of a latch opening sounded as the metal gates unlocked.

That works? Although it's a dream, you can't just have a randomly picked up key be an important item… I originally planned on folding some paper to insert into the keyhole and repeatedly slice at it, bit by bit… Klein slowly pushed open the door as he lampooned while thinking in puzzlement.

To his disappointment, what stood behind the metal gates wasn't the exit but a hall filled with junk.

Closing the gate behind him in passing, he locked it again and circled around the items randomly strewn around, in search of a possible door or path.

A few seconds later, he noticed an inconspicuous black wooden door in a corner. Therefore, he carefully approached it and reached out for the handle.

The scene inside naturally appeared in his mind. It was a storage room, and on the right was a full-body mirror. And to its right was a figure wearing a short linen robe.

There's someone there? The escaped prisoner? Having been forced to leave his comfort zone, Klein decided to take hold of the initiative in a limited fashion. Therefore, he gently twisted the handle and pushed open the black wooden door.

He wanted to gather information on the general situation, so as to determine where to engage in combat or flee at the critical moment in time.

"Who is it?" the figure wearing a short linen robe hurriedly but softly asked. Its voice was filled with despair and pain.

"An adventurer," Klein succinctly answered.

He had already used his night vision to discern the figure's looks.

It was a man with a weathered face. He had wrinkles on his forehead and the corners of his eyes and mouth, but his hair was raven-black and lustrous. There wasn't a single strand of gray hair.

His short linen robe was ancient and simple. His expression was distorted due to the pain. His rarely seen pure black eyes were filled with unconcealed surprise and puzzlement.

"Adventurer?

"Why would you be here?"

Klein maintained a certain distance from the man who was difficult to discern whether he was considered young or old. He stood by the entrance and looked at him.

"Before asking others, introducing yourself is a necessary form of politeness."

As a Faceless, just the short act of sizing him up from before had made him grasp the man's features. Apart from the discordant hair and the wrinkles, he had an old, gruesome scar on his cheek.

The man was startled as he worriedly glanced at the hall.

"It's best you close the door. We cannot be caught by that devil; otherwise…"

The muscles on his face clearly twitched as though he had recalled something nasty.

"Devil?" Klein murmured and extended his hand back to close the black wooden door.

The man heaved a sigh of relief and smiled wryly.

"I apologize. I was indeed impolite.

"My name is Leomaster, an ascetic of a religious organization."

"A religious organization? From the looks of it, you aren't a devotee of any of the seven deities." Klein discovered a problem with his choice of words.

If he was an ascetic of one of the seven deities, he could've directly said it out loud. Even the high priest of the Church of Sun and the bishops of the Church of Storms wouldn't come to blows the moment they met in such a dangerous place.

Leomaster said with a self-deprecating laugh, "That's right. I worship the original Creator. 'He' is an omnipotent and omniscient existence, the source of everything great. 'He' is the Beginning and the End. 'He' is the god of all gods!"

This… Upon hearing how this person revered the original Creator, Klein's first reaction was that it was the Twilight Hermit Order.

However, there are also some smaller denominations in the Northern and Southern Continents. There's quite a number of people who believe in the original Creator… Klein deliberated as he asked, "What's the name of that religious organization?

"How did you end up here?"

Leomaster hesitated for a moment before saying, "To the far east of the Sonia Sea is where my Lord sleeps. 'His' sacred mountain is hidden somewhere there. I led a pilgrimage here in an attempt to witness his miracles to redeem myself.

"Perhaps it's a necessary test. We were caught by that devil, and one by one, we died…

"Later, I seized the opportunity to escape the cell and hid here, awaiting the devil's departure."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Do you know the name of that devil? What characteristics does he have?"

"He?" Leomaster shook his head, saying in a somewhat puzzled manner. "I do not know his exact name, but many pilgrims seem to know him. They call him the Saint of Darkness."

Saint of Darkness? A demigod? Is this Leomaster's dream, or is it the demigod's dream? From the outcome of my divination, it's likely the latter. Otherwise, it wouldn't be that dangerous… Klein was about to continue asking which organization Leomaster was from and determine the Beyonder powers of the Saint of Darkness when he suddenly noticed the full-body mirror opposite the ascetic through the corner of his eye.

In mysticism, mirrors were passages that connected hidden and unknown worlds. It easily brought about terrifying accidents; therefore, Klein, who was in a dangerous dream, carefully walked over and planned on using the powers of a Priest of Light to destroy the item.

"No, don't!" Leomaster seemed to sense Klein's intention as he cried out softly in horror. "Without it, I-I will immediately die!"

Ah? Klein looked at the mirror again in puzzlement.

Although the environment was abnormally dark, the mirror clearly reflected two figures. One of them was Leomaster with his numerous wrinkles and raven-black hair. The other was the thin-faced, black-haired and brown-eyed Gehrman Sparrow who wore a cap.

At this moment, the Gehrman Sparrow in the mirror slowly moved his head even though Klein didn't make any movements. He revealed a deep, sinister smile towards him!

The mirror's surface suddenly rippled as a hand reached out.

With just the blinking of his eyes, the Gehrman Sparrow, who looked identical to him, crawled out of the mirror. His face was tainted with an obvious sinisterness due to the darkness cloaking it!

How terrifying… Unfortunately, I don't look like Gehrman Sparrow; therefore, you failed to scare me… If Zhou Mingrui came out of the mirror, I might've been woken up out of fright… Klein calmly looked at his counterpart and raised his left hand which swirled with a layer of sunlight.

The sinister Gehrman Sparrow smiled as he raised his left hand as well, making a darkness that was made up of magnificence and sinisterness surface on his glove.

This corresponded to the powers of a Baron of Corruption!

My clone? Klein thought as he raised his right hand expressionlessly.

From out of nowhere, he held a short milky-white scepter in his palm, and at its tip were embedded blue "gems."

Sea God Scepter!

Although his actions in a dream needed to abide by logic in order to achieve the desired effects, Klein suspected that the illusory world was unable to influence the mysterious space or the gray fog. Therefore, he attempted to simplify the ritualistic process and told himself that the Sea God Scepter was stored in a similar unique zone in the spirit world. He could retrieve it whenever he wanted.

The outcome from his attempt delighted Klein. Indeed, the dream world was unable to differentiate between a unique zone in the spirit world and the space above the gray fog. With the premise of the Sea God Scepter belonging to him, this Sealed Artifact at the demigod level was "retrieved!"

It really works… Otherwise, I'd have to engage in an intense battle… Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He similarly believed that the mirror was unable to replicate matters related to the gray fog.

The sinister Gehrman Sparrow looked opposite him in a dazed state. He instinctively raised his hand, but his right palm was empty.

Then, he saw countless bolts of silver lightning shoot out, enveloping him inside, causing him to expend one Paper Figurine Substitute after another without being able to escape from the area.

With a sizzling sound, a huge ball of lightning illuminated the cramped room which provided no room for dodging. Following that, the Gehrman Sparrow from the mirror vanished.

For some reason, Klein felt himself immediately turn serene, as though he had become a sage.

He turned his head and looked at Leomaster again.

"What's the name of the religious organization you joined?"

Leomaster trembled as he answered, "Aurora Order…"

Aurora Order? Klein was stunned as he couldn't help but prick up his brows.

At this moment, there was a loud clanking outside. The locked gates that opened outwards had seemed to have been kicked open.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The heavy footsteps that sounded like drumming walked towards the corner, seemingly discovering where Klein and Leomaster were hiding.

Klein suspected that the Lightning Storm from before had been sensed by the Saint of Darkness!

There's no way of hiding… Klein held the Sea God Scepter and kicked the black wooden door of the storage room open towards the Saint of Darkness!

As the door tumbled, he clearly saw his target's appearance.

The knight, who was wearing black full-body armor, had already raised up his visor at some point in time, revealing his deep wrinkled face and some of his bright raven-black hair, as well as the old scar on his cheek.

He looked identical to Leomaster. Even the minute features were identical!

The only difference was the deep redness that emitted from his eyes.

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CHAPTER 655
DREAM ANALYSIS

!

Klein was alarmed. He instinctively turned his body to the side without exposing his back to Leomaster, who was trembling in horror in the storage room.

He couldn't be certain that the prisoner wearing a short linen robe wasn't problematic!

At this moment, the deep redness in the black-armored knight who had the same face as Leomaster brightened drastically. He raised up the gloomy broadsword in his hands.

Bam!

With a step forward, he cleaved forward at a speed that Klein couldn't capture with his naked eyes.

At the same time, Klein, who was standing to the side of him, subconsciously raised the Sea God Scepter and made the blue gems at its tip light up simultaneously.

Whoosh!

A corporeal hurricane appeared out of thin air as it swirled around Klein, protecting him within the eye of the hurricane.

Whoosh! The black streams of light carved its way over as layer after layer of the strong winds dissipated, scattering in every direction, causing the entire hall to tremble.

Boom!

Under the black broadsword, the hurricane produced an explosive boom and was reduced to a surging wave that flooded the entire region. It lifted up all the junk into the air.

The intense collision clearly shook the dream as Klein felt his mind go adrift. He couldn't help but roll twice.

Plop!

He fell from his bed to the floor, the fall causing him to open his eyes.

*That Saint of Darkness is really powerful… Or should I say that I've never used the Sea God Scepter in the real world, so I'm unable to replicate its full might in the dream… Wait! It's still night! *Klein suddenly noticed a problem.

At that moment, the midday sunlight wasn't beaming in from the windows!

His awakening was due to the intense struggle in the dream, not due to a natural occurrence!

That also meant that he needed to sleep immediately; otherwise, he might very well disappear in the dark night, never to be found again!

With that thought flashing in his mind, Klein pushed his right hand to the ground, flipping his body up as he flew towards his bed and laid himself down.

Then, he imagined the stacked spherical lights and quickly entered his dream.

During this process, Klein swept his gaze to the window and vaguely saw the dark night outside. It was quiet and serene without any sense of sinisterness.

Meanwhile, he vaguely felt that there was a fog encompassing the surface of the sea relatively far away. Amidst the fog, there was a cathedral composed of rather ancient architecture. It was completely black in color. There wasn't a bell tower, and at the top of it were pitch-black ravens spiraling around it as though they were consecrating or lamenting over something.

This cathedral has many buildings around it. There are ordinary two-story residences and simple wooden huts. There are bread shops with hanging signboards and grayish-white mills using waterwheels for power… Pedestrians pass through the main streets and alleys with their figures flitting about, impossible to know of their actual situations.

A mirage? The source of the danger at night? All the people who disappeared had lost their minds and went somewhere? Klein woke up from his dreams because he subconsciously considered the questions that he had accumulated.

Following that, he forcefully made himself concentrate. He retrieved the Sea God Scepter from the "spirit world's unique zone!"

He remembered that he was in an intense battle with the Saint of Darkness just before he left the dream!

The slightly dim golden light shone into Klein's eyes as everything immediately turned bright.

What he could see was no longer the tall knight dressed in black full-bodied armor, nor was it Leomaster, who was dressed in a short linen robe. Instead, he was facing a floor-to-ceiling window that faced the setting sun.

The window was very clean and revealed an indescribable sense of purity under the sun's illumination.

By the side of the window were tables with their original wooden colors and black high-back chairs. Further away were rows of bookshelves with all kinds of books placed on them.

A library? A book repository? Every time I enter this dream world, I'll be placed randomly in a certain area? Klein carefully observed his surroundings and confirmed that it was temporarily safe without the so-called Saint of Darkness or strange evil creatures.

He held the Sea God Scepter and first came to the floor-to-ceiling window and looked at the environment outside.

The first thing that he saw was the opulent buildings that covered the opposite mountain peak. The huge palaces, magnificent steeples, and the towering city walls that all appeared frozen in the sunset. It was a visual spectacle.

Even though it wasn't his first time seeing it, Klein still held his breath, quietly admiring this miraculous scenery for a few seconds.

He then moved his gaze away towards the cliff. He saw the high walls of the black cloister and the withered trees beside the boulders. But as they were blocked, it was impossible to confirm whether Cattleya remained in her original spot.

Indeed, within a certain radius, it's not possible to leave this region… I'm deep inside the black cloister? Klein retracted his gaze in thought as he walked to the bookshelves.

He temporarily didn't have the time to consider what happened between the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster in his previous dream. This was because he needed to determine his current situation.

When he arrived by the bookshelves, Klein discovered that the books placed on them had their own names. They weren't blurry and indistinct like ordinary dreams.

The Spirituality of Life, Book of Charms, The Flower Within the Heart, The True Cosmos and Inner Universe… These are all books on mysticism… Klein carefully reached out and took out the Book of Charms.

He quickly flipped through it and realized that he knew most of the content, but there was a small portion which he had never come into contact with.

It can be confirmed that this isn't from my dream… Ma'am Hermit's? The knowledge that pursues her and is injected into her has been conjured in this black cloister? Klein had no desire to explore beyond where he was. He held the Book of Charms and returned to the side of the floor-to-ceiling window. He found a spot to sit down and began reading in a serious manner with the sunset's glow.

You can still study even in dreams! As he lampooned, he took out a pen and paper as he wrote and drew.

While he was engrossed in this, the light suddenly bloomed as blinding whiteness blanketed his vision.

Klein naturally opened his eyes and felt warmth from the sunlight that shone inwards.

I just read a few pages and planned to speed read it before using dream divination to recall them… Klein sat up, frustrated. He felt like he had lost a good opportunity to study. This was because he couldn't determine if he would be randomly placed in the black cloister's library again.

He straightened his hair, wore his cap, and went to the deck. As he observed his surroundings, he recalled the dream.

That prison is likely inside the black cloister as well. Yes, it might be underground. In other words, the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster are in a ruin nearby.

It's no wonder that Will Auceptin told me not to attempt exploring the dream. These places are really filled with danger!

Why would the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster look identical? That dream was a little strange. Also, that full-body mirror was very magical and sinister. It actually managed to clone a Gehrman Sparrow…

Upon recalling this, Klein began to find examples from his past experiences to confirm his through processes by comparison.

This was called relying on experience.

Soon, he thought of something. He had once borrowed the Mental Terror Candle in Backlund and helped Father Utravsky eliminate the "past him." A character that was dissociated from his original self!

Could it be that Leomaster is the Saint of Darkness from the Aurora Order?

Due to certain reasons, he had split his personality, separating his good and evil sides? That sealed and dark prison is the reflection of his inner dream?

Yes, that full-bodied mirror! Leomaster had said that if it were destroyed, he would vanish as well. When I looked into the mirror, the Gehrman Sparrow inside it did form a corporeal body. It was evil!

It's no wonder I felt like a sage after I eliminated the Gehrman Sparrow in the mirror. It's because I got rid of my evil and sinister thoughts in my mind…

Yes, that full-body mirror must be in the form of a mirror in the real world… These waters clearly have the Beyonder remains of a Visionary. It conjures

many unreal and real monsters that can kill… And this belongs to the Spectator pathway; therefore, being able to split good from evil and causing dissociated personalities does make logical sense…

*Heh heh, Saint of Darkness Leomaster is a high-ranking member of the Aurora Order. He must originally be very evil, but that ruin or item stirred up his inverse side, which is the good hidden deep in his heart. It caused a split personality; hence, he is trapped somewhere nearby. *Klein felt that he had roughly understood the truth to the matter and felt a little regret.

Unfortunately, I'm unable to enter the same spot a second time. Otherwise, with the Sea God Scepter and Leomaster's good side, there's a high chance of defeating his evil side, the Saint of Darkness. And the damage dealt in the dream world would continue on in the real world…

In that case, a good saint who understands the Aurora Order would be born. It will make it easier to strike down on this cultist organization… Klein silently sighed and turned halfway around and watched Anderson Hood walk out of the cabin.

"Where did you go in the dream? I didn't actually find you," the Strongest Hunter asked as though they were best buds.

Klein secretly frowned as he asked, "Why should I be seen by you?"

Anderson was taken aback.

"Shouldn't you return to the spot where you left the dream upon returning there again?"

*… There are other elements involved in my random appearance in other spots within a particular radius? Something to do with my uniqueness? *Klein realized that the problem was more complex than he had imagined.

He said with some deliberation, "I went elsewhere after entering the dream."

"Strange…” Anderson frowned as though he was very puzzled.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he thought before speaking again, "There's another strange incident."

"What?" Klein asked cooperatively.

Anderson surveyed his surroundings.

"Back when I was pretending to make a canoe in the hall last time, I heard the sounds of a door opening and of footsteps that came out from deep inside. But when I looked up, I found nothing.

"I originally thought that it was someone from the ship, but later it didn't seem like the case."

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CHAPTER 656
CRAZY MUTATIONS

Someone opened a door deep in the hall of murals and came out? A Rampager or Beyonder creature who was nearby? Furthermore, it possesses the ability to act in dreams? After hearing Anderson Hood's description, Klein began making logical speculations.

As his thoughts whirled, he suddenly had a new idea.

Could it be the owner of the mysterious eyes that observed me and the deck?

It's possible! If that mysterious person has been lurking on the ship the entire time and followed us into these waters, then he'd have to sleep when night falls, so he will appear in the dream world… Ma'am Hermit is completely unaware of his existence, or has she tacitly agreed to his actions? Or he's the trump card that she wields, which is why she isn't afraid of the dangers in these waters when taking on my mission? No, that cannot be determined. At the very least, I can't determine that the person who opened the door deep inside the hall of murals is the mysterious person on the ship… Klein looked at Anderson with a deep, gloomy look before asking, "Why does it seem unlikely?"

Back when Anderson Hood mentioned it, he originally suspected that the person who opened the door was a member of the Future, but he later felt that it was unlikely.

Anderson chuckled.

"I visited every person on the ship in the dream, and I discovered that no one possesses the ability to act freely in that world except you."

"Unfortunately, I was pushing open a door outside back then," Klein said calmly.

Anderson shrugged and said, "I know; that's why I'm not suspecting you. These waters have dangers lurking everywhere. All sorts of unimaginable monsters are active here. Perhaps the person opening the door from before was the stone giant from earlier or a rotting dragon who dreamed of countless treasures."

Upon saying this, he leaned against the side of the ship and looked at the sea which was bathing in golden sunlight as he smiled wistfully.

"I discovered that ever since I escaped the ship-sinking crisis brought about by the storm, my bad luck has been decreasing bit by bit. Haha, it's obvious that it's not fixed and wouldn't last forever.

"Look, I successfully swam onto the island, and although I kept meeting with all kinds of bad luck, I managed to last until you arrived.

"Yes, I do attract monsters and did make that stone giant appear, but didn't we easily resolve it?

"Also, nothing happened despite me being on board for several hours. Doesn't that explain…”

Before Anderson could finish his statement, Klein coldly cut him off.

"Shut up!"

Doesn't this guy know to keep his words to a minimum when faced with a livid expression? I really want to beat him up! If it wasn't for the divination above the gray fog that said that you haven't mutated or have a big shot possessing you, then I would've already sunk you to the bottom of the sea.

Yes… Sequence 8 of the Hunter pathway is Provoker. He must've easily digested the potion back then… From the bottom of his heart, Klein felt that the level of Anderson's provocation was far higher than Danitz.

Without feeling frustrated, Anderson raised his arms and said with a rueful smile."Fine, fine. I'll shut up."

Seeing how he wasn't providing him with any more clues about the individual who opened the door in the dream world, Klein remained silent for a few seconds, suddenly turned around, and walked into the cabin.

He had discovered a huge oversight on something!

Since Anderson, who's plagued with bad luck, was on the ship, that meant that the chances of them experiencing an incident would only increase exponentially. Therefore, he needed to make some preparations!

After returning to his room, Klein walked to the bathroom as he picked up Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane. After setting up the ritual to summon himself, he brought Tinder, the Sun Brooch, and the Nightmare Beyonder characteristic from above the gray fog into the real world.

He didn't immediately switch out his equipped inventory, but he did place them inside his suitcase and beside the Biological Poison Bottle.

This way, even if danger suddenly struck, he would have a chance to adjust his "inventory," and then he could make a selection based on the danger he faced.

After doing all of this, Klein felt significantly relaxed. He put away the other items and left the room for the deck, afraid that he would miss any signs of mermaids.

Just as he walked out of the cabin, he saw Frank Lee crouched in a corner, looking shocked and dazed.

"What happened?" Klein felt his heart skip a beat.

He was afraid that something had gone wrong with the crazy cross-breeder's experiments, causing everyone on the Future to be embroiled in a terrifying biological disaster.

Frank shook his head in a daze.

"Didn't I mention about those little things before?

"They actually need to sleep for some time before they can grow and reproduce. In the end…”

"What happened in the end?" Klein's expression turned solemn.

This made the Strongest Hunter Anderson, who was bragging about how many pirates he had hunted to the audience around him without realizing the change in their eyes, sense something as he curiously stopped his description and came over.

The crouching Frank looked up and said, "They just finished a large-scale reproduction stage and have even mutated.

"Th-this is a miracle!"

"And? Where have they gone? Are they still in your laboratory?" Klein instinctively felt that this wasn't something good.

Frank used two seconds to digest the problem as he rolled up his sleeves to show his hairy arm.

He pounded the deck in front of him and revealed a smile.

"They have drilled inside and have seemingly reconstructed the Future…”

Amidst the dull pounding, something that seemed like milk spewed out like a fountain from the deck, spraying Frank Lee in the face.

He licked the liquid by his lips and said in pleasant surprise, "The Future… The Future has produced milk!"

At the same time, the pirates by the side of the ship pointed down at the cannons in horror.

"The cannons are spewing milk!"

This… This isn't scientific… Klein nearly couldn't control the twitching of his facial muscles.

Ever since he boarded the Future, and ever since the ship came to the ravine and began the descent, he felt that many of the things that had happened were extremely unscientific. It even exceeded the confines of his mysticism knowledge.

Anderson watched agape, nearly forgetting to inquire. He stomped his feet habitually and successfully saw another milk fountain spew out.

One thought after another flashed past Klein's mind as he acutely figured out a problem.

He immediately looked at Frank Lee and asked in a deep voice, "After your little things have infected the Future, will it continue infecting people?"

While asking, Klein's right palm reached into his pocket. According to the situation, he selected the Floating Charm and prepared to fly into the air in order to escape the infection.

Frank Lee thought seriously for a moment.

"In theory, yes…”

Before he finished his sentence, a figure appeared and kicked him in the ass, sending him tumbling a few times, slamming into pools of milk.

That person was none other than linen shirted Nina, who was draped in a blue jacket.

She glared angrily at Frank Lee on the deck as she cursed while hyperventilating.

"Aren't you going to finish off those darn little things of yours!?

"Did you do this while thinking that my breasts aren't big enough?"

"A-alright," Frank Lee patted his ass and said unwillingly.

At this moment, Klein had already taken out his charm and softy chanted, "Storm!"

He believed that he had underestimated Frank Lee's ability to cause trouble and suspected that the disaster brought about by him would only worsen; therefore, he decided to first fly into the air.

Blue flames enveloped the charm made of tin as squalls immediately stirred. They swirled around Klein's feet and body, lifting him off the deck and to a height of four to five meters.

Anderson was first taken aback before he reached out his palm in an attempt to grab Klein, but he was a moment too late. All he could do was watch Gehrman Sparrow rise up as he remained standing on the spot.

This ordinarily handsome hunter shook his head with a warped expression, somewhat amused while also wanting to dismember the first mate of the Future.

At this moment, Frank had already taken a bottle of dark green powder. He grabbed a handful of it, and as he chanted in Jotun, he scattered it around

his surroundings.

The moment the powder made contact with the deck, it immediately produced green vines that grew wildly. Soon, it drew out the milk and the "little things," entangling the entire deck and cabin within.

In just about ten seconds, the Future had been reduced into a forest of vines.

"Phew, it's over." Frank smiled at Nina before his expression changed again. "Th-they've mutated!"

At this moment, a pirate walked over in a stagger, shouting with a tinge of horror, "A… A watermelon is growing from my head!"

Klein looked towards the voice and saw a green vine drilling out of the pirate's head. One of them seemed to produce a soon-to-ripen watermelon.

"This is the so-called mutation? This is way too crazy, goddamn madness!" Anderson blurted out a sigh.

His eyes then darted around as he said in a deep voice, "There's something wrong with the surrounding waters!"

In midair, Klein had also determined the same thing.

If there wasn't any external disruptions, then Frank Lee's experimental products and Beyonder powers wouldn't have caused a simultaneous mutation!

Rip!

One vine after another tore apart as the window to the captain's cabin opened.

Cattleya appeared there and shouted in an amplified voice with witchcraft, "Frank, stop all experiments.

"There are remnant auras of Mother Earth here."

Mother Earth? Klein looked in surprise at Ma'am Hermit, and he felt that his theories about these waters being the battlefield of the gods had been completely overturned!

"Oh my, Merciful Mother!" Frank crossed his arms and made a pose like he was hugging a baby.

Following that, he sprawled on the floor as he devoutly kissed the vines.

Cattleya silently watched this scene as resplendent stars instantly swirled around her. Following that, she made the entire Future light up.

With a flick of her finger, she made a colorless flame land on the vine outside the window of the captain's cabin.

The vines were immediately ignited as they silently turned to ashes.

The colorless flames silently spread and wreaked havoc, without harming a single sailor. As for the Future, the light it produced helped it withstand the fire.

Before long, the forest of vines vanished completely, leaving behind the pirate who had a watermelon growing on his head. Of course, the vine that was connected to it had been burned to nothingness.

"Phew, th-this is no different from a devil's descent!" The pirate took two steps forward and carried the watermelon which had grown out from his head.

"Don't open it!" Just as Cattleya's warning reverberated, the pirate had opened the watermelon with brute force, partially to vent his anger and partially to satisfy his curiosity.

The watermelon split into two, and inside it was a milky-white "brain" filled with gullies. Flowing around it was a blood-like liquid.

With a thud, the pirate died immediately, without any chance of saving him. The Beyonder characteristics on him rapidly condensed at an extraordinary speed.

How sinister and crazy… Klein sighed silently and prepared to land back onto the deck.

At that moment, he saw a gigantic palm suddenly reach out from the surface of the sea, smacking the side of the Future.

The five fingers of the palm were long, each almost half a meter long. The entire thing was a grayish-black color like an arid desert!

Klein silently drew out a gasp as he couldn't help but look at Anderson Hood.

This fellow had just mentioned that nothing had happened since he came on board!

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CHAPTER 657
TERRIFYING VITALITY

The grayish-black hand grabbed the side of the ship and quickly hoisted it up, revealing the submerged parts, inch by inch.

Through the blue water waves, Klein saw a huge grayish-black shadow. Following that, squirming flesh occupied his entire vision.

The monster seemed to be an amalgamation of countless blackening or graying corpses. Attached to the two gigantic palms were withered-looking arms that resembled dry timber. The arms stemmed from a corpse that was suspected to be from a giant. This giant's single eye was shut tightly as a few heads were stuck to its neck. And further down these heads were incomplete scaly fish, lizard bodies, or warped human corpses. Layer after layer, they formed flesh that appeared like a floating island.

From the different corpses and the connections of the crevices, a yellowish-green gas was emanated and spread to its surroundings as though it was enveloping the entire area.

Cough! Cough! Cough! Cough!

Just the smell of it had made many sailors on deck cough violently. It was so bad that they couldn't even straighten their backs.

Upon seeing this scene, Frank Lee didn't hesitate to take out the materials inside a hidden pouch on his belt. He showcased his corresponding Beyonder powers, but to his surprise, Cattleya's voice rang in his ears.

"Frank, stop!

"Help Nina command the sailors to get them to adjust the sails!"

"Why?" Frank Lee subconsciously asked in return.

"In this area, the supernatural matters within the authority of Mother Earth will mutate, including your powers." As Cattleya spoke, she extended both her palms forward and pressed down on a particular spot on her desk.

The symbols and the magical labels on the Future immediately became more pronounced as they lit up one after another, converting the entire ship into a resplendent sea of stars. They seemed to correspond to each and every point of starlight that swirled around Cattleya's body.

The spreading yellowish-green gas was kept out as Klein began floating towards the window of his room from the closest wall.

The coughing pirates felt alleviated, and under the lead of Boatswain Nina and First Mate Frank, as well as the instructions of Ottolov, they quickly adjusted the sails and attempted to make the Future escape from the nearby waters in order to escape the influence of the mutation effects.

However, the grayish-black colossal monster had held back the front of the ship, and the body beneath the water had connected to unknown parts of the ship in order to hold the Future, preventing it from advancing forward.

At the same time, formless tall mountains seemed to appear around them, blocking out the sea winds that blew from afar, preventing the Future from using its strength no matter how it adjusted its sails.

Faced with such a situation, there's a need to use a backup steam engine system. Unfortunately, the Future lacks it…

Yes… It can still fly with the help of the starlight, but that seems to be extremely draining on Ma'am Hermit. Besides, it will be difficult to grasp the direction and distance it will bring us. To make such a flight in such waters, there's a high chance of entering a more dangerous zone without

being blessed with good luck. Heh, there's still the extremely unlucky Anderson on board… Klein floated by the window in his room as he took in the situation.

He wasn't nervous, as neither Admiral of Stars Cattleya nor the Strongest Hunter Anderson had showcased their true strength.

Of course, that includes me as well… Klein added inwardly.

He planned on first returning to his room and wearing Tinder. Without any "food" around, using such a mystical item was more suitable than Creeping Hunger. The latter was to be reserved for him when facing more dangerous and complicated situations before throwing it above the gray fog for it to cool down.

As for the negative effect of losing items on him, Klein already had a plan. He decided to put in his wallet, Azik's copper whistle, the adventurer's harmonica, and other items into his suitcase when changing his inventory, leaving Creeping Hunger, Murloc Cufflink, and the charms from the Sea God domain. He would keep a close watch on the latter two to prevent them from being lost.

And from a probability standpoint, the most likely item to be lost by Tinder would be the charms since they were the greatest in number.

Klein wasn't worried about this. He had created charms with different effects. They were highly disposable!

Besides, the corresponding metal in the Storm domain is tin. It's very cheap and worth nothing. The Beyonder effects are bestowed by the Sea God Scepter, so I don't have to spend any additional money… As Klein mumbled, he reached out to push open the window to his room.

At this moment, the colossal grayish-black monster, which was a combination of flesh, climbed higher again. With its approach, the busy sailors had their hair grow wildly, to the point of exceeding their waists.

This wasn't the most terrifying outcome. It was more harrowing that the blob of flaxen-colored hair seemed to have a life of its own. They would interweave and bind themselves to their owners.

As the hair began to produce similar changes, the lustrous sea of stars on the surface of the Future could no longer hold back this influence.

To a number of pirates who had shaved themselves bald, their uniqueness didn't bring them luck either. Their nose hair would rapidly grow at a discernible pace, blocking their nasal passageways.

By the window of the captain's cabin, Cattleya had raised her arms at some point in time. In her hand was a scroll made of smooth fish skin.

"Numb!"

As the incantation in ancient Hermes resounded while the scroll burned in silence, a light green luster shot out from within, striking the monster's gigantic palm that appeared by the side of the ship.

The squirming flesh formed from countless corpses didn't pause at all. It slammed down on the lustrous sea of stars, sending sparks flying while the ship trembled.

The dark purple color in the depths of Cattleya's eyes deepened. She didn't take out a new scroll, and she instead directly pushed her right palm forward.

"Imprison!"

When the mysterious incantation came out of the pirate admiral's mouth, the resplendent starlight that swirled around her flew out, descending upon the terrifying monster.

The starlight instantly converged, creating a gigantic, transparent amber. It enclosed all of the squirming flesh and bound it to where it was.

At this moment, a pitch-black and lusterless short sword appeared in the Strongest Hunter Anderson's right hand. On the surface of it was layers of diabolical patterns, but they were only an illusion.

Seizing the opportunity of having the terrifying monster trapped in the starlight cage, Anderson's body produced a layer of blinding white flames.

The flames flew forward, leaped out of the ship, and landed on the grayish-black flesh which was formed from countless corpses.

Following that, the blinding white light rapidly flowed across the monster's surface as if it was engaged in painting an extreme piece of artwork.

With a boom, the flames surged into the sky as Anderson jumped back onto the deck with his pitch-black sword.

The colossal monster remained frozen in place, as though it had lost all its vitality.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Deep wounds appeared on its surface, shattering into countless pieces of flesh in just a second.

A Reaper's offensive strength is truly exaggerated… Klein, who had redone his inventory, returned to the side of the window to see this scene.

Suddenly, he frowned indiscernibly.

At this moment, something unexpected happened. The fractured pieces of flesh spread out their "limbs," shooting towards the deck in a barrage of attacks.

This colossal attacher seemed impossible to kill no matter how many pieces it was divided into—the number of pieces determined the number of monsters!

Silently, a piece of grayish-black flesh facing the captain's cabin jumped up from the deck, heading straight for Admiral of Stars in a bid to wrap around her head.

A figure surfaced from the darkness and shielded Cattleya. It was none other than Bloodless Heath Doyle.

He opened his mouth as they cracked open, all the way from his nose to his chest. Soon, he formed a squirming vortex of flesh and blood.

The vortex sucked at the grayish-black flesh and rapidly swirled inwardly, pulling it inside.

Heath Doyle landed on the deck like a shadow. After wavering a little, he finally recovered. As for the grayish-black flesh that had splintered off from the monster, it had completely disappeared.

*The most terrifying part of the monster is its ridiculous vitality. If only this trait can be stolen… *Having used another Floating charm, Klein floated out the window. He reached out his black-gloved right hand and spread his fingers.

The scene before him changed as a result. Blobs of different, gorgeous colors replaced the corresponding people and items.

These colors kept changing as they rapidly twinkled, making it difficult for anyone to grasp the rules it followed.

With the help of this vision, Klein discovered that the grayish-black flesh shared some of this luster. Although it was splintered, it was actually one.

Calmly, he clenched his right fist, grabbed a blob of the light, and turned his wrist to the right.

Suddenly, Klein saw the yellowish-green luster being drawn away, fusing into his right palm.

This was the corresponding trait of the Fog of Poison.

He had stolen the grayish-black monster's Fog of Poison!

This was Tinder's effect!

At the same time, Klein discovered that his Damage Transfer Beyonder power was lost. He no longer had it!

*I can only steal from the same target once every twelve hours… *With some level of realization, Klein looked at the surrounded Future. The yellowish-green fog which was corroding the resplendent sea of stars rapidly thinned and no longer looked obvious. The grayish-black flesh that scattered everywhere also showed signs of desiccating and darkening.

With that, the pirates found a chance to catch their breath. As for Cattleya, she wore a golden brooch on the front of her classic robe.

The brooch seemed to be made of gold, and it was shaped like a bird with a long feather tail.

The surrounding atmosphere suddenly turned staid and serene. All the chaos and anxiety vanished in a baffling manner. Even Klein sensed the indescribable influence and felt like he had become an emotionless zombie.

Seeing how the critical moment was at hand, a ship came cruising over.

It was also a sailboat and was equally large. Its color was mainly dark with a ghostly green to it.

Its ghastly pale main sail drew a blooming pitch-black tulip.

It was the flagship of Admiral Hell Ludwell, the Black Tulip!

It was a ship that frequently plied these waters!

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CHAPTER 658
55,000 POUNDS

The Black Tulip… Admiral Hell Ludwell… This is jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire… Aren't we a little too unlucky? Floating in midair, Klein was the first to discover the approaching ship. He couldn't help but turn his head to look down at Anderson, who was wielding his pitch-black sword and seriously observing the monster.

Anderson quickly returned the gaze in puzzlement. As he remained wary against the grayish-black flesh which could shoot out at any moment, he asked, "The look you are giving me is very strange. Did something happen again…”

Just as he said that, he reflexively shut his mouth and sensed something. With a leap, he dodged the monster's splintered body which was making his fingernails rapidly grow. He quickly arrived at the other side of the ship.

As he straightened his back, Anderson suddenly hissed.

"Admiral Hell…”

He wasn't a good person. As a pirate admiral who was infamous for killing indiscriminately, he didn't have any psychological burdens when it came to earning profit by "fishing" in troubled waters.

Once he weighed the situation and realized that he could use the powerful monster to finish off Admiral of Stars and everyone on the Future while also receiving tremendous spoils of war, he would definitely take action!

My bad luck hasn't decreased at all. It has only switched to a lump sum withdrawal? Anderson's expression warped, it was a mystery on whether he was crying or laughing.

At the same time, the corresponding information surfaced in Klein's mind.

Just the bounty placed on Admiral Hell Ludwell's head by Loen alone had reached 55,000 pounds!

He was an extremely powerful member of the Seven Pirate Admirals, the one with the highest bounty among the Seven Pirate Admirals!

His flagship, the Black Tulip, didn't have many pirates living on it. Most of the jobs were left to undead creatures or the spirit world creatures he controlled.

He killed indiscriminately, but he didn't have a sick fetish for killing. All he did was seriously complete his job of sending living creatures to hell.

He had all kinds of connections with the Numinous Episcopate. The rumors state that he possesses a ring left behind by the ancient Death!

While Klein and Anderson were looking at the Black Tulip, the golden brooch on Cattleya's robe began to emit a pure bright light instead of blinding sunlight.

In front of the captain's cabin was a blurry figure that was rapidly increasing in length.

It was filled with the silence and serenity of a specter's aura, but it also emitted a warmth resembling sunlight.

This was an extraordinarily incongruent existence. It was as though a wraith had been created out of Sun Holy Water!

It was both holy and evil!

The Sun Wraith widened its arms as it flew out at ludicrous speeds and hugged the grayish-black flesh.

The sizzling sound of fat and oils burning sounded out. The Sun Wraith and the grayish-black flesh canceled each other out as they were simultaneously obliterated, leaving no traces behind.

The dark purple hue in the Admiral of Stars's eyes flowed as the brooch brightened. It quickly produced another Sun Wraith outside the window of the captain's cabin as it pounced towards the grayish-black flesh that had invaded the Future.

And at this moment, Bloodless Heath Doyle protected Frank, Nina, and the other sailors. He used the devouring and digesting method in order to resist the monster's flesh which possessed immense vitality.

The Black Tulip's speed was faster than Klein had anticipated. In seconds, it had entered a range which was cause for alarm for the Future.

The black sailboat with a gloomy green slowed down and stopped to the side. It didn't seem to be aware of what had happened.

Suddenly, Klein saw a nearly transparent eye surface around the Future's airspace. It had ghastly-pale eye whites as it looked down from above without blinking.

*This… is a Spirit Medium's version of a telescope? *After a momentary pause, Klein drew his revolver with his right hand and aimed at the eye that belonged to a spirit world creature.

At that moment, he was somewhat hesitant. As the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, to directly fire was the choice that matched his persona the best. But at this moment, Admiral Hell Ludwell had yet to show any signs of animosity. He might have qualms about the faction backing Cattleya and hold back. If Klein were to rashly kill the "telescope," it would

undoubtedly push the situation into the direction of a more chaotic and dangerous development!

During that brief dilemma, the nearly transparent illusory eye vanished. A distance away, the Black Tulip continued approaching as it became clearer and clearer.

High above the Black Tulip, white skeletons, who didn't wear clothes or leather armor, busily controlled the sails while pale zombies patrolled the area with cutlasses in hand. The latter were observing their surroundings with green burning eyes. Shadows, wraiths, and all sorts of strange spirit world creatures were flying in circles, boring through the ship at times as the shipboard protruded transparent faces that weren't too obvious.

Amidst Klein's Spirit Vision, the Black Tulip only had one living person. It was the man dressed like a captain, who was silently standing on the deck.

He wore an exaggerated triangular hat with a white skull and feathers on it. He wore a lace-trimmed white shirt and a heavy and magnificent brown coat. The ox-hide belt which held his white tights had a thin rapier hanging off it.

The man wore a silver mask. His facial features and contours were hidden within. The holes that depicted his eyes, nose, and mouth had cold lines that left one shuddering.

This matched the rumored image of Admiral Hell Ludwell!

Where are his first mate, second mate, third mate, and boatswain? Klein was first surprised at the lack of living personnel on the Black Tulip before quickly coming to a realization.

Just like how the third mate, the gunner commander, and many of the sailors of the Future were sent to the other ships of the pirate crew, only the minimum number of personnel were used to enter these waters. Admiral

Hell Ludwell didn't let his "weak" subordinates follow him. After all, he could control the undead and spirit world creatures to steer the ship.

At this moment, the Black Tulip clearly turned around and aimed its starboard side over.

As Admiral Hell Ludwell touched his silver mask, a salvo of shots rang out.

Cannonballs flew over, some falling into the sea before they came close, producing splashes; others overshot and fell somewhere even further away.

This was a calibration shot!

Soon, the Black Tulip produced a second volley of bombarding cannon fire.

Klein was just about to activate Creeping Hunger and use the Baron of Corruption's Distortion power to change the target of the cannonballs, sending them further away when he saw Anderson Hood raise his right hand and push it forward.

Orange-yellow Fire Ravens instantly condensed as they accurately flew out to intercept each and every cannonball!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Blinding flames were emitted in midair as debris scattered, it was as though dozens of fireworks were set on display.

I have to say that a Pyromaniac's powers are very useful at sea. It's a mystic version of a ballistic missile defense system. However, this is because Anderson is the Strongest Hunter and has already reached Sequence 5. If it were Danitz, there's no way he could block them all. It would be pretty impressive if he could trigger half of them… Sigh, when I use Flame Controlling, I can only deal with one cannonball at a time… As Klein sighed, the Black Tulip ceased its bombardment and changed its speed again, closing the gap between it and the Future.

As it approached, the surface of the sea between the two gigantic sailboats which was dyed with golden sunlight rapidly turned black. It didn't look like ink, but the darkest night without any moon or stars.

Translucent and illusory ferocious creatures crawled out of this dark sea. Pale corpses reached out their palms which had rotten flesh dangling from them as dark red or cold flames emerged, forming pairs of eyes.

Suddenly, the area seemed to turn into the entrance to hell. All kinds of undead creatures floated on the surface of the sea in dense numbers as they charged forward like an unending tidal wave.

Anderson looked back at the Sun Wraiths which were obliterating the grayish-black flesh, and he knew that Admiral of Stars was at a critical moment in dealing with the terrifying monster. All he could do was draw a gasp and look up at Gehrman Sparrow with a bitter smile.

Just as he was about to press his hands onto the shipboard to create scarlet flames that spread outwards to prevent the invasion of the undead army, he was surprised to see Gehrman Sparrow turn around and fly back into his cabin.

H-he fled? No way… Anderson's expression clearly froze.

He grimaced as he hurriedly leaned forward with his extended palms to press onto the shipboard.

Silently, a swath of scarlet flames soared into the sky and swept the area ahead of him.

At this moment, a charm suddenly fell in front of him as he heard a word spoken in ancient Hermes.

"Storm!"

Huh? Anderson instinctively looked up and saw Gehrman Sparrow in his round neck shirt and brown jacket being swept up by a squall as he rapidly flew towards the Black Tulip.

I-is he committing suicide? I can't understand such madness… Anderson turned agape as he felt puzzled.

Whoosh!

With the charm's effects and the blessings of the wind, Klein flew to the airspace above the bow of the Black Tulip.

Admiral Hell Ludwell immediately looked up at him. The eyes behind the silver mask burned silently with two pale-white flames.

The shadows, wraiths, and the spirit world creatures of the Death domain who were spiraling above the Black Tulip immediately swarmed towards the enemy.

They either opened their mouths, letting out silence screeches, or they extended their long tongues with shrunken faces as though they were extremely excited.

Klein looked at them with a deadpan expression as he reached into his pocket with his left hand, releasing the wall of spirituality on a squarish box.

Then, he took out Azik's copper whistle, which was tied to a few matchsticks, and threw them at the deck of the Black Tulip's stern.

Suddenly, the transparent, cold, and indistinct shadows and wraiths paused. It was as though they were frozen worms.

Following that, they didn't hesitate to turn their bodies to rapidly fly to the stern of the Black Tulip. The strange-looking spirit world creatures followed closely behind.

In less than a second, the skeletons and zombies who were adjusting the cannons betrayed Admiral Hell. The bow was left completely empty except for Ludwell.

Pa!

Klein landed on the deck while pressing down on his cap, landing right before Ludwell.

His body was bent slightly as he released the right hand on his cap, his gaze locked on the silver-masked Admiral Hell.

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CHAPTER 659
THIS BEYONDER POWER IS VERY POWERFUL

On the Future, Anderson Hood pressed his hands on the shipboard and saw the undead army in the pitch-black sea recede like the tide. They rushed over one another and surged for the stern of the Black Tulip. He saw Gehrman Sparrow press his cap with his right hand while he descended from the sky before landing opposite Admiral Hell Ludwell.

Such a scene was illuminated by dark red or gloomy green light. With the accentuation from the wraiths, shadows, and all sorts of strange spirit world creatures, there was an indescribable sense of beauty.

Cool! As expected of the craziest adventurer… Anderson praised from the bottom of his heart before recalling something.

Gehrman Sparrow had apparently thrown a charm in front of him before flying over. Furthermore, he had specially demonstrated the incantation to activate the charm!

*His intent is… *Anderson Hood moved his gaze down and discovered a charm made of tin at his feet.

On the Black Tulip, Klein, whose body was slightly bent while his eyes were locked onto his enemy, wasn't actually as cold and calm as his expression depicted.

Anderson better fly over with the charm. There's a high chance that I can't deal with him alone. It might even be very dangerous… While his eyes

reflected the silver mask and the two pale-white flames, Klein silently prayed.

As the mysterious eyes that observed the deck and himself existed, as well as the door opener in the dream world which Anderson Hood had mentioned, he cautiously gave up the idea of immediately praying to himself in order to use the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to respond. He also warned himself not to expose such matters unless he was in dire straits.

He believed that Creeping Hunger and Tinder, together with the various Beyonder powers of Magician and the charms of the Sea God domain, gave him the ability to fight Admiral Hell Ludwell. As for Azik's copper whistle, it could attract undead creatures or spirit world creatures that were inclined to Death's domain. It could neutralize the most powerful means of a powerful Spirit Medium. For a Sequence 5 Beyonder of the Death pathway, as long as it didn't exceed a certain number, one would often choose to overwhelm their enemy with numbers when facing a certain number of Mid-Sequence Beyonders.

However, Klein didn't believe that he alone could defeat Ludwell in such a situation or even kill him. Firstly, the battlefield would be held on the Black Tulip. Considering how Admiral of Stars could use the Future, anyone with a brain knew that such a situation wasn't optimistic. Secondly, Ludwell was the most senior pirate admiral at the moment. He had the two powerful factions, the King of the Five Seas and the Numinous Episcopate, backing him. The mystical items and Sealed Artifacts he had might not be any weaker than Klein's or might even exceed his. In addition, many rumors indicated that he possessed a ring that was left behind by the ancient Death!

Along with the fact that his Sequence was lower than Admiral Hell, Klein was not only lacking in the adrenaline of a pending successful hunt or of performing great acting in the role of a crazy adventurer, but he was also tense and anxious. He didn't dare to be careless. All he wished was that the Strongest Hunter who was plagued with bad luck would quickly fly over.

Only when two people of equivalent strength allied together could they have a small chance of defeating or resisting Ludwell, who had lost his undead army. It also gave Cattleya and her pirates time and space to finish off the pieced-together monster.

Just as this thought flashed across his mind, Klein didn't hesitate to launch an attack. He made the Fog of Poison which he stole with Tinder spread.

No one could see the uneasiness and worry in his heart.

Wearing an exaggerated triangular hat and silver mask, Ludwell raised his clenched left fist, spread his fingers, and aimed his palm at Klein.

Instantly, the deck of the bow was enveloped by a harrowing yellowish-green fog. And in front of Ludwell, an illusory glow exploded. Following that, a point spiraled and collapsed inwardly, outlining a blurry bronze door whose two sides swung open.

The bronze door was covered in all sorts of mysterious patterns. It had an indescribable heaviness and silence to it.

With a creak, the door shook and cracked open a little.

Behind the gap was endless darkness, as though it was the deepest and darkest night.

Indescribable pairs of eyes were hidden in the darkness behind the door. They were densely packed and everywhere, but it was impossible to discern their actual bodies.

Skinless arms covered in blood, along with greenish-black vines with baby faces reached out. Palms with mouths filled with teeth grabbed at everything beyond the door as they screamed, laughed, sobbed, yelled.

This brought a terrifying suction force. Out of nowhere, cold hurricanes that sent chills down the bone stirred, pushing objects towards these strange

creatures and the gap in the bronze door!

The yellowish-green Fog of Poison was instantly cleared as Klein couldn't help but lean forward as he stumbled.

The glove on his left palm immediately turned pitch-black. It had the sinister feel of the night and the grandeur of the cosmos.

Klein's brown eyes darkened as he spread out his left arm to the side in a gesture of politeness.

The terrifying suction force that swept the bow's deck suddenly changed direction, "grabbing" the skeletons and rotting zombies that were rushing to the stern, and it threw them into the gap of the door. They were bound by the greenish-black, baby-faced vines and bloody arms and were pulled behind the bronze door where the countless eyes were.

"Distortion!"

Baron of Corruption's Distortion!

Klein had distorted the target of the mysterious door, and he used the skeletons and zombies on the Black Tulip to substitute himself.

Despite that, he was still affected by the remnant forces of the tremendous suction force. He found it difficult to take a step, preventing him from fully making use of his nimble and agile traits.

The cap he wore had already been blown up by the hurricane and was spinning in midair. It seemed to take flight as it pursued the undead creatures that had been sucked away.

At this moment, Admiral Hell Ludwell, who wore his exaggerated triangular hat, raised his right hand again and extended his palm.

The right side of his upper body rapidly turned illusory, as though it belonged to that of a specter or wraith. His arm kept extending and instantly covered quite a significant distance as his pale palm grabbed at his enemy.

Whoosh!

The noise from the hurricane suddenly vanished as soft sobbing sounds drilled into Klein's ears, causing his body to turn numb, as though his blood had frozen.

As the pale palm approached, he seemed to be possessed by a wraith or evil spirit. He couldn't produce an effective response as he watched death approach. In despair, he felt his vitality deplete at an increasing rate.

Without any resistance, Ludwell's pale and illusory right palm grabbed Klein and squashed him into a thin paper figurine.

The paper figurine was covered with signs of dark green corrosion. Soon, it was shredded to dust under the hurricane that never stopped.

To the side of the bronze door, Klein's figure surfaced again. His left glove had already been dyed with the color of pure sunlight.

He immediately straightened his body and spread open his arms.

Golden flames swirled around a pillar of holy light that descended from the sky, striking the bronze door which was covered in mysterious patterns.

Sunlight suddenly burst out, and it was so blinding that it made it almost impossible for Klein to open his eyes. As for the terrifying door which Ludwell had created, it had begun shaking and turning slightly blurry. Even the extraordinary suction force from behind the door had weakened. More than half the greenish-black baby-faced vines and the bloody arms were vaporized.

However, even more strange arms and distorted creatures attempted to squeeze out from the opening in the door.

Just as Klein was about to continue using the Priest of Light's Light of Purification to purify the bronze door, Ludwell's pale palm swiped down wildly.

Klein hurriedly dodged to the side as he kept rolling to avoid the remnant effects of the hurricane and the soul-sucking palm.

One roll, two rolls, three rolls, and his body abruptly bounced up in a diagonal fashion. At some moment in time, Creeping Hunger had already appeared to be made of gold.

Admiral Hell's silver mask was the first thing that was reflected in Klein's eyes. It included the pale flames in his eye sockets. Following that, two bolts of lightning brightened from the depths of his eyes.

Interrogator's Psychic Piercing!

At this moment, a black, square-shaped ring on Ludwell's left index finger produced a slight glow.

Immediately a scene appeared in Klein's mind.

It was a gigantic throne that was made up of the rotting heads of creatures like humans, elves, giants, dragons, demonic wolves, sea monsters, and vampires. On each side, there would be miniature transparent faces of wraiths, shadows, and evil spirits. They were filled with hatred, viciousness, and indignation.

Suddenly, Klein felt as though his head had been struck by an axe. The fearsome pain filled his mind without any delay.

His Psychic Piercing had not only failed to show its effects, but it had even ended up affecting him in an amplified manner!

If not for him having experienced more extreme pain, Klein definitely would've fallen to the ground, wailing and struggling. But even so, he temporarily lost his ability to resist as he bent his back with a grimace.

Seizing this opportunity, the gap where Ludwell's mouth was, a slow language that ordinary living creatures were unable to understand was emanated. The surroundings instantly turned dark, blurry, and illusory.

This was the Language of Death that came from hell and the Underworld!

Just as Klein felt a little better, he discovered that his Spirit Body was floating up uncontrollably, separating from his body, inch by inch!

And the terrifying suction force from the bronze door was an irresistible force to the spirit.

No, this won't do! While his Spirit Body hadn't completely left his body, Klein raised his right arm and spread his hand which was wearing Tinder with great difficulty.

Different lustrous glows instantly interweaved as they surfaced before him and kept changing and rapidly flickered.

Without any hesitation, Klein grabbed onto a pale-white blob swirling with a gloomy green color. He twisted his wrist and extracted it.

In this battle, the Beyonder power he wished to steal the most was the one that created the bronze door, but he couldn't guarantee his success. All he could do was seek the blessings of the Goddess.

The lustrous glow flew over and landed in Tinder.

However, this wasn't the Beyonder power that Klein wanted the most. However, it wasn't the worst either.

The mouth behind Ludwell's silver mask moved, but it wasn't able to produce the sluggish, awkward language that was destined for the living to not understand.

At the same time, Klein opened his mouth.

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CHAPTER 660
BEHIND THE MASK

One syllable after another of distorted, incomprehensible, jarring, and indecipherable words slowly spewed out of Klein's mouth. It made the hurricane produced by the bronze door's terrifying suction force to instantly calm down, cloaking the already dim surroundings with a deeper gloom.

Only at this moment did he know that the Beyonder power which Admiral Hell Ludwell had just used was known as the Language of the Dead. It could circumvent the protection of one's flesh and blood, so as to target the Spirit Body.

It belonged to an advancement in a Spirit Medium's powers. It could go from direct communication with spirits to that of commandeering, to the point of enslavement!

Living creatures were unable to understand the resounding language. Ludwell couldn't help but freeze on the spot. A transparent layer rapidly surfaced on his pirate captain attire.

His spirit was being tugged at by an illusory power!

At this moment, the black, square-shaped ring on Ludwell's left index finger produced a faint glow.

The minute portion of his Spirit Body which had been forcefully drawn out had returned to his body as the two fused back into one.

Ding!

With his right hand, Ludwell drew the thin rapier hanging by his waist.

It was iron-black in color, and its tip gathered the surrounding light, turning into a dark point.

Admiral Hell suddenly took a step forward and with vigorous wind currents, he suddenly closed the distance between him and Klein. Immediately, he thrust out the rapier in his hand at lightning speed!

The bronze door which was covered with mysterious patterns remained standing erected in its original spot. It didn't vanish because of Ludwell's retracting of his left hand and subsequent actions. This was different from the similar-looking ability that Miss Sharron had previously cast using a mystical item.

Oof!

The black rapier pierced through Klein in an unavoidable manner.

Klein's figure rapidly crumpled into a piece of paper. Its surface turned yellow and dry, as though it had been weathered for thousands of years.

The hurricane brought about by the bronze door completely pulverized the paper figurine.

In midair, Klein jumped out of the darkness as he held a huge handful of charms from the Sea God domain.

"Storm!"

He quickly shouted in ancient Hermes as the tin flakes lit up individually as they sacrificed themselves to Sea God. This also meant that if Klein wished so, he could recycle most of the materials and use it multiple times until the metals could no longer withstand the spirituality.

Whoosh!

Blue wind blades shot out as the surrounding waters sprayed out heavy waves that were as tall as the ship. As Klein didn't attempt or have the time to distinguish between the different kinds of charms, while these attacks inundated Ludwell, the extraordinary effects also augmented Admiral Hell. He was given augmented effects like Underwater Breathing, underwater mobility, flight, and pressure resistance, none of which were useful at that moment.

Ludwell suddenly opened his mouth and produced a silent screech. He then struck the waves beside him as countless wind blades temporarily froze in midair.

Immediately following that, Admiral Hell raised his left hand as the black, square-shaped ring on his index finger produced a sinister and eerie glow that instantly brightened.

Whoosh!

The bronze door, which exuded an indescribable feeling, instantly swelled as it doubled in height and width.

Amidst a heavy creaking sound, the gap in the door opened up. The already terrifying suction force immediately rose to an unimaginable level.

Blue wind blades and black sea waves were produced as Klein charged at the door from the air, heading straight for the strange vines and arms that extended outwards.

Klein had planned on using the Priest of Light by clashing head-on with the bronze door with Light of Holiness to catch a breather, but he ended up seeing a glaring white fireball about half the height of a person fly over.

The fireball's speed was augmented by the ridiculous suction forces generated by the door. It flew by Klein and smashed at the gap of the mysterious door.

Boom!

The white flames scattered as they rained down, but all it did was make the bronze door quake a little and dim a little.

Klein took the opportunity and snapped his fingers.

The few matchsticks he separated in his pockets immediately lit up as scarlet flames rapidly enveloped his body as he melted away.

A flame burst out by the side of the bronze door as Klein leaped out of it.

He instantly noticed that Anderson Hood was floating in midair in a rather awkward manner. He held a burning-white spear in his palm.

The Strongest Hunter had finally arrived, but he just appeared unaccustomed to flying.

When Ludwell looked up and saw this scene, the pale-white flames behind the silver mask clearly jumped twice.

Clearly, he never expected that the Future had two other powerhouses at the pirate admiral level apart from Admiral of Stars Cattleya. Furthermore, they wielded pretty good mystical items and Sealed Artifacts.

At this moment, Ludwell suddenly raised his hand and pressed down on his face, surprisingly taking off his silver mask.

Heavy, pale-white light suddenly spewed out from behind the mask, causing endless silence to instantly spread out from the black, square-shaped ring on Ludwell's left index finger.

The silence surged into the bronze door and lifted it off the deck and into the air.

The door covered in mysterious patterns fused with the endless silence as it rapidly burgeoned to more than thirty meters tall.

With the sea as its base, it stood there, erect like an entrance to another world, one completely different from the present world.

Creak!

The bronze door opened as unspeakable darkness surged out and enveloped the Black Tulip's bow.

Upon seeing this, Klein didn't focus on his attacks as he quickly took out the correct charm and rapidly used it on himself.

A strong gust of wind swept over and lifted him above the Black Tulip.

With the pull of the darkness, the gigantic sailboat steered into the bronze door, ten meters a time, as it sailed into another world.

Admiral Hell Ludwell stood at the bow as he looked up into the sky. His face was blanketed by the pale-white luster, preventing anyone from discerning his looks.

His gaze first swept past Klein before landing on Anderson Hood. He seemed to make a mental note of these two hunters, but he didn't make any further attempts to attack. He seemed to have been restrained by the surrounding darkness.

Anderson was taken aback as he didn't hesitate to throw out the burning-white spear in his hand.

The spear shot straight at Ludwell, but once it entered the region enclosed by darkness and silence, it silently vanished.

Ludwell is planning to escape? How decisive… Klein was first stunned before he recalled that Azik's copper whistle was still on the Black Tulip.

With the gigantic sailboat halfway inside the bronze door and about to enter another world with no way to stop them, Klein threw a matchstick and snapped his fingers.

He appeared fifty meters above the stern where the undead creatures were fighting for Azik's copper whistle. This item which kept changing hands finally burst into a scarlet flame due to the matchsticks tied to it.

Amidst the flames, Klein's figure surfaced there and grabbed Azik's copper whistle.

This was the preparations that he had made for retrieving the copper whistle!

Furthermore, to prevent any mishaps from happening, such as the matchsticks being pulled away by the undead creatures, he had also coated the copper whistle with an easily flammable essential oil of the sun!

Pa!

Surrounded by countless undead, Klein didn't have the luxury of time to retract his hand that grabbed the copper whistle. He immediately snapped his fingers again.

At this moment, transparent, rotting, pale, or illusory hands grabbed him!

The matchstick Klein had previously thrown into the air ignited in midair as it produced a flame.

His figure quickly materialized amidst the flames. His face was livid and his lips were white.

Having been grabbed by countless shadows, wraiths, and undead creatures, Klein felt that the depths of his Spirit Body was ice-cold. He couldn't control his body as he plummeted into the sea dyed in gold.

With the Black Tulip almost completely crossing the bronze door, the sea which appeared like an entrance to hell had been restored to normal.

Klein sank a few meters and swallowed a few mouthfuls of bitter and astringent seawater before he ultimately recovered.

Thankfully I was sufficiently prepared… As this thought flashed past his mind, he suddenly felt something amiss.

By wearing the Murloc Cufflink, he had the passive ability to breathe underwater for ten minutes. He shouldn't have drank mouthfuls of water!

Klein suddenly turned his head and looked at his wrist, only to realize that the blue cufflink had detached itself at some point in time.

It's lost… Tinder lost it… I was on the Black Tulip the entire time… Klein splashed a few times and floated to the surface, just in time to see the gigantic sailboat's tail meld into the darkness as the bronze door slowly closed.

He instinctively swam forward a few seconds before ultimately stopping. He selected one of his remaining charms and gave himself the Beyonder effect of Underwater Breathing.

In midair, Anderson Hood clicked his tongue when he saw this.

"This fellow is really crazy…

"He's actually trying to engage in pursuit!"

At this moment, the starlight above the Future fell and condensed into a long bridge that extended over.

Cattleya had finally finished off the grayish-black monster with immense vitality!

What a pity. If only Admiral Hell had hesitated a little and didn't flee in such a timely fashion… Anderson Hood sighed silently and firmly landed on the star bridge.

As he watched Gehrman Sparrow fly over, he was just about to greet and praise him when he saw the cold and gloomy expression.

Anderson instinctively made way and chuckled dryly, allowing Gehrman Sparrow to walk past him.

After returning to the Future via the star bridge, Klein held back his effusing emotions and watched Frank Lee walk over and give him a thumbs up.

"You're the craziest fellow I've ever met!

"You actually dared to board the Black Tulip alone and single-handedly challenge Admiral Hell. You even returned alive!"

Sorry, in terms of craziness, I'm far inferior to you… Klein thought in response.

At this moment, pirates with long or disheveled hair expressed their astonishment and amazement.

In such an atmosphere, Klein closed his eyes and felt his Faceless potion completely digest.

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CHAPTER 661
APPROACHING

Frank Lee sensed the Gehrman Sparrow's abnormality as he added with a chuckle, "I had planned on providing you some help by throwing some seeds over. Unfortunately, I have no way to throw that far."

*Throw some seeds at the Black Tulip? These waters have the remnant auras of Mother Earth. Beyonder matters in the corresponding domain would mutate and would attack everyone, without identifying friend from foe… I was on the Black Tulip at that moment… Thankfully, you didn't throw them… *Klein suddenly recalled the tragic state the Future had been placed in moments ago and how the dead pirate had grown a watermelon on his head.

Just as he was about to give a minced answer to match Gehrman Sparrow's persona, he suddenly saw Heath Doyle appear from the shadows, bending his back to vomit.

This Bloodless retched first before his knees went limp as he knelt on the deck.

Ugh! Ugh!

He finally vomited a pool of yellowish-green liquid. Amidst it was a piece of half-rotten grayish-black flesh which was still squirming a little.

Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

Heath Doyle continued vomiting similar items.

Upon seeing this, other than feeling somewhat disgusted, Klein felt significantly relieved. He was originally worried that Rose Bishop Heath Doyle had been corrupted from randomly eating things. But from the looks of it, he had likely isolated what he had eaten without truly digesting it.

As expected of a Rose Bishop who isn't mad… Klein silently sighed.

Just as he was planning to look away from the vomit, thoughts suddenly flashed in his mind.

Creeping Hunger has already been activated. It needs to be "fed" once within a day. And there aren't any outsiders here. There's also no ideal scum… The pirate who died won't do. Although his partners might not put too much weight on his corpse, Creeping Hunger devours the soul…

I wonder if these pieces of flesh can be treated as "food." At the very least, it contains a tremendous amount of vitality, a corpse that has been influenced by Mother Earth's aura…

With this in mind, Klein took two steps forward and came beside Heath Doyle.

He couldn't bear to look at the puddle of vomit as he instinctively cast his gaze aside towards the grand sea which reflected the sunlight beyond the shipboard.

Then, he reached out to a piece of grayish-black flesh with his left hand.

Creeping Hunger didn't react as it didn't crack open a mouth.

Looks like it doesn't wish to eat it… For now, I can only barely use it to deal with any latent dangers. If I'm still unable to find any suitable food when the day is almost up, I'll throw it above the gray fog… Klein helplessly retracted his hand as he looked up at the captain's cabin.

The golden brooch in front of Cattleya bloomed with light once again, materializing a Sun Wraith that cleansed the pieces of grayish-black flesh from Heath Doyle.

This pirate admiral's expression didn't seem to change. She only looked slightly tired as the purple hue in her eyes became increasingly obvious.

After confirming that the ship had set sail again, Klein didn't stay any longer as he prepared to return to his room to change out of his drenched clothes.

Anderson glanced at him and curiously opened his mouth.

"Shut up!" Klein spoke out before he could.

The turn of events had made him lose his Murloc Cufflink; therefore, he progressively found the person plagued with bad luck as a sore sight. He was just short of defining him as food for Creeping Hunger.

“…Alright." Anderson raised his arms. "I'll just drink in silence."

Klein ignored him and entered the cabin before returning to his room.

Inside his bathroom, he picked up a Water Creation charm and activated it with ancient Hermes. With a tub of clean water, he took off all his clothes and slid in.

The ice-cold sensation and the warm sunshine significantly soothed him. He picked up a pen and paper he brought from his desk and wrote down a divination statement: "The location of the Murloc Cufflink."

After reciting it seven times, Klein completely leaned down, using the front of the bathtub as a pillow before entering a dream.

Amidst a grayish blur and a disconnected illusory world, he saw a zombie rotting in several parts of the deck. The blue Murloc Cufflink was

embedded in the flesh of the zombie's left waist.

Apart from the deck, it was pitch-black. It was impossible to tell where the ship was.

It really is on the Black Tulip… Klein opened his eyes and came to the conclusion.

I hope Admiral Hell wouldn't discover it. This way, I can use this cufflink to lock onto the Black Tulip's location…

It's not a big problem, even if he discovers it. As long as Ludwell doesn't throw the cufflink away, and there isn't too much of a delay in time, I can use it to locate his ship. However, the place to do the divination will have to be above the gray fog instead of the real world.

Also, I need to perform divination disruption later to prevent Admiral Hell from locking onto me with the cufflink or even being able to curse me.

That ring really seems like an item left behind by the ancient Death. Yes, I should write to Mr. Azik and inform him of this. Klein quickly rinsed his body and walked out of the bathtub.

After wiping himself dry, he switched into the Loen gentleman suit from before. He first adjusted his inventory and washed his clothes before unfolding a piece of paper, taking out Azik's copper whistle.

Standing beside the desk and looking at the objects on it, Klein hesitated when he extended his right hand.

The light in his eyes flickered before he put away Azik's copper whistle and placed it into a small metallic box. He then isolated its aura with a wall of spirituality.

He planned on summoning the messenger only after he left these waters and the Future.

I suffered quite a huge loss this time. Thankfully, I finished digesting the Faceless potion. I can now just wait for the appearance of mermaids…

Yes… The actual situation of this battlefield of gods is different from what I imagined. It actually has the aura of Mother Earth…

It must've been left behind later; otherwise, it's impossible that a deity can't control "Her" own aura.

None of the eight ancient gods in the Second Epoch wielded the authority of the Earth domain…

There are some suspects among "Their" subsidiary gods, such as Giant Queen, Goddess of Harvest Omebella, or Goddess of Life who's subsidiary to Vampire Ancestor Lilith.

This is a battle with subsidiary gods participating, or it really wasn't something from the Second Epoch? Klein knew too little about the battlefield of the gods, so he could only mainly guess and have some fanciful thoughts.

He focused again as he began cutting some paper figurines and drew The Fool's secret symbol of change on them.

Pa!

Klein raised the paper figurine and shook it.

Flames appeared out of thin air as the paper figurine burnt to a crisp.

By doing this, he could obtain the desired effects to a certain extent. If he wished for better effects, he had to go above the gray fog to respond. He could use the Black Emperor's card to stir the powers of the mysterious space, coupled with the paper angel to provide protection.

With Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane interfering with a suspected existence's spying, Klein returned to the bathroom and methodically finished what he needed to do.

After tidying up the room, he put on Creeping Hunger and Tinder, and he slowly walked to the deck, prepared to seriously observe his surroundings, so as to not miss any clues of mermaids.

Just as he left the cabin, he saw a seated Anderson Hood leaning against a wooden alcohol barrel. He had a gloomy expression as his aura was converged. It was as though he was in thought or feeling melancholic.

He really kept to his promise and has been silently drinking? Klein mumbled to himself as he passed by Anderson.

Anderson slowly looked up and asked as though he was in a reverie, "Is the alcohol here problematic?"

Klein was taken aback as he seriously replied, "Yes."

"…” Anderson fell speechless.

*This fellow is just too unlucky. His Beyonder powers had even failed him to the point of him not detecting the problem with the alcohol? *The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he continued forward.

On the deck, many sailors were gathered together, watching Nina take on the duty as a Lord of Storms priest. She was holding a wake for the recently deceased pirate.

After a simple prayer, Nina looked around and said, "Revere's wish was to be buried on the mountain at his port hometown after his death. There's the most beautiful sunset there.

"He wishes to be cremated so that he wouldn't be disturbed after his death.

"Holy Lord of Storms, bless him with eternal peace." Many of the sailors believed in the Lord of Storms as they struck their left breast with their right fists.

Klein didn't approach as he silently watched this scene from a distance.

After the wake was over, the corpse of the pirate, Revere, was reduced to ashes with the help of a scroll. Klein silently sighed as he inwardly drew a crimson moon.

For the rest of the day, the sunlight remained brilliant as it continued being midday. The Future circled around several ruins as it ventured deeper into those waters.

At some point in time, Anderson had recovered and arrived beside Klein.

He shot him a glance and pointed to the buildings that were submerged ahead.

"After passing this ruin and heading about ten nautical miles with a left turn, there will be a chance of encountering mermaids."

Finally… Klein was just about to answer when the sky suddenly darkened. The sunlight subsequently vanished.

Night had fallen again.

Without another word, he returned to his room and got into bed.

Soon, he found himself awake in his dream. Clean floor-to-ceiling windows stood before him. There were also neatly arranged tables and chairs, as well as bookshelves filled with books.

He had returned to the spot from where he had previously left the dream. He was back in the library.

As the glow of the sunset shot in, it cloaked every object with a faint layer of gold. Klein walked forward in puzzlement and came before the bookshelf he previously browsed.

Unsurprisingly, he saw Book of Charms and other books on mysticism.

Klein planned on taking out the book again and quickly read through it when his gaze suddenly swept across a bookshelf opposite him. He saw a black-covered book with the title: Roselle's Notebook 3!

The emperor's diary? An entire diary? Klein subconsciously wanted to extend his hand.

At this moment, the pair of mysterious eyes that observed the deck and himself flashed in his mind, along with the individual who opened the door in the hall of murals that Anderson Hood had mentioned, as well as how he was abnormally moved about in the dream.

Klein retracted his gaze and took out the Book of Charms again.

He came to a long table, sat down, and began quickly browsing through it.

Suddenly, he heard footsteps approaching from the depths of the library.

Klein instantly tensed up as he slowly lifted his head.

The first thing that he saw was a pair of black leather boots.

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CHAPTER 662
POWERFUL AURA

As his gaze moved up, Klein roughly guessed the owner of those footsteps.

She was a woman wearing beige trousers that made it easy to move about. She wore a pair of long black leather boots, but on her body was a light brown skirt that reached her knees. The hemline fell down diagonally and in layers, giving an unrestrained and cool vibe to her.

Such a getup made Klein feel as though he had returned to Earth. This was because be it Loen, Intis or Feysac, Feynapotter, Lenburg, Masin, East Balam, and other countries, none of them had popularized such styles!

Klein lifted his head faster and finally saw the lady's appearance.

She had long chestnut hair that naturally cascaded down. Her straight eyelashes extended out just perfectly. Her deep blue eyes were deep and profound, as though it hid an ocean in them.

She had outstanding beauty, but that wasn't the most eye-catching thing of all. Her actions naturally effused a sense of nobility. She gave off a strong impression at how she had enjoyed having the status of being someone important for extended periods of time. Klein subconsciously tried to bow his head to avoid meeting her gaze.

Furthermore, she's very tall. She's almost as tall as my state as Klein Moretti… Klein suddenly added inwardly.

After completely digesting the Faceless potion, he came to a realization that one's self was an amalgamation of personality, experiences, knowledge, and

social connections. His looks and build could be changed at will; therefore, as long as he knew who he was, he didn't mind using the word "state" to describe the characteristics of each of his different identities. After all, every Faceless change could be fixed without any additional maintenance. That also meant that, even without the corresponding Beyonder powers, he could still maintain his external appearance as Gehrman Sparrow.

And because of that, he could easily make Klein Moretti grow taller if he wanted.

*Tap. Tap. Tap. *The lady, who exuded the feeling of looking down from above, walked in front of Klein. She pulled out a chair and sat down.

"We meet again," the lady said with a gentle and emotionless tone.

The way she speaks sounds familiar… Klein's mind whirled as he remembered the source of the sense of familiarity.

The scene of her arrival immediately resonated in his mind, and he finally fixated on that pair of black leather boots!

It's… It's her! Klein suddenly recalled the relevant scenes.

Back when he used his Spirit Body state to infiltrate the Royal Museum and retrieve the Black Emperor card, he had encountered a demigod. She had been sitting at the top of a wooden staircase in the middle of two large bookshelves. Her black leather boots back then were dangling in the air!

He changed back into his identity as Sherlock Moriarty and shouted for help when he was being pursued by the Devil dog. Midway, he encountered a forest path formed from green pea vines. He had no choice but to follow the carriage up into midair where he saw the pea vines interweave to form a hammock and a pair of black leather boots!

It's her! Why would she appear in this dream world and these waters? B-besides, she said, "we meet again." I'm Gehrman Sparrow right now!

Amidst his thoughts, Klein replied with a deadpan expression, "We haven't met before."

*So what if you're a demigod? As long as you aren't an angel, I can use the Sea God Scepter to resist you in this dream world! *Klein encouraged himself in secret.

The lady with long eyebrows sat there and lifted her chin as she observed Klein for two seconds.

"Is that so? Mr. Hero Bandit Black Emperor…”

Klein's thoughts erupted with a boom as if he had been struck by lightning. His thoughts were reduced to countless fragments that were left in shambles and chaos without any main line of thought.

S-she knows that I'm Hero Bandit Black Emperor?

She recognized me as the Spirit Body who originally stole the Card of Blasphemy from the Royal Museum?

H-how is this possible!?

Wait, why did she directly address me as Hero Bandit Black Emperor. If she had used Sherlock Moriarty, I would be even more astounded, and I might even fail to hide the change in my expressions…

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein instinctively controlled his facial muscles and calmly said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

The lady, who wore clothes that were different from the present fashion trends, didn't repeat her words or explain anything. Instead, she said in a direct manner, "Your identity as Gehrman Sparrow was provided by me."

"…”

Klein instantly felt his scalp tingle. He felt as though he didn't have a single secret when facing her.

This identity of Gehrman Sparrow was created through the use of Miss Sharron's resource channels… This demigod lady is one of them?

Right, Miss Sharron had previously mentioned that someone in her circles had been investigating the true identity of Hero Bandit Black Emperor and had promised to fulfill any reasonable request in exchange. For ingredients, it was limited to those below that of High-Sequence Beyonder ingredients…

According to Miss Sharron's description, the person who offered the mission was more than 1.7 meters tall, with a very proportionate body and long chestnut hair. She liked wearing black leather boots. Man… isn't this person before me… Back then, I even suspected if she was the demigod whom I met in the Royal Museum. Furthermore, she knew very well that I had taken the Black Emperor card…

Thoughts flashed past as Klein was temporarily at a loss for words. All he could do was maintain his silence.

The lady whose chin wasn't sharp and was a little rounded didn't harp on Gehrman Sparrow's identity. She looked out at the frozen sunset and said, "While you were in the Rorsted Archipelago, Nast Solomon's Black Emperor also appeared in those waters.

"I believe you know what that means, Mr. Hero Bandit."

Realizing how she wasn't exposing his identity and was even giving him clues and evidence, Klein could only twitch the corner of his lips and say, "Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence."

The expression of the lady opposite him immediately softened as she said with a smile, "You really are Hero Bandit Black Emperor."

…So you weren't certain… You were only listing down the clues and presenting your confident attitude… How was she so certain just now? Does she still have evidence that she hasn't provided? Klein felt some regret and was abnormally puzzled.

The lady who seemed to enjoy her standing as an important figure didn't say anything further. She then looked at the bookshelf and said, "You discovered that the bookmark has a Black Emperor card through his diary?"

Diary… This lady also knows that the so-called Roselle's notebook is a diary… Klein was taken aback as he didn't reply to her.

"You didn't take that notebook because you sensed something?" the lady asked again.

This… Klein suddenly realized something and decided not to answer and instead pose questions. He wanted to extricate himself from a passive state and not be led by the nose.

He looked at the lady's deep blue eyes and asked directly, "You are the mysterious person on the Future who was secretly spying on me?"

The beautiful lady who didn't allow anyone to come close replied frankly, "Yes. Cattleya doesn't know that I've secretly boarded the Future, but you actually discovered it… A Clown's sense for danger?"

Based on the observation and the information from before, she can basically determine that I'm a Faceless, a Magician… From her tone, she's very familiar with Admiral of Stars… The upper echelons of the Moses Ascetic Order or that Queen Mystic? Klein nodded and said, "That's right."

The lady raised her chin and curled her lips up slightly.

"It's impossible for a normal Clown to sense danger at this level, even if they're already a Sequence 5."

She has discovered another unique trait again… This… She knows the Seer pathway very well… Indeed, I've been somewhat affected by the gray fog's powers, giving me a direct premonitory intuition even in situations that aren't dangerous? Klein didn't give her a chance to speak again as he asked in a deep tone, "Were the sounds of the door opening and the footsteps heard by Anderson Hood in the depths of the hall of murals yours?"

"Are you referring to the hunter who's plagued by bad luck?" the lady asked in thought.

"Yes." Klein nodded.

"It was indeed me." The lady paused. "Inform that hunter of a prophecy. The most lethal danger often lies in day-to-day life."

What does that mean? Seeing how she had no intention of explaining, Klein deliberated and asked, "You were the one that made me appear in the Saint of Darkness's dream?"

The lady combed her long chestnut hair as she said gently but coldly, "That's not hard to guess.

"Through that dream, I confirmed that you took the remains of that sea serpent, Kalvetua.

"And like before, you appeared using a Spirit Body state. You took away the item from Jahn Kottman and vanished directly? Oh, you still carry the Black Emperor card."

Klein didn't respond to this topic and switched to asking, "You are Queen Mystic?"

"Many people call me by that name," the lady calmly answered.

It's really her… This lady's bounty reaches 650,000 pounds just from Loen's bounty alone! Klein silently drew a gasp and said, "Ma'am, is there a reason

why you are looking for me?"

Queen Mystic used her blue eyes to look at him for a few seconds before saying, "I hope you can share with me the method to interpret the language created by Emperor Roselle. For that, I can satisfy most of your requests."

Klein didn't admit or deny anything. He chuckled and asked, "Don't tell me you're even able to give me the corresponding High-Sequence Beyonder potion formulas?"

Queen Mystic had her bearing converged, but she said without any decrease in her dignity, "Your fate lies on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range."

This… Klein felt a baffling sense of shock.

His eyes darted around. While he was considering a question, Queen Mystic stood up.

"When you need some help or clues to a few Cards of Blasphemy, tell me the answer."

She turned around and walked into the depths of the tidy and vast library. With each step, her figure turned faint before quickly vanishing.

The library immediately collapsed. After a moment of feeling adrift, Klein found himself in the hall filled with beautiful murals.

Anderson looked at him in shock as he blurted out, "How did you get here?"

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CHAPTER 663
FALSE ALARM

After hearing Anderson's question, Klein was momentarily at a loss for an answer. He couldn't just tell him that he had fallen out of a dream suspected to belong to Queen Mystic.

He coldly looked at the unlucky Strongest Hunter, raised his right hand, and pointed upwards.

"Is that so…" Anderson Hood nodded in enlightenment.

What… did you figure out… I don't even know what I'm expressing myself… Klein discreetly twitched the corner of his lips and changed the topic. He said in recollection, "I met someone just now…"

"Not someone we know? Not a member of the Future? The person who came out of the door from deep inside the hall?" Anderson suddenly became excited.

This fellow doesn't put on airs of being the Strongest Hunter. He's like a breaking news reporter… Klein lampooned without answering him. He directly said, "She got me to pass on a prophecy to you."

"She… What prophecy?" Anderson was somewhat puzzled.

*If I were using my identity as Klein Moretti, I would've answered, "Sorry, I've forgotten. She only said it once"…*As Klein imagined the prank that wouldn't have happened, he said with a deep voice, "The most lethal danger often lies in day-to-day life."

Anderson listened carefully as he drew a gasp.

"That's just too accurate! I was drinking beer and nearly made myself a ret*rd. Who would imagine that most of the alcohol on the Future is problematic!"

He ruminated for a few seconds and asked, somewhat worried, "That's it?

"Did you forget any details or keywords?"

*I can tell that you're being provocative… *Klein ignored Anderson Hood and walked to the entrance of the hall of murals where he looked at Frank and Nina outside.

Back in the library, he had been suddenly accused of being Hero Bandit Black Emperor by Queen Mystic. This inevitably caused him to be placed in a passive state. Afterwards, he attempted to throw her off and not be led by the nose; therefore, he remained extremely nervous. His thoughts were completely focused on what he should say in response, without the time to consider the entire process and figure out the details. Now, he finally had the time.

First, what's most important is to understand a question. To what level of comprehension does Queen Mystic have towards my identity and Roselle's diary?

Yes… She believed that I grasp the means to interpret the language created by Emperor Roselle, and not the language itself. Although the difference in meaning isn't great, it's enough to prove that our identity as transmigrators isn't something she has figured out or have any clues that point towards that conclusion.

Miss Sharron isn't a rookie who just joined the mysticism circles or got herself involved in complicated matters. While getting someone to fake an identity for me, it's impossible for her to divulge who she's doing it for. Besides, the picture I provided was already Gehrman Sparrow's image…

That means that Queen Mystic hasn't equated Sherlock Moriarty to Gehrman Sparrow. Yes, if she had already known about this, as I had previously imagined, a better form of address would be Mr. Black Emperor Sherlock Moriarty. This would've dealt my mental defenses a blow that was several times stronger than directly addressing me as Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

From her standpoint, how did she gather useful information from scattered clues?

She knows that the bookmark is the Black Emperor card. Hence, the specter-like Hero Bandit Black Emperor and the strange Spirit Body who stole the Card of Blasphemy from the Royal Museum were connected together. Later, King of the Five Seas, Nast, suddenly appeared in the Rorsted Archipelago. According to the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence, she guessed that Hero Bandit Black Emperor might've appeared in Bayam and the archipelago.

After her investigations, she discovered the familiar identity known as Gehrman Sparrow. Then, from his identical trajectory with Hero Bandit Black Emperor's actions, she made a prediction and engaged in pursuit. She infiltrated the Future and observed me up close.

This is logical, but there's a certain level of coincidences in all of this. King of the Five Seas Nast appears anywhere he likes. Perhaps he might be missing a particular lady from the Red Theater and got his ship to cross the spirit world to enter the waters around the Rorsted Archipelago, or perhaps Bayam happens to have the High-Sequence Beyonder ingredients of the Black Emperor pathway that attracted him… There's no way to directly link it to Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

Of course, it's not incomprehensible for Queen Mystic to make such a connection. Perhaps she abides by the principle of being wrong rather than feel sorry in regards to important clues. Heh, that's a good habit, but it's just tiring.

There's also a high chance that she didn't lock onto Gehrman Sparrow immediately. However, with the reputation of the crazy adventurer Gehrman Sparrow becoming more prominent in the Rorsted Archipelago waters and the City of Generosity Bayam, she matched the timing after hearing the name, and then she came to a preliminary conclusion.

Sigh, it's still better to keep a low profile in life. Thankfully, my acting has finally come to an end. Subsequently, I can make the identity of Gehrman Sparrow vanish! Klein ran through everything and felt that he had mostly understood the problem at its root.

However, he had another thought and guess.

It was the way Admiral of Stars Cattleya had received Gehrman Sparrow on her ship. She had done it in an ostentatious manner, as though she was afraid that it wasn't known to the world that the crazy adventurer was cooperating with her!

Perhaps, she was providing a certain level of clues. Later, Queen Mystic came and learned that it was Gehrman Sparrow. After figuring out the trajectory of my activity at sea, she had a certain speculation. Instead of trying to pull a bluff, she was actually rather certain! Klein held one hand in his pocket as he walked out of the hall of murals. He then headed straight for Cattleya, who was outside the black cloister. He planned on using her turbid state to question her.

At this point, he had actually relaxed significantly. This was because Queen Mystic clearly only knew that Gehrman Sparrow was equivalent to Hero Bandit Black Emperor, and he was a Beyonder who worked for some important figure. It didn't involve even more secrets.

Even if she had connected the loss of the Black Emperor card that night to Detective Sherlock Moriarty who was nearby, that wouldn't be a huge problem.

*From a very long time ago, I had already equated Sherlock Moriarty to The World, and I also equated that to the Blessed of The Fool. Gehrman Sparrow is only an extension of that identity. Heh heh, this is my preparation for such matters. I always believed that I shouldn't treat others as ret*rds. As long as someone is active, any clues on their trajectory and social connections would lead to exposure. Therefore, I prepared this identity ahead of time for these smart people. I also strictly abided to these settings even in my everyday life.*

And for the Blessed of an important figure to have a basic understanding of Roselle's dairy is completely understandable and acceptable. It's within the realms of an ordinary bestowment from a special existence.

Heh, you probably never expected that there's a mask under the mask!

Amidst his thoughts, Klein also felt that the help from the gray fog and his caution had played a significant role. If he hadn't noticed that he had been observed by someone ahead of time while instinctively abiding by his will, he might've summoned the messenger under Queen Mystic's surveillance.

The messenger alone might not expose anything, but it's worrisome that Queen Mystic might have a way of tracking it and finding Mr. Azik. From his recent sightings, it's possible for her to dig out my identity as Klein Moretti… Klein tore through a square filled with numerous giant arrows, walked out the black cloister, and saw Cattleya sitting there as she hugged her knees just like before. She was staring at the beautiful sunset.

Klein leaped onto the boulder and came to the side of the withered trees. He looked at the magnificent buildings on the opposite mountain and said in a seemingly normal manner, "At Nas, you showcased the star bridge to connect the dock to the ship. Were there any hidden motives behind that?"

Cattleya's head leaned to the side a little as she said, "I'm not telling you!"

"…” Klein was momentarily left at a loss.

He originally imagined that Admiral of Stars would be very honest in the dream world. He had never expected such a situation; of course, this was also a form of honesty, but it was an honest personality.

After two seconds of silence, Klein decided to pull a bluff.

"You wished to use this method to inform someone that I'm worthy of attention?"

Cattleya exhaled and remained sitting there, hugging her knees.

"Pretty much.

"It was mainly to tell others that if something serious happens or if I show obvious abnormalities, you will be the first clue."

As expected… Klein sighed inwardly.

He knew that Admiral of Stars had done such a cheap trick to protect herself, but as The Fool, he needed to punish her for such actions.

However, I can't use this matter to act up. It will appear as though The Fool protects "His" Blessed too much. That will be quite lacking in standing… Yes, Admiral of Stars must've done more than this. I can tabulate these series of actions as one and punish her for them… Klein quickly made up his mind. He wasn't as flustered towards what he encountered in this dream world again.

As for Queen Mystic's suggestion, he didn't even consider it.

Emperor Roselle's diary contained matters of his transmigration and Earth. If he taught Queen Mystic how to read Chinese, she would discover this point and make even more critical guesses!

She must have her qualms about the important figure who can randomly lend out the Sea God Scepter, so she wouldn't take any forceful actions. If

there really are any matters that need her help or if she has some dirt on me, I can agree to help her translate a few important pages of the diary she wishes to know about. But I'll definitely not teach her Chinese. Yes, even if I translate it, it will be watered down with the use of synonyms. I just need to maintain the main points; that way, she has no way of reverse-engineering the language… Klein retracted his gaze and casually asked Cattleya, "Rumor has it that you and Queen Mystic had a falling out, but it doesn't seem to be the case?"

Cattleya's glazed expression suddenly had a lively change. She pursed her lips and said, "What right do I have to fall out with her?

"I was just banished."

Banished… Klein was just about to ask when blinding sunlight beamed as he naturally woke up.

Looking at the bright sky outside, he wiped his forehead and muttered silently to himself.

What a terrifying dream.

After dealing with his wistfulness, Klein rolled off the bed and came to the deck. He continued his observation and awaited the appearance of mermaids.

Nearly an hour later, he finally heard a faint, indistinct voice coming from the distance.

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CHAPTER 664
EVERY SECOND COUNTS

Mermaids?

Klein felt delighted as anticipation and excitement filled him.

Having left Backlund for nearly four months and experiencing a series of events, he finally arrived at the destination of his travels. He was completing the last condition needed for him to advance to Sequence 5 Nimblewright Master!

His irascibility and frustrations had been constantly growing ever since he entered these waters, and it was all thanks to the waiting. The various ridiculous and humorous matters on the Future, the matters that seemed abnormally harrowing on careful thought, and the dangers and unknown things contained within the night, noon, and dreams in the ruins of this war of gods had left him even more mentally tense. He lived through every minute and hour with great torment.

Now, the pressure from these emotions finally had a chance of being released!

Phew… Klein slowly heaved a sigh of relief. He directly returned to the cabin and entered the room that belonged to him.

Without being flustered or letting the joy get to his head, he followed the planned sequence of taking out Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane to interfere with the possible spying of Queen Mystic.

After taking out the remnant spirituality of ancient wraiths, the pair of eyes from a six-winged gargoyle, drago bark, and a metallic bottle containing Sonia Island's Golden Spring from his suitcase, he spread them across his desk, entered the bathroom, and locked the door. He then familiarly set up the bestowment ritual.

After setting up the ritual, he wasn't in a rush to go above the gray fog to respond to the prayer. Instead, he set up another ritual of summoning himself!

While taking four steps counterclockwise and chanting the incantation, Klein arrived above the gray fog. He responded to the summoning ritual and used his Spirit Body state to come to the real world. He then brought Tinder back to the mysterious space.

After doing all of that, Klein didn't relax. He came to the seat of The Fool, conjured a pen and paper, and quickly wrote the divination statement: "The singing ahead comes from mermaids."

Taking off his topaz pendant, he used divination to confirm the situation.

The singing ahead of the Future was from mermaids!

After calming his emotions, Klein summoned the iron cigar case from the junk pile and made it land on the ancient, mottled bronze table.

With a snapping sound, he opened the lid and saw the pupil-less All-Black Eye sitting there in silence. He could sense the extreme madness and danger from it, but it appeared to be in deep slumber.

After observing it for two seconds, Klein took out Tinder and slowly wore it on his right hand.

After completing all of this, Klein didn't hesitate and reached out his right palm and spread his fingers.

All sorts of blobs of light surfaced before his eyes. Grayish-white, bronze-green, dark red, and black colors formed the foundation of this mysterious space.

And inside the All-Black Eye, there was a flaring and flailing iron-black beam lingering around the remaining colors.

Without using his spiritual intuition, Klein knew with certainty through his understanding of objects that the True Creator's mental corruption was represented by this iron-black light!

Feeling extremely wary, he closed his fingers and grabbed at the target before turning his wrist.

The iron-black light was instantly extracted as it fused with Tinder. Immediately, the illusory, evil, terrifying, and indescribable ravings boomed in his ear like déjà vu.

This destroyed his line of thought as it ground at his psyche. It brought about a fracturing pain to his brain, but it was soon repressed by the gray fog's power and turned completely silent.

Klein didn't think further. He followed his plans and reenacted the trial runs that he had practiced numerous times by grabbing Tinder with his left hand, pulled it off, and threw it onto the stone ground of the magnificent palace.

Right on the heels of that, Klein grabbed the All-Black Eye which was now completely fine. He quickly replied to the bestowment ritual and passed the Nimblewright Master Beyonder characteristic through the illusory door and into the altar in the bathroom.

He didn't dare delay any further. All he did was glance at the evil-exuding Tinder which was tainted with an iron-black color as its fingers twisted and its palm cracked opened. He then used his spirituality to envelop himself as he stimulated a plummeting sensation to return to the real world.

Klein opened his eyes, grabbed the All-Black Eye on the altar and ran out into his room. While doing so, he had a thought. *If I allow Creeping Hunger to watch what happens to Tinder and its outcome, I wonder what its thoughts would be… *

Coming before the desk, from the side, Klein took out an iron pot that originally belonged to the Future. He then poured 80 milliliters of Sonia Golden Spring into it.

As the pale gold liquid slowly spread out in a clear and transparent state, it made him subconsciously feel thirsty, as if he wished to drink a cup of it to quench his thirst.

The items—drago bark, eyes of the six-winged gargoyle, and the remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith—were thrown into the pot by Klein, causing different reactions. Finally, the potion turned into a pale gold color, but it looked ethereal as though it was weightless.

At this critical juncture, Klein became abnormally calm instead. He steadily picked up the pupil-less black eye and dropped it into the potion.

He had already confirmed that the True Creator's mental corruption hadn't penetrated the gray fog or returned inside the All-Black Eye!

And this was something he had expected.

The All-Black Eye was instantly submerged by the pale gold liquid as the surface began bubbling.

Every bursting bubble made the potion turn blacker. About ten seconds later, all the changes came to a halt.

Inside the pot, the potion took form as a completely black liquid. Inside, it seemed to contain countless tiny worms that were squirming about, worms that couldn't be seen by the naked eye.

Klein took out a gold coin and made a quick divination as a confirmation.

After receiving the revelation that it was a success, he heaved a sigh of relief and poured the Nimblewright Master potion into a metallic bottle he had prepared and stuffed it into his pocket.

He didn't act in a fluster or rush. He followed the process he had planned by quickly clearing up the altar in the bathroom, and he retrieved Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane.

At this point, he walked out of the cabin and onto the deck.

At this moment, the symbols and magical labels on the Future had once again lit up, forming a resplendent sea of stars. It significantly reduced the mermaids' singing.

Rumors claimed that the singing of mermaids could make humans lose their reasoning and turn irrational. They would then jump off their ships to become food for the mermaids.

Klein subconsciously nodded at the window corresponding to the captain's cabin.

Admiral of Stars was standing there as her body swirled with starlight. The gaze she sent back at him appeared mixed.

Have you recalled what you said and how you acted in the dream? Klein lampooned as he said with a calm expression, "I need a dinghy."

"It has already been prepared." Cattleya pointed towards the shipboard without any signs of surprise.

Gehrman Sparrow had mentioned that his purpose was to seek out mermaids back when he hired the Future!

Soon, Klein left the Future and the protection of the resplendent sea of stars. He headed into the ocean on his tiny dinghy.

As the singing grew louder, a voice seemed to drill into his Spirit Body, numbing his body, making him wish to hear more of it.

This was far from sufficient for Klein. Besides, his spiritual intuition told him that he needed to be closer to make the singing clearer so as to satisfy the requirements of the ritual.

"Storm!"

Klein took out a charm made of tin, and he summoned a controllable gale that could push the dinghy ahead.

After an unknown period of time, the mermaid's singing increased in volume. They were so clear, it was as though they were singing softly by Klein's ears. Each tone stirred his Spirit Body, and the melody was intoxicating.

Klein felt his mind adrift as he nearly jumped into the sea and swam towards the source of the melodic singing.

He tried his best to control himself and discovered many reefs ahead. Figures were seated at its edge as they sang.

These creatures with a human head had quite some beauty in their clear, pure eyes. Their breasts were lifted up high, but they were also covered by dark red scales. The lower halves of their bodies were comprised of massive fishtails as they rhythmically struck the reef.

The mermaids looked different and had different colored scales. From a human's standpoint, they were all a different kind of beauty.

Klein relinquished his control of the dinghy, raised his right hand, and reached into his pocket for the potion.

At that moment, the mermaids sensed his approach and looked over.

Then, these creatures, who were also known as sirens, stopped singing out of shock. All of them leaped into the water with a splash.

Don't go… Klein feebly reached out with his right hand.

Isn't it said that you use your singing to attract humans for food? Why are you running with a human here? I'm not a bad guy. I'm only here to listen to your singing… At this moment, Klein's heart was filled with "what the f**k" emotions.

He soon discovered that the mermaids' singing didn't completely stop. Further away on the reef were a few mermaids with their backs facing him. They didn't discover the fleeing of their companions, due to the crashing of the winds as they continued boldly singing.

Klein's mind stirred as he thought for a moment and took out a charm.

This was the charm from the Sea God domain that gave the user affinity with underwater creatures!

"Storm!"

Amidst the incantation, blue flames enveloped the tin plate, making it vanish from the real world.

Although the remaining mermaids noticed him, they didn't flee in fear. Immediately, Klein took out the metal bottle containing the Nimblewright Master potion and unscrewed the lid.

He made every second count so as to prevent any mishaps!

As he gulped the potion down, a somewhat bitter potion with a mustiness surged down his throat, into his gullet, and into his stomach.

Suddenly, Klein found himself abnormally stiff. He felt as though he had returned to Tingen, back when he was being controlled by the strange puppet known as Sealed Artifact 2-049.

He tried moving his joints, but he felt as though they were filled with lead.

At the same time, he felt that tiny worms were boring into every one of his cells and into his Spirit Body.

His thoughts slowed down as his brain reflected the gradual loss of control over his body.

The mermaids' singing floated over, stirring those desires, the accumulated fanaticism and infatuation, allowing Klein to hold onto his final lumps of emotions. Through this temptation, he slowly escaped the state of petrification.

A grayish-white fog quickly surfaced before his eyes as he heard the illusory ravings of "Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea…" Compared to his advancement to a Seer, Clown, and Magician, these ravings appeared staccato, as though they were being disrupted by something.

It's different from when I became a Faceless. The ravings are clearly much stronger. It can intermittently break through the obstacles produced from the fusion of the powers of the gray fog and reality… I can think again! Klein was delighted as he attempted to raise his arm.

His joints still felt heavy, but the feeling was weakening!

At the same time, Klein "saw" his present appearance.

His skin was yellowish-brown, like a puppet that had been buried alive for years with old bandages.

Fleshy tendrils were hidden beneath his skin as they squirmed, separated, and fused.

Klein immediately outlined the countless spherical lights in his mind, and he used Cogitation to calm his present state.

During this process, the mermaids' singing continued to reverberate in his ears, allowing his joints and muscles to twitch before the numbness slowly receded.

After an unknown period of time, Klein opened his eyes, his body having completely restored to normal.

He took a deep breath and silently sighed.

Finally…

I'm finally a Sequence 5!

I'm finally a Nimblewright Master!

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CHAPTER 665
SPIRIT BODY THREADS

Under the strong sunlight, the sea reflected a golden shade. Apart from that, deep in Klein’s eyes were countless illusory black lines.

They extended from the nearby mermaids, from his body, and from the different parts of the neighboring waters. They were packed densely in thin and numerous threads, corresponding to different spots. Some extended into the infinite distance, to the ends of the void.

This strange, beautiful scene wasn’t an unfamiliar sight to Klein. In the few times he used the All-Black Eye’s powers and his usage of it to create the fake World, he had been able to see similar scenes.

This was the source of a Nimblewright Master’s Beyonder powers!

From the knowledge he obtained from the potion, these illusory thin black threads were known as Spirit Body Threads. By controlling them, one could directly influence the target’s Soul Body, Astral Projection, Body of Heart and Mind, and Ether Body. Then, with the Ether Body as a bridge, one could control the target’s body.

Therefore, all the Beyonder powers of a Nimblewright Master was built on the Spirit Body Threads.

Firstly, it could find a hidden target using the Spirit Body Threads that existed in every creature. It was the best measure against a Demoness’s invisibility and a Shadow Ascetic’s hiding in the shadows. Of course, Klein wasn’t aware if there were means to hide one’s Spirit Body Threads.

Secondly, it was to control a target like a puppet. It would make the target's thoughts and body stiffen. This was a type of forceful control and was almost indefensible. The only way of escaping this control was to rely on the potency of one's Spirit Body. It was almost no trouble for a Sequence 5 Nimblewright Master to control anyone who wasn't a demigod.

Thirdly, through the passage of time, the control would deepen. A Nimblewright Master could completely turn the target into their nimblewright. Up to a certain distance, they could hide behind the scenes and control the nimblewright to do battle. While doing so, the nimblewright could use all of its original Beyonder powers!

This is truly magical, terrifying, strange, and indescribable. It's the perfect thing for someone working behind the scenes. It's no wonder Rosago claimed that the control of Spirit Body Threads is one of the most difficult abilities to deal with for anyone that isn't a High-Sequence Beyonder…

But it requires time. Control cannot be instantly achieved. It requires a process that deepens with each step until it's ultimately achieved. To obtain initial control, the present me needs 20 seconds. But with the digestion of the potion, the time needed will clearly decrease. Once my Nimblewright Master potion completely digests, I might be able to do it within five seconds. Yes, before the effects show, the target wouldn't even notice it. Perhaps those with prophetic abilities might be able to detect it…

Once initial control of the target has been achieved, they will immediately be slow to think. Their actions will be impeded and their bodies stiffened. Then, bit by bit, they will develop into a puppet, a nimblewright. If a Nimblewright Master has a partner, this process will make it easy to finish off a target that has been forcibly controlled. Yes, if the enemy's Spirit Body isn't strong enough, a Nimblewright Master will have the strength remaining to even draw a gun or use a mystical item to act in concert with himself.

If the controlling process isn't disrupted by an external force, the target will become my nimblewright after five minutes. In a sense, the nimblewright is

truly dead and the process is completely irreversible. Once the potion is completely digested, the time it takes to convert someone into a nimblewright will definitely be greatly shortened.

The maximum number of nimblewrights I can control at present is one. I can't be sure how many I can control in the future, but it will definitely increase. The limit seems to max out at three.

This will not only need time, but there's also a distance restriction. I can only see Spirit Body Threads within a hundred meters. And to control them, I need to be five meters from the target…

When controlling nimblewrights, I cannot be more than 100 meters from it. I'm sure it will increase in the future.

Heh, apart from keeping its Beyonder powers, a nimblewright can also normally use mystical items and Sealed Artifacts. Furthermore, it expends its own spirituality and not mine. Of course, my controlling of the nimblewright will expend spirituality itself.

This ability is very suited for me. In extremely dangerous situations, with me having no choice but to investigate, I can let the nimblewright do it for me. Although it will be heartbreaking to lose it, it's better than having myself die. Heh heh, back when Nimblewright Master Rosago came to deal with me, he must've been engaged in another operation. This resulted in him losing his nimblewright. Yes, he must've not fully digested the Nimblewright Master potion. That's why he wasn't able to achieve initial control over me while waiting for me to open the door. He had to enter in order to converse with me.

In short, this lives up to being a Sequence 5 Beyonder power! Furthermore, the Beyonder powers before this have also been enhanced by 50%, or even more…

I'm really looking forward to knowing what kind of qualitative changes I'll experience when I reach Sequence 4 when possessing so many strange

powers. Sigh, I don’t even know what its name is… Klein ended the inspection of his body and reflected wistfully.

He then used the experience of setting an activation and deactivation method for his Spirit Vision to give himself a restriction of seeing Spirit Body Threads, so as to not see things he shouldn’t see.

Activating by tapping my left thumb twice on the first segment of my index finger. Repeating the action deactivates it. Same for the right hand… He reined in his thoughts and looked ahead, and he saw that the remaining mermaids had turned around and were looking at him with watery blue eyes.

At the thought that he would’ve lost control and become a Sealed Artifact akin to 2-049 without their singing or this simple ritual, Klein gave them a friendly smile.

Affected by the charm, the mermaids also moved their lips and showed a somewhat embarrassed smile.

As their light purple or deep red lips parted, one by one, Klein saw their teeth—razor-sharp like wolf fangs. They were white and shiny and dripping from them was a sticky liquid.

Klein was taken aback. He discovered that this was even more unacceptable for him than a real monster.

He had originally mentally prepared himself and treated mermaids as creatures that swam in the sea. Therefore, no matter how crazy and terrifying they looked, he believed that he could tolerate it. However, the situation was somewhat beyond his expectations. Mermaids were clearly beautiful and alluring females on the surface. Their tails had a hetero sense of beauty, but their teeth were nasty and disgusting. This was a stark contrast that Klein couldn’t take. He nearly moved his eyes away.

Waving his hand, he quickly took out a charm from the Sea God domain and created another gale of wind to push his dinghy back to the Future.

Along the way, Klein couldn’t help but recollect the feelings he just had.

So the mermaids’ singing is meant for neutralizing and balancing. Otherwise, most Faceless are unable to resist the corrosion of their own Spirit Body Threads by the Nimblewright Master potion. They would directly lose control. Heh. Lucky ones like Kalvetua aren’t included. Perhaps, it’s because of the lack of the ritual’s help that it’s relatively weaker.

In theory, as long as there’s a voice or Beyonder power with similar effects, they can be used to replace a mermaid’s singing, but people who haven’t personally experienced it themselves wouldn’t be able to tell the minute differences. Therefore, High-Sequence Beyonders who aren’t from the Seer pathway will find it difficult to provide any effective suggestions.

Amidst his thoughts, the dinghy returned to the Future. With a rope, Klein easily returned to the deck.

Anderson Hood stood by the shipboard and chuckled.

“So your search of mermaids was a requirement of a ritual, and not because you wish to obtain the corresponding ingredients.”

“That’s obvious,” Klein succinctly replied.

Anderson shrugged and said, “No, it’s not. A normal person will guess that mermaids are the ingredients you need, as this doesn’t match the rituals needed by a Sequence 4. But who knew that Adventurer Gehrman Sparrow, who was at the level of a pirate admiral, was only a Sequence 6.”

What do you mean “only?” Klein resisted the urge of controlling Anderson’s Spirit Body Threads.

Ignoring the Strongest Hunter who automatically had a provocative halo, he entered the cabin and returned to his room.

Just as he approached the captain's cabin, he heard a creak as the door before him opened.

Cattleya didn't wear her heavy glasses. She looked at Gehrman Sparrow as the dark purple hue in her eyes swirled.

"Congratulations on your advancement.

"P-previously in the dream, did I say something?"

"You know what you said," Klein replied with a deadpan expression.

Cattleya fell silent for two seconds before saying, "You questioned me about my relationship with Queen Mystic?"

As she spoke, she couldn't help but look around.

She guessed that Queen Mystic might be on the Future because of my rather sudden question? I really have to be careful when conversing with a smart person… Klein nodded, walked past her and returned to his room, leaving the corridor in silence.

Only when he opened the door and took a step inside did he hear Cattleya's voice sound out from the captain's cabin. It reverberated through the entire ship.

"Set sail for the return voyage."

Inside the room, Klein waited a few minutes before reentering the bathroom. He set up the ritual again and threw Creeping Hunger, which was turning more irascible due to the lack of food, above the gray fog.

After doing this, he wasn’t in a rush to leave. He summoned the distorted iron-black Tinder and made it land before him.

After studying it for a moment, Klein placed Tinder inside the iron cigar case and threw it into the junk pile.

Although this expensive glove was now unusable, Klein was certain that trash could still be used.

Immediately following that, he slowly took off the already silent Creeping Hunger, and he similarly placed it into the junk pile.

Phew… Klein remained silent for two seconds before leaving the palace that looked like a giant’s residence, and then he ventured deep into the mysterious space above the gray fog.

From his previous exploration, he discovered a bright staircase that seemed to lead to heaven. He suspected that the number of steps had something to do with his Sequence; therefore, he immediately came here to confirm it after he advanced.

After walking for a while, Klein finally saw the holy staircase made out of pure light. Compared to before, there was another step, making it a total of five steps.

Indeed… Klein sighed, unsurprised.

Then, he climbed up the staircase that appeared to be prepared for giants and arrived at the top.

At that moment, he wasn’t that far from the gray fog which was hardened in midair. He seemed to just need one more step to reach that height.

Klein subconsciously looked up and seemed to see something.

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CHAPTER 666
AFTERNOON TOWN

That's… Klein's eyes reflected a nearly transparent object.

It appeared like a carapace of something, occasionally shrinking and vanishing from Klein's line of sight, and at times peeking out due to an invisible wind, revealing some of its outlines.

With it acting as an anchor point and looking further up, there were colors of green that was almost black, standing there silently.

They look like the colors of the trees of a dark forest… Klein mumbled without imagining what the object of those colors signified. All he could do was boldly guess that it had something to do with gaining a deeper control of the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Without trying to do something that was destined to be in vain, he jumped down from the staircase that seemed to lead to heaven and phased back inside the palace.

With the existence of Queen Mystic in mind, Klein did some simple tidying up before leaving the gray fog and returning to his bathroom.

After tying up the loose ends, he walked to his suitcase, took out the Sun Brooch, and wore it on his double-breasted frock coat.

After all the turmoil he had been through, the mystical items he could now use had returned to the state when he was in Backlund. However, he was already a Sequence 5 and possessed one of the most difficult powers to deal

with below that of the demigods. He was, in the true sense of the word, a powerhouse in the Beyonder world.

I should be very agitated and happy, but I'm actually not. I'm even as excited as when I found mermaids… This is because I've just taken another step on my road to revenge. The true goal I wish to achieve is still a distance away…

Following this, I should conclude the principles and digest the Nimblewright Master potion and seek out the corresponding Sequence 4 formula and ingredients. Yes, I can only do all of these things after leaving these waters. Next, I'll seek advice from Mr. Azik, Will Auceptin, and Arrodes…

Heh heh, I should relax for the next few days. Being overly tense might break me down and cause me to have symptoms of losing control… Klein turned to look at the full-body mirror in his room. Looking at his 1.8-meter-tall build, black hair, and brown eyes, with a thin face and cut features; dressed in a white shirt, a suit with a bow tie, and a top hat that was matched with the pale gold Sunbird brooch. He wore a calm expression with a deep, dark gaze.

After looking at this in silence, he raised his hands and adjusted the buttons at his cuffs and patted his black suit.

…

Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the stacked, dark buildings ahead.

Demon Hunter Colin Iliad, with two swords on his back, pointed ahead and said, "That's Afternoon Town."

He combed his grizzled hair that was flying about in the wind that swept through the wilderness.

That's fast… With his Axe of Hurricane in hand, Derrick sighed wistfully in surprise.

He soon realized that it was reasonable. This was because the Giant King's Court was located somewhere near the City of Silver. Afternoon Town was the intersecting point that connected both nodes.

With the lightning that illuminated the night sky, he clearly saw Afternoon Town in its entirety. It was built at the foot of a mountain and was naturally split into upper and lower levels. Instead of calling it a town, it wasn't much smaller than most of the ruins the City of Silver found.

Here, the gray stones were stacked into different buildings. Some were entirely emptied out, nearing ten meters. Some were similar to the residence Derrick currently resided in; it was short as though any normal person would hit their heads onto the ceiling.

These buildings were arranged close together before spreading out. Some of them had collapsed, while a number remained standing despite showing signs of age and tear.

It's completely different from what's described in the textbooks… Derrick suddenly recalled the knowledge he had learned from his history lessons.

According to the City of Silver's records, Afternoon Town was the door that separated reality from myth. It was a place where humans and giants lived together. There was day and night here, but most of the day was in a "noon" state. Regardless of the fog, storms, or snow, none of them were able to blot out the strong sunlight. But at this moment, it was dark and heavy. Even if the area was illuminated by light, it lacked a sense of brightness and there was no signs of life.

Clenching his axe tightly, Derrick, whose eyes had two miniature suns, was on the flanks of the exploration team. He followed Chief Colin into Afternoon Town.

This area had been cleared once on the first exploration. The streets were covered with signs of rotting flesh and dry pus. It was completely silent.

"Be careful. There are many strange monsters lurking in the darkness." Colin Iliad, with his scarred face, didn't let down his guard. He drew one of his dual swords as the silver light on his sword converged.

This is the mythical door? When the Creator abandoned this piece of land, even the myths were abandoned? Derrick couldn't help but imagine what Afternoon Town had experienced during the cataclysm. He instinctively felt that it was probably different from the Kingdom of Silver.

Before he could carefully observe his surroundings in search of possible clues, he suddenly heard a teammate on the other flank anxiously cry out, "There's something!"

Derrick turned his head and saw a transparent face growing out of the wall of a ten-meter-tall stone building.

The face was filled with countless cracks. With great regularity, they spiraled around the center, forming a single eye or mouth that resembled a vortex.

The hurricane within the vortex was corporeal as it spewed out with a howl. The dawn-like light from within was dense, as though they were arrows of light.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

They struck a few members of the exploration team, but they seemed to strike thick city walls. All they produced was dull and closely-spaced out thuds before disappearing into the dark environment.

At some point in time, City of Silver Chief, Colin Iliad, was genuflecting. He stabbed the silver sword in his hand into the rotting gray ground.

He had provided the front row with the strongest protection!

At the same time, the other members of the exploration team methodically unleashed their attacks. Hurricane's of light and scarlet fireballs struck the monster.

Right on the heels of that, the holy light that Derrick summoned had landed on the vortex that resembled a single eye.

Amidst the explosive boom, the boulder, which was originally covered in cracks, collapsed. A transparent face screamed as it vaporized.

Although the battle was simple, Derrick didn't feel happy at all. He had heard Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice discuss cases of Beyonder fights. Matching it with the experience the City of Silver had accumulated from resisting all kinds of monsters from the darkness, he worriedly discovered that the City of Silver had a limited number of pathways. Those who were not demigods lacked effective means of control, and the situation from before proved this point.

Thankfully, there are Sealed Artifacts that are formed when monsters die to make up for this… Derrick silently thought as he heard the Chief instruct, "Move according to plan. Three to four people a group. Search and clear the different areas."

"Yes, Chief!" The exploration team members were mostly rich in experience. They soon formed their groups.

Derrick's group consisted of three people. Apart from him, there was Joshua and Haim who had been to the abandoned temple with him before. The former was a Sequence 7 Weapon Master, and he had a mystical glove that could control fire. The latter was a recently advanced Sequence 6 Dawn Paladin. He was tall and reached a height of 2.3 meters.

The City of Silver, which had Warriors—also known as the Giant pathway—as the main force, had an average height of 1.8 meters (including children

above the age of 6). Even if the Beyonder characteristics were inherited, the normal genes that were modified had accumulated with each generation. Although Derrick wasn't old, he was nearly 1.8 meters tall and still had room to grow.

According to the designated targets, Derrick, Joshua, and Haim entered an alley on the left in a triangular battle formation. They checked every building that still allowed entry.

Perhaps as a result of the former sweep, they didn't encounter any monsters. They couldn't help but feel a little relieved.

"Rumor has it that the six-member council plans to set up camp here and make Afternoon Town a stronghold," Joshua, who was wearing a scarlet glove on his left palm, said after observing the buildings.

Haim nodded and looked down at his two partners.

"The true target seems to be…”

He pointed diagonally upwards.

"The Giant King's Court?" Derrick asked in surprise.

Isn't it a search for the sea where Little Jack and company came from? Don't we need to circle the Giant King's Court? Derrick was filled with puzzlement.

Haim shook his head.

"I've only heard rumors."

He swept his gaze and pointed at the entrance to the underground chamber.

"Let's finish our search here."

Derrick answered tersely. With his night vision and ability to emit light, he wasn't afraid of the darkness as he stepped into the underground chamber first. Haim lifted an animal hide lantern while Joshua followed closely in tow.

This building's underground chamber was rather wide, with traces of dried, blackening pools. The smell of blood remained despite the many years that had passed.

Derrick surveyed the area and suspected that a sacrificial ritual had once been held here.

A very, very long time ago… he silently added and discovered a candle left on the stone table which resembled an altar. He felt more certain about his guesses.

Why would the residents of Afternoon Town secretly hold sacrificial rituals in their underground basement? When the Giant King's Court was in power, they were believers of the Giant King. Later, they came under the lord that created everything… The owner of this building secretly worshiped other gods? Questions arose in him as Derrick approached the altar. He saw that the stone table was originally carved with words, but they had been damaged by either natural or unnatural elements.

After some careful identification, Derrick found three names:

"Ouroboros;

"Medici;

"Sasrir."

Ouroboros? Isn't that the name of the Angel of Fate? Mr. Fool mentioned before that Medici is also a King of Angels. Sasrir is another one? Derrick suddenly felt excited and horrified as he hurriedly turned his head to shout out for his companions to take a look.

But in his vision, the underground chamber was empty. There was only darkness. Haim and Joshua who were supposed to be behind him were gone!

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CHAPTER 667
PRAYER

They're gone?

There's only darkness?

Faced with such a sudden change, Derrick's first reaction wasn't horror; instead, he clasped his hands together and pressed it to his mouth.

Pure light was emitted out of his body as he dispersed the surrounding darkness, illuminating every corner of the underground chamber.

In Derrick's living environment, darkness was the most terrifying existence. Once they left the City of Silver, they had to constantly maintain the existence of light. Even a brief loss of light couldn't last for more than five seconds.

When Derrick first joined the exploration teams and lacked experience, he had nearly killed himself because of such a mistake. Thankfully, the Chief was standing nearby.

As the light slowly and continuously radiated from him, Derrick raised his tightly-gripped Axe of Hurricane and carefully observed his surroundings.

He discovered that apart from Haim and Joshua—teammates who had entered the underground chamber with him—vanishing, the stone slabs and tufts of black hair on the walls had turned blood-red at some point in time. They were moist as though they had just been sprayed on.

This calmed down Derrick, who was well-versed with exploration materials, to realize a possibility. The problem didn't stem from Haim or Joshua, but himself!

All I did was approach the altar and silently read three names… Typically speaking, even angels will require someone to read or write down an accurate honorific name in its complete form before they can receive "prayers." And it's supposedly limited by range… I wonder if the Kings of Angels require the same conditions…

Uh, one of those three names was the key to activating the hidden powers in the altar. I triggered the problem by using Jotun which can stir the powers of nature? No, that's not right. It needs to be said out loud. Even if these are the true names of the Kings of Angels, I've never faced such problems in the past… Derrick anxiously turned his body while feeling perplexed. He returned to the altar and came to the stone table.

He was surprised to see that the words and symbols on the stone table were a lot more complete and clearer than before. It was as though the host of the ritual had just drawn it.

The words were written in three languages. They were in Jotun, Dragonese, and a language that Derrick couldn't recognize. However, he suspected that it was the ancient Hermes previously mentioned by Miss Justice and Mr. Hanged Man. This was because he had a basic understanding of some words from the conversations during the Tarot Gathering. They were rather similar to the words used on the stone table.

The content expressed by Jotun and Dragonese were identical. They repeated the three names and their corresponding titles.

Angel of Fate, Ouroboros;

Red Angel, Medici;

Dark Angel, Sasrir.

Following these names and titles was an entity Derrick was very familiar with.

Rose Redemption!

Sasrir really is a King of Angels, one known as Dark Angel. "He," Angel of Fate, and Red Angel are the founders of Rose Redemption? I wonder if Mr. Fool knows anything about "Him"…"He" definitely knows a lot… The words in ancient Hermes should likely be the same content… In Afternoon Town, which had already converted to the faith of the Lord that created everything, there were residents who were secretly worshiping the three Kings of Angels beside the Lord… Upon having this thought, Derrick suddenly felt a chill run down his back. He felt as though he was close to the reason why the Creator had abandoned this land.

When he looked up again, he saw that the walls remained red, but Haim and Joshua were still nowhere to be seen.

Silently repeating them didn't do a thing. Perhaps they don't produce any effects on their own… Derrick drew a breath as he raised his Axe of Hurricane. He carefully walked towards the entrance of the underground chamber, hoping to find the problem at its roots, so as to determine what led to his present situation.

One step, two steps, three steps. Like a gigantic candle, he returned to the hall upstairs.

There were rich shadows here, making it gloomy and eerily silent. The rotting chairs and the remnants of stone tables remained sitting there in silence, no different from before.

Failing to find Joshua and Haim, Derrick could only walk towards the window while he felt high-strung. He wanted to see if he could encounter other members of the exploration team.

Thud… Thud… Amidst light footstep sounds, he approached a huge hole that should've been a window sill. He leaned forward and looked outside.

Countless dark buildings spread out, either tall or short, as they extended outwards like steps.

The lightning in the air happened at a very low frequency as many windows had candlelight emitting out of them. The dim yellow flames danced but weren't extinguished.

This… Derrick couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva. He felt as though all the residents were still living in peace just before Afternoon Town encountered its cataclysm.

…

Haim, who was carrying an animal hide lantern, didn't need to bend his back to enter the underground chamber. He jokingly said to Joshua, "This house must belong to a human, but their family definitely has giant's bloodline in them. They're probably my height. Tsk, the last time we went to that ruined city, we had to bow our heads when using the main doors!"

Having a giant's bloodline didn't necessarily mean that they had giant blood flowing in them. Instead, it referred to a physical characteristic that was inherited by descendants thanks to the consumption of the pathway's potion. Being tall was one of its manifestations.

Joshua looked up at Haim and scoffed.

"That was you. I didn't need to."

"But you won't take long before you can advance. When the time comes, you won't be shorter than me," Haim said with a smile before glancing at Derrick via the corner of his eye. It was to prevent any accidents from happening when Derrick approached the altar.

Joshua thought before saying, "Actually, I'm very curious. Chief is a Sequence 4 Demon Hunter. He should be like an ordinary giant with a height of three to four meters. Why does he look very ordinary, with him being only half a head taller than me?"

Haim subconsciously surveyed the area and said, "Rumor has it that the Chief has a giant form."

"A giant form? Will his clothes tear when he becomes a giant?" Joshua asked with a laugh.

"Unless his clothes and pants are mystical items." Haim and Joshua exchanged a knowing smile.

They were just about to turn their heads to share the joke with Derrick when they realized that the youth was gone!

Derrick, who should've been standing before the altar, had vanished!

Haim's and Joshua's expression instantly turned heavy. One of them raised his huge broadsword, while the other raised his red-gloved left hand.

They carefully approached the altar and did a careful inspection, but they failed to identify anything suspicious.

Joshua was just about to attempt to identify the words on the stone table when Haim patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't look at it. I just recalled that Derrick was looking at those words before he vanished.

"Let's bring the Chief here."

"Okay." Joshua nodded.

They didn't leave in a fluster. They surveyed the surroundings before one of them rubbed his index finger with his middle finger to light the remaining candle on the altar.

This was to protect Derrick so as to prevent him from falling into true darkness!

In the past, the exploration teams of the City of Silver had similar encounters in the ruined cities. A teammate might appear to have suddenly vanished, but they had actually been concealed by some kind of power. He stood in his original location, but with his teammates eager to seek help, they would leave the area with their lanterns. Hence, the poor bastard would be devoured by the true darkness, never to be found again. If it wasn't for another teammate finding themselves in another similar situation and having been rescued on the spot, the others wouldn't have known the actual reason for the previous person's death.

With the candle lit, the dim yellow light spread outwards. Haim and Joshua immediately left and arrived at the alley where they released a spirituality signal that everyone carried.

They didn't wait too long for Colin Iliad who had jumped off from the roof of another building before landing firmly.

"What happened?" the Demon Hunter asked in a deep voice.

The silver sword in his hand was already covered with a layer of light gray oil.

Haim immediately recounted what had happened. Finally, he said, "We didn't discover the reason for Derrick's disappearance."

Derrick… Colin nodded in thought, walked past them, and headed straight into the corresponding building.

…

Despite the candles alight outside and the warm yellow color, Derrick felt as though he had fallen into a frozen abyss. A chill at the bottom of his heart kept spreading.

He clenched the Axe of Hurricane with his right hand and retracted his gaze from the town. He turned to return to the underground chamber and stood in front of the altar again.

He had already determined that he was the one with the problem!

However, he didn't have the urge to explore the strange Afternoon Town. He didn't even dare open the door.

Derrick wasn't nervous, nor did he show any obvious signs of flusterness. This was because he didn't believe that he had encountered something severe.

As long as it's not an immediate threat, it's nothing severe… Derrick took a silent breath, bowed his head, and reverently whispered, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…"

Klein, who had been admiring the scenery of the battlefield of the gods, had no choice but to enter the bathroom, set up the disruptive items, and take four steps counterclockwise to head above the gray fog.

He sat at the high-back chair at the end of the long bronze table. He stretched out his right hand and emanated his spirituality, touching the crimson star which represented Little Sun.

Suddenly, the prayers turned abnormally clear as the corresponding scene appeared before Klein's eyes.

He first saw the still-hazy Little Sun, before discovering that the environment around him was abnormal!

Swirling around The Sun was an unspeakable darkness, and in the darkness there were eyes of different shapes silently watching him.

The eyes were densely packed and hidden in the darkness. They were like unwelcomed observers which Little Sun hadn't noticed at all.

Afternoon Town is that dangerous? Klein was very aware of what dear Sun was up to lately.

He thought for a moment and instinctively believed that the darkness was extremely strange and surreal. Therefore, he abandoned the option of using the Sea God Scepter to respond to Little Sun. Instead, he switched to pulling him up above the gray fog.

Klein extended his spirituality, but he felt as though the crimson star seemed to be in a quagmire, making it rather difficult for him to pull him over.

*Which King of Angels has he crossed this time? *With a thought, Klein made the mysterious space and the gray fog beneath him produce ripples.

After advancing to Sequence 5, he could stir some of the powers above the gray fog, without the use of the Black Emperor card and the corresponding rituals!

Silently, Klein easily completed transporting Derrick as his figure appeared on the high-back chair belonging to him.

Meanwhile, Klein saw the strange darkness swirling around Little Sun's body shatter.

…

The Demon Hunter entered the underground chamber in high alert, followed closely by Haim and Joshua.

They saw that in front of the dim yellow candlelight, Derrick Berg's figure was quickly outlined like a picture.

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CHAPTER 668
CONFIDENCE MIGHT ALSO BE A WEAKNESS

Above the gray fog, in the palace that was held up by stone columns.

Derrick quickly repeated his encounter to Mr. Fool.

*Dark Angel Sasrir… The names and titles of these Kings of Angels seem to have been washed away by the rivers of history. Almost no one knows of them. If it weren't for Little Sun discovering them in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, or me directly encountering the ancient evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel himself, I might not even know a single King of Angels. At best I would've heard of the Amon family and would have no way of delving deeper into the Blasphemer… Where is this Dark Angel at present? Is "He" still alive? Is "He" still one of the upper echelons of the Rose Redemption? *Klein felt wistful.

Afraid that Little Sun would ask him related questions that he couldn't answer, Klein instantly stopped his contemplations and leisurely leaned back into the chair and said, "You have been freed from your predicament. Your companions will soon find you."

As he spoke, he didn't give Little Sun a chance to speak by directly cutting off the connection.

As for an explanation in the event that Little Sun was discovered to be abnormal, Klein disdained the thought of reminding him to fabricate an explanation.

To mysteriously disappear and then appear again, wasn't it very normal that all sorts of strange scenarios accompanied it?

At that moment, Derrick was very grateful that Mr. Fool didn't ask him any further questions. This was because he was afraid that he would be exposed to the lethal darkness or hidden monsters once he escaped the alternate Afternoon Town. Therefore, he was eagerly hoping to regain control of his body as soon as possible, so as to prepare the necessary precautions. However, if Mr. Fool had really asked a question, he would still seriously and very patiently explain the corresponding situation.

With his consciousness returning to his body, Derrick rapidly recovered his senses.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a candle which was almost done burning. The wick's flame was wavering in the wind.

Immediately after that, he discovered that the Chief was standing to his side at some point in time. The tall Haim and the red-gloved Joshua were warily standing two steps behind.

How long have they been watching me like that… Although Derrick had already thought of a reason above the gray fog, he still felt guilty and nervous.

Colin's wrinkled face was deadpan. He asked in a normal tone as he looked at Derrick Berg, "What did you encounter?"

Derrick didn't immediately answer, as it would appear as though he had already fabricated an excuse. He used a trick taught by The Hanged Man—he deliberately paused for a few seconds, and as he recalled, he described while recalling the events in a rather staccato manner, "I saw the altar after entering the underground chamber. I suspected that it was an altar and tried to identify the remnant words and symbols on it. I recognized three names. One of them was Angel of Fate Ouroboros… At this point, the light from the lantern extinguished. When I turned my head to look, Haim and Joshua

had vanished. I created a light source and walked out of the underground chamber and discovered that the outside was still… was still Afternoon Town. However, many of the buildings had candles lit inside them as though… as though humans were living in them.

"I didn't dare to leave the building, and I returned to the underground chamber. I attempted to do what I did again. Uh, Chief, in that Afternoon Town, the words on the altar were very complete. There were a total of three languages. One was Jotun, the other Dragonese, and another I didn't recognize. However, the first two languages expressed the same words. They were the names and titles of the three angels, as well as Rose Redemption…

"Later, I found myself back here."

What he said was the truth, and it was very complete. All he did was hide the details of how he returned.

Derrick didn't have any hopes of successfully lying to the Chief. He planned on being confused when he was pressed, pushing the reasons onto the abnormality of his body that he didn't understand.

This will definitely make the Chief suspicious, but Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice from the Spectator pathway all said that he wouldn't ask too many questions regarding such matters. By appearing abnormal, will he think more importantly of me? I will be viewed as a chess piece that can counterbalance Elder Lovia… The outside world sure is complicated. It was only recently that I fully understood their train of thought… Derrick couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

In a dire environment, the depletion of every ounce of strength would mean more danger for the City of Silver. It had very few instances in the past. And even if it happened, it was basically concentrated within the six-member council. The first thing the other Beyonders learned in their patrols and adventuring was cooperation.

Colin nodded gently, walked to the altar, and attempted what Derrick described, but he didn't disappear as a result of this. He remained standing in his original spot.

"From the looks of it, the remnant powers have already completed their mission," the Demon Hunter muttered softly to himself.

I didn't even need to fabricate an excuse… Derrick thought, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Colin thought for a moment before turning his head to look at Derrick.

"What are the corresponding titles of Medici and Sasrir?"

"Red Angel and Dark Angel." Derrick was honest.

Colin nodded gently, seemingly in thought.

"In a small number of books, there is mention of a Red Angel, but with no actual name associated with it. As for Dark Angel Sasrir, 'He' has completely been lost to history."

Derrick was just about to take the opportunity to ask about the other Kings of Angels when he suddenly noticed that the candlelight in the underground chamber had dimmed, as though a shadow was surging in from outside.

"Let's leave this place for now," Demon Hunter Colin said cautiously, having sensed the same thing.

With the Axe of Hurricane in hand, Derrick immediately approached Haim and Joshua to form a battle formation with them.

However, just as he took one step, he discovered that Haim had retreated two meters to the side. Joshua had raised his left red-gloved hand. Both of them didn't hide their wariness as their eyes keenly observed him.

Derrick knew that this was a very normal reaction from them. This was because lessons regarding explorations had the corresponding teachings. Be observant and make less contact with companions who had just escaped a strange situation!

And I haven't clearly explained how I escaped that strange Afternoon Town… Derrick opened his mouth in a bid to explain, but he closed his mouth in silence again.

He felt ashamed and aggrieved as he pursed his lips. Holding the Axe of Hurricane, he turned and followed the Chief, taking one step at a time before leaving the underground chamber.

The quartet soon arrived at the entrance and was prepared to leave. To their surprise, they realized that the Afternoon Town with shadows cloaking its buildings had appeared to have darkened a little.

Almost instantaneously, there was candlelight shining out from different windows from different buildings. The dim yellowish lights were either connected or disconnected, silent and heavy.

…

Klein didn't stay too long above the gray fog. He quickly returned to the bathroom and put away the corresponding items.

Let's hope that there wouldn't be any more incidents on Little Sun's side. It wouldn't be too good for me to repeatedly enter the bathroom. People in the know will realize that I'm hiding a secret, but those not in the know would definitely think that Gehrman Sparrow has a bladder problem. It would be a tarnish on my persona!

Although I've already digested the Faceless potion, Nimblewright Master Rosago went from one Sequence to the next. The Beyonder characteristic he left behind obviously contains a set of the Faceless potion… Using this

Beyonder characteristic as a main ingredient is equivalent to me drinking an additional Faceless, Magician, Clown, and Seer potion, or even more…

*Sigh, I should still try my best to abide by the various principles I previously concluded, so as to digest the excess portions. *Klein made some clean water and washed his face before walking out of the bathroom.

Just as he was wondering if it was almost time for dinner and was planning to take out his golden pocket watch to take a look, the scene before his eyes suddenly turned black. He could hardly see his fingers.

It's night again… The intervals don't follow a pattern… If we encounter a monster and both sides are in an intense battle, what happens when the sky suddenly turns dark? Monsters are also creatures, so they need to sleep as well; otherwise, there's a high chance that they will disappear into the night… Heh heh, both parties in combat have to lie down and sleep, only to continue when they wake up… Is this really a story that can pass the censors? Klein, who had relaxed after successfully advancing, lampooned as he quickly walked to his bed.

Just as he got in bed, he suddenly thought of a problem.

The night here is very dangerous. If living creatures do not sleep, they will vanish completely.

The darkness of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, including the City of Silver, is similarly dangerous. If there's no light to disperse the darkness, humans would completely vanish if the darkness exceeds five seconds.

It's really similar… Could there really be some connection here?

Klein shook his head and, with Cogitation, entered a dream.

Amidst the dream, he realized that he had switched locations again once he became lucid!

The last time he left the dream, he was on the boulder where Admiral of Stars Cattleya was sitting as she hugged her knees. This time, he was facing a staircase.

The light of the sunset shined through the colored glass panes high above, making the black spiraling staircase adorned with sculptures look exceedingly beautiful.

Klein instinctively looked to the side and found Queen Mystic standing high up the staircase.

This long chestnut-haired lady wasn't wearing her dress with open hems. Her top was a white shirt with lace and flowery bands, matched with a simple dark blue coat. Her lower half was still the beige-colored trousers with black leather boots. However, Klein believed that Queen Mystic probably had an entire wardrobe, or even a room full of trousers and leather boots of the same style.

"What's the matter?" Klein took the initiative to ask.

Queen Mystic caressed the handrail with her right hand as she slowly walked down.

"Confidence might be a weakness at times.

"You trust that copper whistle and paper crane of yours too much. Perhaps one day, it will be the source of danger."

Klein felt a little uneasy at that, but he didn't show it.

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Confidence might be a weakness at times," Queen Mystic repeated again. "Cattleya trusts the Sealed Artifact she gave Heath Doyle too much. If I hadn't boarded the ship, then Nina, Frank Lee, and her would've died. But you might survive."

"That Sealed Artifact isn't actually able to block the ravings that fill these waters? That's how Heath Doyle mutated?" Klein acutely read in between the lines.

Queen Mystic nodded.

"Under ordinary circumstances, it can. But do you know who the ravings that fill these waters come from?"

Without waiting for Klein's reply, she gave the answer.

"The True Creator."

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CHAPTER 669
EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION

The True Creator? The ravings that fill these waters come from the True Creator? Upon hearing Queen Mystic's answer, Klein was surprised while feeling somewhat joyful.

He was rejoicing because, just as Queen Mystic said, if she hadn't boarded the ship, Heath Doyle might've undergone a mutation even with the existence of a Sealed Artifact which could reduce his auditory senses to a certain effect.

Towards Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of other pathways, they would only feel repressed and frustrated, or they would occasionally suffer from nightmares when faced with the True Creator's ravings without actually listening to them. But to a Rose Bishop, the Sequence 0 for his corresponding pathway was the True Creator. To be immersed in the ravings of this evil god, even if he was deaf, something would've happened to him sooner or later.

Once Heath Doyle went mad or lost control, together with the uniqueness of these waters, it was truly difficult for the rest of the people on board the ship to be safe. However, Klein believed that as long as he could survive the sudden attack, he would have the chance to pray to The Fool and use the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog to provide a response to resolve the problem.

He was surprised that the owner of the ravings was in complete contradiction with his theory. He originally imagined that these waters were the battlefield between the ancient gods and the Creator worshiped by the City of Silver during the Second Epoch. He suspected that the subsidiary

gods, who were also the corresponding angels, had participated in it as well. To his surprise, this appeared to be wrong from the beginning. This was because the True Creator had apparently first appeared after the Third Epoch's Cataclysm!

I cannot rule out the possibility that the ravings were later left behind… Klein didn't blindly make a conclusion. He watched as Queen Mystic walked past him as she caressed the sculptures on the handrail and slowly walked down.

The lady's back was tall; neither fat nor thin. Her figure was extremely proportioned, and her long chestnut hair simply cascaded down.

This made Klein feel a sense of familiarity. After recalling the matters involving Queen Mystic, he finally recalled the source of the familiarity.

Back when he was searching for the Cards of Blasphemy at the Roselle Memorial Exhibition, he had seen a similar back. Back then, the figure dressed somewhat oddly. Despite wearing a yellow layered dress which had the vibes of a young girl, she wore a black, out-of-fashion bonnet.

She was likely Queen Mystic. She had also visited the Roselle Memorial Exhibition ahead of time… Back then, she was looking at the basic education books the emperor had improved for his children and the Chinese Chess and toy blocks… She was certain that I had taken the Black Emperor card…

The emperor's eldest daughter, Bernadette, established the Element Dawn to resist the Moses Ascetic Order. And from the diary, that lady appreciates the maxim, "do as you wish, but do no harm." Therefore, from these two points, it can be inferred that she's likely a demigod of the Mystery Pryer pathway…

The Mystery Pryer pathway's Sequence 4 is Mysticologist… Queen Mystic… Of course, the reputation of Queen Mystic has long been known across the seas for more than a hundred years. She's definitely not a

Sequence 4 anymore. Yes, after Cattleya left Queen Mystic, she joined the Moses Ascetic Order…

This queen seems to take the interpretation of Roselle's diary very seriously…

All sorts of fragmented pieces of information came together as Klein suddenly had a theory.

Perhaps Queen Mystic was Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter, Bernadette Gustav!

This might explain why this queen dresses in the style that resembles Earth's but also appears rather strange. She has been deeply influenced by the emperor's preferences, and she's unable to completely extricate herself from the fashion trends. Hence, she mixes them into a unique and strange style she can call her own… As for it being aesthetically pleasing, that's a whole other matter. A beautiful person will look good and fashionable even with a gunny sack… Klein lampooned inwardly, but he wore a solemn expression. He unhurriedly followed Queen Mystic down the beautiful staircase.

Queen Mystic didn't turn her head. As she walked, she said, "This dream world isn't vast. There are only two parts. One of them is the shadow of the Giant King's Court on the opposite mountain, and the other is the black cloister over here."

Giant King's Court? The majestic building complex that seemed frozen in the sunset surfaced in Klein's mind.

This is actually the shadow of the Giant King's Court!

And Little Sun and company happen to be at the entrance of the Giant King's Court, Afternoon Town!

Queen Mystic said with a gentle but emotionless tone, "This is my theory, as it resembles the Great Twilight Hall in Feysac.

"And in the Fourth Epoch, there has always been rumors that the God of Combat is an ancient giant who survived the Cataclysm."

The God of Combat pathway is the Giant pathway… Klein inwardly expressed his agreement with Queen Mystic's theory.

At that moment, he recalled the mythical information he had received from Little Sun. He realized that the description of the Giant King's Court being "forever residing in the sunset" matched the spectacle of the opposite mountain.

From the True Creator to the Giant King's Court, she has revealed two extremely valuable pieces of information… She's expressing her goodwill to me, no—the entity backing me. Heh heh, and the person backing me is myself… Klein calmly replied, "The real Giant King's Court is in the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

He said this matter in an indifferent tone, so as to accentuate his value and the entity backing him.

Queen Mystic stopped in her tracks as she pressed down on the beautifully sculptured handrail with her right palm. She half-turned her body to face Gehrman Sparrow and said at an adequate speed, "Rumor has it that the path leading to the Forsaken Land of the Gods is hidden in the mountain across us, hidden in the shadows of the Giant King's Court."

So Little Sun and company have begun exploring Afternoon Town? But didn't Little Jack mention that they appeared by the sea? The Giant King's Court and the shadow of the Giant King's Court must have switches in them. Only by opening them ahead of time can the two seas meet?

This place is filled with the True Creator's ravings, and it hides the secret of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. It has remnant powers of the Evernight, Sun, Storm, Earth, and Spectator pathway. This seems to correspond to the Cataclysm!

*After the Cataclysm, the Forsaken Land of the Gods was isolated from the outside world. The Goddess, Eternal Blazing Sun, Lord of Storms, Earth Mother, and company saved the world while the True Creator appeared… Only the Spectator pathway's imagination doesn't exactly add up… *Klein made a guess based on whatever information he knew at hand.

Queen Mystic continued walking down as she said, "The black cloister here doesn't appear big, but each building and every level represents a different part of these waters. Behind every door might hide the dream of a creature."

I see… Klein glanced at the handrail and discovered that the sculpture on it was mainly that of a human's head. It was beautiful at a glance, but terrifying on careful inspection. Hence, he asked in passing, "Whose dream does this staircase belong to?"

"An Undying from the Numinous Episcopate. He came here in search of Death's remains—one of the main requirements of the Artificial Death. However, he lost control as a result of the ravings, and he's forever loitering in an underground ruin, turning every adventurer who dares to enter into becoming his zombie," Queen Mystic calmly explained.

Death was also involved in the battle of gods that happened here? It's no wonder Admiral Hell would take the risk and enter these waters from time to time… Klein felt enlightened.

He wasn't alarmed about the matter regarding Artificial Death, as he had previously heard Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè mention it before. Furthermore, the Numinous Episcopate seemed to be rather far from success.

At this moment, just as Queen Mystic finished walking down the stairs, she turned to glance at him.

Right on the heels of that, the lady turned into a corridor and entered a building.

Klein surveyed the area and discovered that there was no longer any stairs leading downwards. They were apparently at the bottom level.

Queen Mystic stopped in front of the black wooden door filled with strange patterns. She gripped its handle and said, "I've always suspected that the dream within is the key to sustaining this place. The remnant powers of Evernight only provides the possibility of such a development."

As she spoke, she twisted the handle and opened the door.

The black door slowly moved backward, and behind it wasn't a room as Klein had imagined, but a sea.

The sea was illuminated by blinding sunlight. The waves were huge swaths of rich gold.

As the door opened, Klein felt an unimaginable aura seep out from inside. The entire building began to quake in an obvious manner as the dust and bricks on the wall began to fall.

Subtly, Klein felt that the dream was on the brink of shattering.

At this moment, Queen Mystic pulled her right hand, shutting the black wooden door tightly. Everything was restored to normal as a result of this.

"Even I do not dare enter," this mighty figure in the mysterious world said.

"This place has the dreams of certain remnant deities," Klein said calmly as though he had someone backing him, allowing him to grasp the situation ahead of time.

Queen Mystic turned around as her blue eyes swept over Gehrman Sparrow's face.

"These waters and this black cloister hide a lot of secrets. My understanding of it might not even reach a single percent."

She didn't continue as she silently looked at Gehrman Sparrow, as though waiting for something.

What intense pressure… Klein thought for a moment and asked probingly, "Do you know the activation incantation of the Black Emperor card?"

Queen Mystic fell silent for a few seconds and shook her head.

Klein looked her in the eye.

"Bernadette."

The entire corridor turned so silent that even their breathing could be heard. Queen Mystic's lips moved a little before they pursed together.

Her blue eyes temporarily lost their focus, but they quickly recovered their profundity.

Queen Mystic turned around at an adequate speed, walked to the black staircase, and said without a change in tone, "The dream is ending."

Klein looked at her back move up the black staircase until the blinding light drowned out everything.

…

Afternoon Town.

Upon seeing the candlelight light up in the buildings outside, the silent town seemed to come to life. Derrick felt as though they had plummeted into a nightmare as they instantly tensed up.

Demon Hunter Colin observed for a while before solemnly saying, "We are in the real world.

"The power of the altar has leaked out."

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CHAPTER 670
REPENTER

That strange Afternoon Town has infiltrated the Afternoon Town in reality? Derrick vaguely understood what the Chief was saying as he had a rough guess as to why this had happened.

He suspected that when Mr. Fool pulled him out of the strange Afternoon Town, "He" had broken an intricate balance, causing the powers to seep out.

This also explained why Demon Hunter Colin Iliad didn't vanish immediately when he repeated the attempt.

Just as Derrick was wondering what kind of changes this would bring, the chief of the six-member council, Colin, had taken out a luminescent powder from a pouch on his belt, and he scattered it in the air.

The powder suddenly blasted apart, spewing silver light upwards. It made it appear extremely obvious in such a dark environment.

Derrick, Haim, and Joshua knew very well what this signal meant. It meant not to run about haphazardly. Stay in your area, be wary against any incoming enemies, and await rescue!

Without a doubt, this was a signal to all the other exploration teams scattered across Afternoon Town.

Colin consecutively released the signal thrice in the span of two lightning bolts. Then, he turned and said to Derrick and company, "We shall meet up with the rest by combing outwards.

"Be careful along the way."

"Yes, Chief!" Derrick had already forgotten the grievance from before, only wishing that he could help his partners as soon as possible.

Following Colin's instructions, he took the left flank of the small team. On the other side was the red-gloved Joshua who held an iron-black sword. Lining the back was the relatively stronger Dawn Paladin, Haim. And right in front was the Dawn Paladin who was about three steps away.

As lightning flashed at relatively fast intervals, the gloomy Afternoon Town would go from being bright to darkness. The candlelight from each window showed a wavering flame that burned in silence and calmness.

Derrick was no longer the fledgling he once was. Although he was nervous, his palm didn't sweat while holding the Axe of Hurricane. He skillfully moved his gaze around, wary against any monster that might leap out from the buildings on both sides.

After a flash of lightning, the world was thrown back into darkness. The bits of candlelight in Afternoon Town seemed to await travelers that needed lodging.

As for the animal hide lantern in Haim's hand, its light scattered outward, but it failed to produce much light in a radius around him. It wasn't as effective as Derrick's night vision.

The only usage was that it appeared to dispel the rich darkness around them.

At that moment, Derrick suddenly felt a chill down his neck, but there wasn't any cold winds!

He didn't turn his head subconsciously. Instead, he took one step diagonally, half-turned his body, and glanced through the corner of his eye.

He saw the nearly 2.3-meter-tall Haim looking at him with a gloomy expression. He cleaved down with the broadsword in his hand!

*Bang! *

Derrick somersaulted to dodge the strike as he seemed to still hear the echoing sound of the intense wind.

Following that, he heard the Chief's voice.

"What happened?"

"Haim attacked me!" Derrick rolled towards Colin's direction and stood up.

"Me?" Haim held the animal hide lantern in one hand and his broadsword in the other, asking with a look of puzzlement.

Colin glanced at Derrick.

"I didn't discover any abnormality on his part."

As he spoke, the Demon Hunter's eyes produced two dark green symbols.

He surveyed the area and said, "The attacker transformed its appearance to Haim's?"

Before he finished his sentence, the silver sword that was clenched tightly in his right hand stabbed backward!

Oof!

Amidst the dull clashing sounds, a figure appeared in the dark environment. He had grizzled and disheveled hair, with deep wrinkles. He had weathered but profound blue eyes and he held a silver sword with light gray oil slathered over it—looking identical to Demon Hunter Colin. The only difference was his gloomy expression and dark skin.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Two silver swords clashed in midair, sending sparks flying.

Meanwhile, Colin Iliad shouted with a deep voice, "Light!"

Light? Derrick instinctively raised his hands and pressed them to his mouth and nose.

At that instant, he discovered three figures dashing out from the surrounding darkness. One of them was the tall and muscular Haim, another the red-gloved Joshua, and the last one was a tall person with a child-like appearance—Derrick himself!

Derrick wasn't thrown into a fluster. He acted in accordance with the Chief's instructions and released lustrous brilliance from his body.

The three figures seemed horrified of this as they raised their palms to cover their faces while attempting to escape to the sides.

However, their speeds were in no way comparable to the speed of light.

The lustrous brilliances illuminated the surroundings, enveloping the three figures within.

They opened their mouths and let out silent screams, but they soon dimmed and vanished.

As the light surged outwards, the two Demon Hunters were consumed by the light. The actions of one of them immediately turned stiff and was impeded before losing its color and turning completely black.

Oof!

The silver sword with light grayish oil slathered on it penetrated the monster, but it seemed to stab into air, failing to cause any actual damage.

At this moment, the black monster suddenly immolated itself, cracking into distorted shadows as they corroded the light and flames, inch by inch.

Colin retracted his silver sword and turned his head to Derrick and company.

"The monsters this time are our shadows.

"Their weakness is the brightness of light!"

As he spoke, the Chief's body produced a bright and holy light of dawn, illuminating the entire street as though it was day.

This was a Beyonder power a Dawn Paladin would receive from the Warrior pathway. The reason why he didn't use it from the beginning was because the effects were obvious, and he had no idea what kind of accident it might bring. Now, he was already aware of the weaknesses of these monsters in Afternoon Town!

The light of dawn produced by the Chief was like a domain. Haim gave up his plans on using a similar Beyonder power. He continued holding up his animal hide lantern, and he followed behind Colin Iliad with Derrick and Joshua as they turned into another street.

Before long, the quartet arrived at a half-collapsed cathedral.

The cathedral originally had a tower, and its entirety was made up of classical stone columns and masonry. They were heavy and dark.

Passing through the door that even a giant would find wide, Derrick followed the Chief and came to the prayer hall. They saw the deity's statue destroyed, but the candle on the altar had been lit by some unknown entity.

In front of the altar, a figure donning a spartan white robe was prostrated there, praying so softly that no one could hear him.

"He's not one of us." Haim, who also had night vision, was the first to discover the abnormality thanks to his height.

This means that it's not a monster that was transformed from our teammates' shadows… Derrick helped Haim express the context between the lines inwardly.

This meant an unknown, and an unknown often represented extreme danger!

"There should've been an exploration team here." Colin converged the range of his light of dawn to prevent himself from provoking the white-robed figure.

Haim, Joshua, and Derrick suddenly fell silent. Under such a situation, the absence of the exploration team's immediate appearance basically meant an undesirable outcome.

Their minds raced as two men dressed in tight black clothes walked out from the right side of the hall. They were the two members of the exploration team at the cathedral.

"Chief, those shadows… Those shadows are problematic! Laroya was swallowed by his own shadow!" One of the teammates swiftly made his way to Colin and immediately said in agitation and fear.

Has someone already been sacrificed… While Derrick's heart sank, he saw the light of dawn expand, enveloping the two teammates within.

The two of them suddenly wore ferocious expressions as their bodies rapidly darkened. Just two seconds later, they completed vanished like shadows that had been illuminated.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

White bones and globs of bloody flesh fell from their bodies, smashing to the ground.

Light slowly effused out of these mangled carcasses.

Colin retracted his gaze as he said, without an expression, "Go to the side of the ecclesiastic and hear what it's reciting."

Derrick and company nodded in silence as they set off towards the collapsed statue.

About ten steps later, they discerned the white-robed figure's appearance from diagonally across. He was a crying middle-aged man with deep features.

This ecclesiastic's face was nearly plastered to the ground as he muttered to himself, "Omnipotent Lord, I repent… tempted Sasrir. The Kings often came to the palace belonging to the dusk to conspire.

"It was unknown when the people in this town changed. They set up secret altars and held strange rituals, doing things you forbade.

"It was already too late by the time I discovered all of this. Degeneration, bloodshed, darkness, rot, murders, corruption, and shadows had already drowned this piece of land.

"A huge calamity will begin here!"

These words kept repeating like a prophet describing the inevitable future with a heavy voice.

*A huge calamity would begin here? The abandonment from the Lord that created everything of this land, is this where it began? Also, who tempted Dark Angel Sasrir? This ecclesiastic should've stated who. It's because after he said the words "I repent," there should've been a name, but it was blank… He had originally said it, but the name vanished by itself? Who

wiped it away? This ecclesiastic should've been from that strange Afternoon Town. After the balance was broken, he appeared here. Otherwise, he should've been discovered on the previous exploration… *Many thoughts flashed through his mind in a short span of time.

At that moment, he saw the Chief take a stride, walking to the side of the ecclesiastic in white.

…

Klein woke up from his dream as the midday sunlight shone at his eyes from outside the window.

He rolled out of bed, and he unhurriedly arrived at the pirate's dining hall.

When Frank Lee saw his arrival, he immediately waved at him.

"Gehrman, I discovered something new!"

*F**k, what now…* Klein immediately felt his heart in his mouth.

"A new invention of yours?"

"No, it isn't. Frank shook his head in excitement. "I was planning on studying the fish in these waters. They will likely be able to dream! Just as I tried fishing, I ended up getting this strange item."

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CHAPTER 671
THE FOURTH NAME

Strange item? Klein instantly felt a headache, but he asked with an unperturbed expression, "What is it?"

"Fish with human fingers growing in them!" Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow's reply, Frank ran into the dining hall. Before long, he ran back and held a strange bluish-black fish in his hand.

The fish was of normal length. In the space where its eyes were, it had a face resembling a human. Its belly had been dissected, and three bloody fingers could be seen stuffed inside.

"It wasn't inserted by me. It was originally like that! Look at its teeth. It's very unlikely that it will eat something like that, so it can only be the case of the fingers producing themselves! Of course, I'm currently unable to determine what the fingers will do to its body," Frank hurriedly explained his judgment.

Klein glanced at the fish and said after some deliberation, "It might also be stuffed inside by someone."

“…Makes sense. Then it's not the most unique fish." Frank was stunned for a second as he appeared somewhat disappointed. "Fingers are considered flesh and blood. I'll ask Heath. He's an expert on such matters."

As he spoke, he surveyed the area and found Heath Doyle who was huddled in a corner eating.

Frank quickly went over and placed the bluish-black fish before Bloodless.

Heath Doyle extended his hands and pressed his face to the fish.

Upon seeing this scene, Frank had a baffling feeling that something was amiss.

He soon reacted and laughed.

"No, this isn't food for you. You've been eating fish all this time to the point that even your body smells of fish.

"What I meant was to ask if you know the fingers inside the fish's stomach? Can you find its original owner?"

Heath Doyle stopped his leaning actions and carefully studied it for a few seconds.

"They belong to a Rose Bishop's, at least a Rose Bishop's."

He took out the three bloody fingers and stacked them together.

After a brief moment, the fingers melted like wax, turning into a puddle of sticky flesh and blood.

The flesh and blood squirmed as they drew a word in blood-red: "Help!"

Fingers from a Rose Bishop…"Help"…Upon seeing this scene, Klein instantly made some connections.

He recalled the Saint of Darkness and Leomaster from the dream world!

This Aurora Order saint was in a particular ruin, and he was affected by the remnant powers of an angel or deity of the Spectator pathway, causing him to dissociate and transform into a kind character. This resulted in him being trapped there.

His good and evil side constantly fought, often clashing at the psyche level. The main persona, which was more inclined towards the darkness, gradually held the advantage as the good personality hid everywhere in the mind world in search for help.

Therefore, this is an attempt by Leomaster's good side to call for help? As a saint of the Aurora Order, he might very well have advanced from a Shepherd, so it's nothing strange to have the Beyonder powers of a Rose Bishop… Klein nodded in thought, believing that his judgment was likely close to the truth.

"Help? How?" Frank Lee turned his head at Gehrman Sparrow with a blank look.

You should ask your captain, not me… Klein shook his head.

"You don't have to bother.

"There are too many oddities with these waters."

The reason for giving this opinion was that, from the dream, Leomaster's main persona held the absolute advantage. To really rescue him, he needed to make preparations to deal with a demigod. Although the good side would definitely interfere with it, all it could do was lower the Saint of Darkness's strength to a certain extent. It would still remain a demigod.

Of course, with Queen Mystic on board the Future, to make any actual attempts wasn't impossible. But if Leomaster were so easily rescued and have him become a completely good Saint of Darkness, Klein believed that the queen would've long done so. The reason why she didn't take action had to be because it was unrealistic.

For example, the place where Leomaster is at causes one's spirit to dissociate, so much so that Queen Mystic doesn't even dare challenge it… Leomaster's dream was only partially restored. It nearly made me face a situation I couldn't deal with. Finally, I resolved the problem quickly with

the Sea God Scepter. If I were to meet him in the real world, I'd really suffer a dissociation in personality, becoming a member of an asylum. I would have to find a way to borrow the Mental Terror Candle from Father Utravsky to have a chance of being treated… Heh heh. I can also get Miss Justice to treat me, but she's still lacking in strength at the moment… Klein recalled the past as he jested inwardly.

"Yeah." Frank Lee trusted Gehrman Sparrow a lot. "Perhaps the fellow who's asking for help is long dead…"

Upon saying this, his eyes suddenly lit up as he stared at Heath Doyle.

"Can you wipe out the mental imprint left on this flesh and blood?"

"Yes," Heath Doyle replied succinctly.

The ends of Frank Lee's mouth cracked open bit by bit as he smiled like a two-hundred-pound child.

"I've always been very curious about the flesh and blood structure of a Rose Bishop.

"I've always thought of the outcome of using similar flesh and blood as the medium for crossbreeding."

One day, you will die amidst your experiments. Thankfully, I'll be leaving this ship soon… Klein had the baffling impression of a brattish child entering an armory.

Heath Doyle, whose face was nearly translucent from the paleness, was taken aback for two seconds before sincerely saying, "Thank you."

"Why thank me?" Frank Lee scratched his head, looking completely puzzled.

He's probably thanking you for being able to hold back your curiosity and not using his flesh and blood as the experimental subject. You are a partner worth trusting… The corners of Klein's mouth twitched a bit in an attempt to interpret the reason. He realized that the Future's first and second mate had rather strange thought processes.

…

Afternoon Town. In the half-collapsed cathedral.

Colin stood by the side of the ecclesiastic in white and softly asked, "Who are the Kings?

"What is the huge calamity?

"Who tempted Sasrir?"

The ecclesiastic didn't seem to hear him as he continued prostrating to the ground. He repeated his words of penitence as though he was an illusory recording left behind by the environment.

A wraith, specter, or an evil spirit? Derrick looked in that direction, feeling somewhat nervous.

Seeing no response from the ecclesiastic, Colin reached out his right hand, inching his silver sword towards the person.

However, despite the sharp blade tip reaching the back of his head, the ecclesiastic remained in penitence, as though nothing had changed.

Colin Iliad retracted his silver sword as he surveyed the area with dark green symbols in his eyes.

Then, he walked diagonally to the altar ahead as he cast his gaze onto the candle emitting a yellow light.

After a few seconds of silence, he reached out his left hand and extinguished the entirety of the candlelight.

The collapsed deity statue in the middle of the altar suddenly turned dim as the prostrating white-robed man finally stopped his penitence.

He slowly lifted his head. It was a gloomy green, and his gaze was filled with hatred.

Before Derrick, Haim, and Joshua could react in time, the devout ecclesiastic had pounced forward with an exceedingly fast speed, drawing out an afterimage.

Colin was already prepared for it. He took a step diagonally forward with his right foot, turned his body halfway, and swept backward with the silver sword in his left hand.

On the sword, spots of light soared, instantly forming a gigantic storm.

The storm that was formed purely out of light swept the surroundings, leaving the ecclesiastic frozen in midair before he was completely devoured.

The storm quickly came to an end as Colin looked at the ecclesiastic whose body had been infused with the light of dawn. Then, he repeated his previous questions again.

"Who are the Kings?

"What is the huge calamity?

"Who tempted Sasrir?"

The ecclesiastic whose figure was already very indistinct replied in a dazed manner, "The Kings are Sasrir, Ouroboros, Medici…”

Just as he was about to say the fourth name, a transparent flame tore through him from the inside!

The flame instantly engulfed him, burning him into a spreading black gas.

*So the Kings refer to the Kings of Angels… What's the fourth name? Why did he self-destruct just as he was about to say it? Is it the one who tempted Sasrir, or someone else? *Derrick was filled with questions.

As the ecclesiastic died, the streets outside and the entirety of Afternoon Town suddenly produced roars that sounded like wild beasts.

Derrick subconsciously looked out the window and saw a gigantic face.

The glass where it was originally plastered to had grown a single unique eye. On its face was short and dense black hair.

*Tap! Tap! Tap! *Another similar monster rushed out from inside the cathedral. It had the build of an ordinary human and two eyes, but the surface of its body was similarly covered with short black hair that resembled a beast's.

"A degenerate town that has been completely corrupted…” Colin sighed as he faced one of the monsters.

Derrick, Haim, and Joshua also took up battle positions in a bid to fend off the remaining monster.

…

The Future continued cruising in peace before encountering a brief night once more.

After Klein entered the dream world, he found himself back in his original position—by Admiral of Stars Cattleya's side.

He was just about to look at the shadow of the Giant King's Court on the opposite side of the mountain to seek out more possible clues when he suddenly heard Cattleya ask heavily while hugging her knees.

"Have you met her?"

Klein acknowledged tersely without hiding the truth.

Cattleya pursed her lips and asked, "She's on the ship?"

"Yes." Klein turned his head and looked at Admiral of Stars as he said in passing, "You have very deep feelings for her."

Cattleya's expression wasn't as lost and dazed as before. Biting her lips, she said in a self-deprecating manner, "That's right.

"I was by her side before I was three. Heh heh. That's what they say, but I no longer have any actual memories of that.

"She taught me, and she held me by the hand as we adventured. She watched me grow up. To me, she's my captain and my teacher, as well… as well as my mother…”

As Cattleya spoke, she suddenly fell silent.

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CHAPTER 672
BYSTANDER

Upon glancing at the silent Cattleya, Klein suddenly felt a little awkward.

He didn't speak again as he turned and jumped off the boulder. He walked into the black cloister through the half-opened door.

In the square surrounded by a gloomy tower and the buildings, there were remnant fires from a war. Gigantic arrows were embedded in the ground, with the end of their shafts softly wobbling from the wind.

Frank Lee was still digging and planting something, but there wasn't food by his feet anymore, but a pool of flesh and blood.

"What experiments do you plan on performing on them?" Klein, who walked past, couldn't help but ask.

Frank smiled in excitement.

"Plenty!

"For example, all I need is one ox that can satisfy the meat requirements of an entire ship. Every time a piece of meat is sliced off, it will regrow new flesh again!"

…*Why is it oxen again?* Klein was momentarily unable to provide a response. All he could do was silently draw the crimson moon inwardly.

Along the way, he encountered Navigator Ottolov, who was reading on the ground; Nina, who was almost taking off her clothes due to her inebriation;

Heath Doyle, who was hiding silently in the shadows of a corner, before arriving at the hall filled with murals.

At some point in time, Anderson Hood had conjured a reclining chair and was leisurely lying on it, observing the extremely religious and holy murals on the dome.

"Sigh, we're finally about to leave these cursed waters. It will just be another two noons and nights!" Seeing Gehrman Sparrow enter, the Strongest Hunter sighed from the bottom of his heart. "As long as we successfully leave this area, then I'll no longer need to worry about any remnant problems."

Klein originally wished to ask him to shut up, but since he was talking about himself and no one else, he couldn't be bothered. He asked in passing, "Are you from Intis?"

"Barely. My father is from Intis, and my mother is from Segar," Anderson answered, with the full intention of having a chat.

Klein continued taking a few steps forward.

"Then, do you believe in the Eternal Blazing Sun, God of Steam and Machinery, or the God of Knowledge and Wisdom?"

Anderson's expression suddenly turned a little odd.

"My faith was originally in the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, but their priests are too despicable. Just because I failed my examinations, they ignored my ordinarily handsome face and treated me as a ret*rd. Pui! I'm just better at other topics. My intelligence is in no way lacking! My eye for aesthetics and my basic foundation in drawing has always been excellent! Heh heh, before becoming a hunter, my dream was to be an artist.

"Of course, after coming to the sea, my faith is more or less in the Lord of Storms."

Upon hearing Anderson's description, Klein suddenly thought of a joke*—a priest from the God of Knowledge and Wisdom might make such a statement: "He failed his examinations? This child is hopeless. Just bury him."*

He was about to lead the conversation into Anderson's life as a hunter, as he was the only person apart from Queen Mystic who could communicate with him normally in this dream world when he suddenly heard the sound of a door creaking open.

In the depths of the hall of murals, there was the sound of a door opening!

Anderson just mentioned about successfully leaving these waters… Klein felt an inexplicable urge to facepalm himself as he focused his gaze on the source of the sound.

Following that, he saw a man in a short linen robe running out from the depths of the hall of murals and towards them.

The man had luxuriant raven-black hair, but he had wrinkles on his face, as though he had suffered plenty of hardship.

Saint of Darkness Leomaster! Leomaster's good side! Klein recognized the man, and he immediately discovered a tall figure surface in the depths of the hall of murals.

The figure was dressed in thick and heavy black full-body armor. His eyes emitted a deep redness.

He held a huge sword as he chased after Leomaster.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

His metallic boots hit the ground repeatedly, releasing clear and hurried sounds.

It's the real Leomaster! The main persona of the Saint of Darkness! Klein saw the two approaching figures as he instinctively turned to the side and quickly retreated.

He immediately held himself to the hall's wall before realizing that Anderson Hood had leaped up from his reclining chair at some point in time, clinging close to the other side of the wall.

Sensing Gehrman Sparrow's gaze, Anderson grinned, returning a smile that meant "so you are the same as me."

Who's the same as you? This isn't cowardice. If you weren't around, I would've taken out the Sea God Scepter and fought the Saint of Darkness! I've always been considering what would happen in the real world if I were to help the good Leomaster kill the main persona in the dream…

Yes, there are crewmembers from the Future outside. If Leomaster's main persona really goes mad, Queen Mystic will definitely take action…

It shouldn't be a coincidence that these two fellows left their own dreams and came here… Both parties are already very close in the real world? Perhaps someone had directed the good Leomaster over. Queen Mystic? Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind.

Leomaster, who was dressed in short linen robes, saw the two men ahead. He had wanted to cry for help, but in the blink of an eye, he discovered that the two of them had escaped to the two ends of the hall, as though they didn't wish to partake in any of this.

"…”

He desperately ran as he rushed out the hall of murals.

The redness in the armored Leomaster's eyes darkened. He continued his pursuit, completely ignoring Klein and Anderson who were clinging close to the mural walls.

By the time they left the hall, Klein, who had some theories in mind, didn't hesitate to take a stride forward and rush out like a hunting leopard.

"…”

Anderson raised his right hand and grabbed at thin air, failing to stop Gehrman Sparrow in time.

"This guy was still rather rational a moment ago. Why did he suddenly go mad? He discovered something? What a strange person…” Anderson looked at the square outside, hesitated a few seconds, and finally chose to follow.

They chased all the way out the black cloister, and they arrived in the region where the Admiral of Stars was. Klein saw the linen-robed Leomaster circling around the boulder to escape his evil counterpart. Then, he took the opportunity and faced the shadow of the Giant King's Court on the opposite mountains, praying softly with ancient Hermes, "The Lord that created everything;

"You are omnipotent and omniscient…”

After making another circle, the good Leomaster continued chanting,

"You are the source of everything great. You are the Beginning and the End;

"You are the god of gods. You are the ruler of the vast astral world!"

With the honorific name spoken, the sea of clouds that separated the two mountains suddenly stirred before slowly splitting apart and revealing a deep crevice at the bottom.

The shadow of the Giant King's Court on the opposite side suddenly sucked up the frozen dusk that was extremely distant!

However, nothing happened after that.

Klein seemed to figure out something as he turned his head to look at the buildings near to the black cloister's door. He saw that, behind a clean floor-to-ceiling window, the beautiful but distant Queen Mystic Bernadette was watching everything that was happening in silence.

She was indeed the one who made the good Leomaster escape from his dream and arrive here… Since a Listener from the Aurora Order was able to bring Little Jack into the Forsaken Land of the Gods, it doesn't make sense that the Saint of Darkness isn't able to do so! When there's no path ahead, and with him seeing the shadow of the Giant King's Court, Leomaster's split personality will definitely wish to escape into it. Hence, he demonstrated the way to enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods to the person observing in secret… Klein retracted his gaze with great certainty.

As for why Leomaster didn't succeed, he believed it was because—he wasn't in the right location!

He needs to be deep in those waters, and he needs to find a particular spot that is surrounded by danger and strangeness. Then, only by chanting the honorific name of the City of Silver's Creator in the dream brought about by the night, will the passage that's hidden in the shadow of the Giant King's Court be opened? Following that, one can enter with the aid of a dream, bringing one's body and ship to transmigrate through the fog that mixes reality and illusion, so as to reach the shores of the Forsaken Land of the Gods? Klein thought of certain possibilities.

To him, the method of entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods wasn't something he needed to care about. If he wished to do so, once he advanced to Sequence 4 and truly obtained a certain level of godhood, he could get Little Sun to set up a descent or bestowment ritual for him to directly descend!

However, if he used this to reverse engineer the way to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods, it would be extremely useful. This was priceless for the City of Silver!

From the looks of it, the key to leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods is really in the Giant King's Court, but as to what it is, there's no way of guessing it… Amidst his thoughts, pea vines rapidly grew out from the soil, instantly turning the area outside the black cloister into a green forest, and it also forcefully separated the Saint of Darkness's main persona and the good persona.

Then, Klein saw through the gaps of the pea vines that Cattleya had stood up. She was no longer sitting there hugging her knees.

…

Sizzle!

Derrick first did a roll before he jumped up, cleaving down at the giant's leg which was covered in short, black hair. Stimulated silver lightning smote down, causing the single-eyed monster to tremble as he stood rooted to the ground.

Derrick didn't miss this opportunity as he immediately opened up his arms.

Bright and pure holy light descended and enveloped the mutated giant.

In the brilliance, the monster collapsed with a tragic cry as its body produced black fog.

After a series of battles, Derrick discovered that the monsters produced by the strange Afternoon Town were all afraid of intense light despite their different traits.

Such an experience had allowed him to avoid injuries, allowing his teammates to keep their lives.

After a while, when Colin finished the strongest monster, Afternoon Town was restored to its silence. All the lit candlelights were already extinguished.

The Chief of the six-member council surveyed the area before saying with a sigh, "Let's regroup before we set up camp."

At that moment, the teams that had gathered together had already been reduced to a third. There were only six people!

Colin Iliad's true goal was actually the Giant King's Court, but their encounter in Afternoon Town had made him realize that the exploration couldn't be done in haste. This was because the Giant King's Court might hold deep secrets about the cataclysm, with unimaginable danger. Therefore, he needed half a year or more, perhaps even two years of preparation and preliminary explorations before he could attempt opening it.

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CHAPTER 673
BLOOD TEXT

Layers of pea vines that appeared as though they were capable of weaving into a stairway into heaven dropped and shrank back into the soil.

Be it the Saint of Darkness's main persona or Leomaster's good side, they vanished. Only Cattleya stood at the top of the boulder, surveying her surroundings with a blank look.

Queen Mystic threw Leomaster's main and good side back into his own dream? Or did she pull them elsewhere in an attempt to understand the unique traits necessary for entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods?

It seems like it's impossible to pull these two personalities into different dreams; otherwise, Queen Mystic would've long conversed with the good Leomaster individually, as well as agree to help him defeat the devil in exchange for relevant information, without going through so much trouble…

*Of course, to truly kill off the Saint of Darkness's main persona, perhaps one will have to enter the dangerous ruins in the real world. Even Queen Mystic wouldn't dare to attempt it, as it might produce an evil queen who abides by "do as you wish, and do as much harm"…*Klein turned his head once again in thought, looking at the nearby buildings around the black cloister's door. He saw that the figure belonging to Bernadette had vanished behind the clear floor-to-ceiling windows.

Klein didn't attempt to seek her out to figure out if Queen Mystic had obtained more information from Leomaster's good side. This was because he remembered Gehrman Sparrow's core persona—Mr. Fool's Blessed!

And Admiral of Stars knew very well that, in Mr. Fool's Tarot Gathering, The Sun came from the City of Silver in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. To say that Mr. Fool didn't know the method of entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods was unbelievable.

Therefore, as a Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow definitely lacked the motivation to delve deep into the matter!

There are many matters where the case is true that a persona which brings you success will also make you fail. This is a flaw for Faceless… Klein retracted his gaze and looked back at the shadow of the Giant King's Court on the opposite mountain, only to realize that the frozen sunset was slowly returning to the horizon.

On the same mountain, the boulder remained standing as Cattleya slowly sat down again, hugging her knees.

…

Noon and night switched thrice, but the actual amount of time that had passed in the outside world was just the daytime of a single day.

The Future circled around the dangerous ruins and dodged the latent dangers hidden in the safe sea routes, before finally arriving near the entrance of those waters.

Klein and company once again saw the ruin which was mostly submerged with seawater from the very beginning. They saw the gray stones and columns, as well as the huge dome at the top.

Previously, they could hear loud and clear panting sounds. Bloodless had even painfully pointed out that a corpse was hidden in those ruins!

And that corpse was very likely to be the source of the panting!

At that moment, the ruin that hid immense danger no longer brought fear to the people on board the Future, but joy. This was because it meant that they were about to leave the ridiculous and terrifying waters!

At some point in time, Nina had already climbed up to the tall crow's nest and said loudly as she looked at the ruin, "Eh, there's a ship!"

Ship? Klein circled around Anderson Hood, who was blocking him, and approached the shipboard as he focused.

Indeed, on the right of the stacked stones and stone columns, there was an ordinary three-mast sailboat docked by it. As there was something in the way, it would be difficult for the people on board the Future to notice it if they weren't viewing it from a high vantage point or looking carefully.

The sailboat floated there without a single sailor on board. The silence made it terrifying.

"It's as though it was all eaten by the ruin." Anderson came over and shook his head with a sigh. "In these waters, one mustn't go close unless one knows the ruins well."

A person who dares outline the mural of an Angel of Fate doesn't have the right to say that… Your treasure-hunting team claimed to be rich in experience, but in the end, aren't you the only one left from it… Klein didn't turn his head as he lampooned.

At this moment, Cattleya also came to the deck as she looked at the sailboat docked by the ruin.

During this entire process, she didn't give Gehrman Sparrow a glance; it was as though he didn't exist.

After a brief moment of silence, Cattleya raised her hand to remove the heavy glasses on her nose bridge. The deep purple hue in her eyes swirled as though she was trying to outline one complex symbol after another.

A pair of eyes suddenly appeared above the empty sailboat; they were a pair of illusory, translucent dark purple eyes!

The pair of eyes slowly moved and circled the deck once before entering the cabin.

This Beyonder power is very useful… Speaking of which, based on the means demonstrated by Queen Mystic and Admiral of Stars, the Beyonder powers of a Mystery Pryer has some of the highlights of fairy tales! Man, will Queen Mystic be able to turn people into frogs? Also, is the mystery prying of a Mystery Pryer demonstrated here, on their eyes? Admiral of Stars's eyes are somewhat odd. I have to take note… Klein silently made a guess as he awaited the outcome of Cattleya's remote exploration.

After a while, the dark purple hue in Cattleya's eyes finally dimmed.

She rubbed her brows, wore her glasses again, and said to Anderson Hood and Frank Lee, "There's a problem inside."

As she spoke, she took out a handful of colorful powder from her classic warlock robe, and she suddenly threw them outwards.

The powder didn't scatter onto the ground and instead formed a realistic color picture.

The picture's background appeared like a captain's cabin. There was a picture on the desk and a portrait on the wall, both depicting the same person.

He was a man from Feysac, with broad shoulders, light blond hair, and deep blue eyes!

This… Klein first found it familiar before he recalled where he had seen the man before!

Back when he was in Nas, an adventurer had been pursued by the second mate of the King of Immortality, Kircheis, and ran into the Lærdal Bar to seek help from the members of the Adventurer Association. At that instant, among the powerhouses who stood up to provide protection was a muscular man from Feysac who was more than two meters tall. Klein had found him rather strong and placed him at Sequence 6 at the very least.

Why would his ship suddenly enter these waters, and why would he rashly explore a dangerous ruin? Amidst Klein's puzzlement, he carefully observed the supernatural picture on the deck.

This time, he saw a pool of blood on the floor, and beside the blood were a few words in Feysac: "The Fountain of Unaging…”

The last character had a drawn-out mark of blood before it was connected to clear smudges that extended out towards the door.

Klein's mind seemed capable of restoring the actual scene. The Sequence 6 Feysac man had suffered a sudden attack and fell to the ground, heavily injured. He tried his best to write down the source of his encounter, but just as finished the first few words, he was held by the legs or head by some unknown entity, and he was forcibly pulled away!

Considering how the red words weren't wiped away, Klein suspected that the entity that dragged the adventurer away wasn't a living person.

It should be the corpse of that ruin… he thought, feeling a headache.

"The Fountain of Unaging? They came here in search of the Fountain of Unaging?" Anderson Hood said in excitement.

"Clearly, but they didn't find it." Frank Lee shook his head in great disappointment.

He also looked forward to the Fountain of Unaging, believing that the fountain's waters could create qualitative changes to his various

experiments.

The Fountain of Unaging… Slaughterer Kircheis was the one chasing after the young adventurer back then. He's the second mate of the King of Immortality… Rumor has it that the King of Immortality had once drunk the waters of the Fountain of Unaging… Kircheis even warned me—Gehrman Sparrow—to not interfere with the young adventurer's matters, claiming that it was the will of the King of Immortality… Klein barely reproduced the truth based on various tidbits of information.

The young adventurer obtained the secret of the Fountain of Unaging from one of the King of Immortality's aides, and he was thus pursued. Later, with the protection of some of the stronger members of the Adventurer Association, he barely escaped from Slaughterer Kircheis. Later, to hide from the King of Immortality and also to seek out the Fountain of Unaging, they finally chose to adventure into these waters. Who knew that they ended up being wiped out in that ruin…

Could it be that the Fountain of Unaging is hidden deep in that ruin? Klein looked at the stacked gray stones and stone columns as he vaguely made a prediction.

As he temporarily had no way to verify his theory, nor did he know whose corpse was buried there, he didn't have the urge to explore or take risks. He rationally retracted his gaze.

I can ask Will Auceptin or Arrodes… Heh, perhaps the Fountain of Unaging is the pus produced from that rotting corpse… Klein guessed with the most nefarious of thoughts.

At this moment, Cattleya, who heard Anderson's and Frank's conversation, thought and said, "If their death was caused by their search for the Fountain of Unaging, I do not believe that the owner of the portrait and picture would have the motivation to leave behind accurate information before his death. After all, the people who actually find him here wouldn't be his family."

Makes sense… If I were in his shoes, and if I encounter a monster in my treasure-seeking adventures, I wouldn't think of providing any hints to others before my death… Klein indiscernibly shook his head, failing to think of any reason for the time being.

Cattleya looked at Anderson and Frank who wore looks of anticipation.

"A successful adventure is a result of having detailed intel and sufficient preparation, but we lack all of that now."

Her voice suddenly turned loud as it resounded in every corner of the ship.

"Continue sailing.

"Leave these waters!"

"Aye aye, Captain!" Nina, who was on the crow's nest, gulped a mouthful of beer.

A few minutes later, the descent and ascent that violated common sense happened once again, but the prepared members on the Future were no longer in a sorry state like before. They easily overcame the stimulating scene of jumping over the ravine and being sent flying.

Soon, the Future landed over blue seas, and a distance away was a gigantic storm blotting out the sky.

Not far away, there was another ship floating there silently. It was two hundred meters long, its front and back curved up, making it look like a crescent.

Upon seeing the flag depicting the black tombstone, Klein's mind flashed with the corresponding name: *The Death Announcer!*

It was the flagship of the King of Immortality Agalito!

At this moment, Klein no longer felt fear and horror, but excitement and agitation.

With Queen Mystic on board, and with no need to hide this time… She, together with me, Admiral of Stars, Anderson Hood, and the crew of the Future will have the chance of wiping out the crew of the King of Immortality! Food for Creeping Hunger has been found! I've found a candidate for a marionette!

At this moment, the Death Announcer suddenly turned around, moving away at an unprecedented speed.

I-it fled… Klein instantly wore a blank look.

Soon, the Death Announcer had vanished from his line of sight.

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CHAPTER 674
LEAVING THE SHIP

That was way too fast… I just had the thought… Klein looked at the undulating surface of the sea, temporarily unable to gather his thoughts.

Amidst his thoughts, he came up with a theory.

King of Immortality Agalito's second mate, Slaughterer Kircheis, is suspected to be a Devil or even a Desire Apostle. He possesses the Beyonder powers to detect danger ahead of time and the ability to lock onto the source of the danger. Then, would the King of Immortality be a Sequence 4 demigod of the Devil pathway to begin with?

That's why once the crew of the Future possessed the actual strength to deal harm to him with an actual plan in mind, he immediately sensed the problem and discovered the existence of Queen Mystic, so he didn't hesitate to retreat?

Yes, this means Queen Mystic also had the intention of taking action. Otherwise, my thoughts would've only made King of Immortality sneer and retaliate crazily…

Sigh, this Beyonder power of the Devil pathway is just too useful. Trying to ensnare the King of Immortality or his first mate, second mate, or third mate is quite impossible… Klein thought regretfully as he looked at Anderson Hood.

The Strongest Hunter still showed a clear, warped expression, as though reeling in despair that his bad luck hadn't decreased. He was also surprised

that the Death Announcer would flee with its tail between its legs, as though it wasn't going according to the script in his mind.

He darted his eyes as he looked around with a guess, seemingly coming to a conclusion.

Unfortunately, Anderson's bad luck isn't strong enough. Otherwise, he can be sacrificed in order to bait the King of Immortality… Heh heh, isn't that the correct usage of a Provoker? Klein turned into the corridor and returned to his room.

Just as he pushed open the wooden door, he saw a familiar back standing before his window. She had a very proportionate figure and was dressed slightly oddly. She was none other than Queen Mystic, Bernadette.

Ma'am, did your father not teach you? You shouldn't enter someone's room without permission, especially the room of a male stranger? As a lady who was brought up in a noble family, you should've been waiting by the door and earnestly request permission to enter… Emperor, didn't you recall the books on education? Klein silently lampooned as he closed the door in passing.

Without waiting for him to say a word, Bernadette said to him with her back facing him, "The matters from before have verified a theory of mine."

"What theory?" Klein repressed his curiosity as he asked with a deadpan expression.

Bernadette didn't turn her head as she looked out at the calm sea surface.

"Agalito's Fountain of Unaging is a scam.

"If there really is a Fountain of Unaging, it would've been one of the main ingredients of a Demoness of Unaging, or it would be something that would be produced from their corpses. Therefore, any man who claims to have drank from the Fountain of Unaging is lying."

She didn't explain what a Demoness of Unaging was, seemingly certain that Gehrman Sparrow knew what it was. And even if he didn't know, he would have the means of figuring it out later.

Fountain of Unaging… Demoness of Unaging… It does match. So, the bloody text on that sailboat beside the ruin is to tell the world that the Fountain of Unaging is a scam? King of Immortality Agalito has released news of the Fountain of Unaging again and again in order to lure adventurers and pirates to enter dangerous waters and die, or to take the opportunity to slaughter them? It has strong vibes of a Devil… It's no wonder Slaughterer Kircheis warned me not to interfere… Klein thought for a few seconds and deliberately said in a ruminative tone, "scam…"

Queen Mystic Bernadette nodded and said with a gentle tone, "This might be part of the ritual that Agalito needs for his advancement to Sequence 4. It might also be an action needed to digest the Sequence 4 potion."

She paused as though making a silent sigh. Then, she said, "That's because the Sequence 4 of his pathway is Demon."

Demon? Sounds deceitful… Creating a treasure scam to harm others, that does match the style of a demon… Klein was instantly enlightened.

At this moment, Queen Mystic turned around as she cast her gaze through her checkered black veil and towards Gehrman Sparrow's eyes.

It's my turn to provide information? Klein deliberated for two seconds.

"According to the analysis of limited diary entries, Emperor Roselle suffered an extreme predicament in his later years. This forced him to come up with the idea of attempting something crazy."

In this aspect, he was extremely frank. This was because the diary entries he had received up to date didn't reveal what Emperor Roselle wished to do in his later years, what predicament he was in, or what crazy action he did.

Therefore, by providing this piece of information, he was hinting to Bernadette that to know the truth, she had to hand over the diary entries of Emperor Roselle's critical period to Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

Bernadette remained silent for a few seconds.

As the dark clouds moved through the sky, allowing the sunlight to shine from the outside, the queen that reigned over the Five Seas suddenly dissociated like bubbles, shattering and disappearing.

The light refracted from the bubbles had produced different colors, filling the room with a fairytale-like dreamscape.

If not for the Hidden Sage, the Mystery Pryer pathway is really interesting… Klein reflected as he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice.

He activated his vision of Spirit Body Threads, but he didn't discover any additional black threads.

This meant that Bernadette had already left!

Phew… Klein silently sighed and quickly deactivated the vision.

Just as he was about to lie in bed to take a rest, he heard brisk footsteps approach.

*Knock. Knock. Knock. *Someone knocked at his door.

"Who is it?" Klein sat up.

"It's me." Cattleya's voice sounded.

Klein went over, feeling puzzled as he opened the door.

He didn't ask what it was about as he coldly looked at her, his gaze expressing everything.

Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and said, "Coming out from those waters doesn't bring us back to where we entered. We are less than 100 nautical miles away from Toscarter Island. It will take about three days to Nas. Where do you wish to return to?"

The entrance and exit are different? Klein was surprised as he asked in a confirming manner, "Then, is it possible to enter those waters from this place?"

"No, we will directly fall into that bottomless ravine of the ocean. According to the results of divination, the people who did so are dead in the true sense of the word," Cattleya explained simply.

Is that so… Klein thought before saying, "To Toscarter Island."

The reason why he didn't choose Nas was because they were close to the next Tarot Gathering. He didn't wish to do something that took plenty of time on the Future.

Furthermore, Toscarter Island was the easternmost colony of the Loen Kingdom. The currency used was pence, soli, and gold pounds. Klein no longer needed to consider the problem of foreign exchange.

"Alright." Cattleya had no views on this.

Watching her turn and walk to the captain's cabin, Klein shook his head slightly and sighed inwardly.

If you had come earlier, you would've met Queen Mystic.

…

In the evening, the Future arrived at the port of Toscarter Island as it forcefully docked there.

Klein dressed up as a gentleman, carried his leather suitcase, and came to the deck. He then handed over the final payment placed in his two pockets to Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

After subtracting the Pugilist Beyonder characteristics worth 700 pounds, it was a total of 1,300 pounds.

As such, Klein's wealth was reduced to 8,436 pounds and 5 gold coins.

Cattleya received it in silence and opened her mouth as though she wanted to say something, but she ultimately didn't say a word.

"Are you getting off here, or are you going somewhere else?" She turned to look at Anderson Hood.

Realizing that Gehrman Sparrow was about to leave and that he was on a pirate ship with him hunting several pirates in the past, Anderson immediately smiled.

"I'll get off here."

"You can now make payment." Cattleya didn't spare him just because Anderson had borrowed clothes from the pirates.

"Alright." Anderson didn't hide his heart-aching expression as he reached out and pulled off an ordinary button in the middle of his shirt.

Reluctantly, he handed it over.

"This is what I acquired from those waters. It's from the corpse that originated from an explorer from the Loen military.

"I'm not sure of its original name, and I can only call it by its corresponding Sequence 6 due to the powers it exhibits. Yes, Judge.

"It's negative effects aren't especially strong. It makes its wearer easily offend people or monsters. Perhaps, one might end up being targeted by a demigod."

This isn't something you can call not especially strong? If I were Admiral of Stars, I would've chosen that sword of yours… Klein lampooned as he watched Cattleya receive Anderson's payment for the boat ride.

He didn't bother with their affairs as he lifted his suitcase and left the Future, arriving at the pier of Toscarter Island.

*Bang! *

Anderson Hood leaped off the deck and landed beside him.

"Let's get some drinks? To celebrate our departure from those cursed waters!" the hunter invited him with excitement in a relaxed manner.

Klein swept his glance at him, refusing his offer with his eyes. All he wanted was to put a distance between him and this fellow who had bad luck and a provocative halo.

"Alright." Anderson looked to his sides, cleared his throat, and said, "Can you lend me money? As you know, everything that I had has sunken in those waters."

Having said that, he laughed.

"Don't worry. I'll return what I owe tomorrow morning. There are plenty of pirates in Toscarter's bars and brothels. I plan on getting them to sponsor me a little."

Extort those without bounties while cashing out those with bounties? Klein tsked inwardly and handed him a five-soli note.

"That little?" Anderson said with his mouth agape.

"It's enough for your drinks, meals, and hotel," Klein calmly replied. "Besides, this is one pound in cash."

"One pound?" Anderson rubbed his eyes and said with a helpless smile. "Alright, it's one pound. I'll return one pound to you tomorrow morning."

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CHAPTER 675
BUILDING TIES

Afraid that Gehrman Sparrow would go back on his word, Anderson grabbed the five-soli note as scenes of ordinary beef sizzling over flames and alcohol beverages without any additional sedatives surfaced in his mind.

Well, well, well, this fellow actually accepted it. I was just saying it in passing in order to accentuate my persona, as well as to let him understand that it isn't so easy to borrow money from me so as to prevent him from hunting pirates and returning to the Fog Sea after borrowing a huge sum of money… Klein mumbled inwardly.

To him, a Sequence 5 Hunter wouldn't starve or have nowhere to stay when placed in a place with plenty of pirates, even if he didn't have a single penny.

He indiscernibly shook his head and was about to leave the dock when he suddenly heard a boorish shout, "Gehrman!"

"…”

Upon hearing Frank Lee's voice, Klein shuddered as he turned around, his nerves taut.

The first mate of the Future, the Poison Expert with a 7,000 pound bounty, stood by the shipboard and held his hands to his mouth. As though broadcasting his voice, he asked, "Where will you be most of the time? Where should I write letters to?

"I wish to share with you the latest results of my research."

I don't wish to know… This fellow probably doesn't have many friends. And I dare to be one of the many people he thinks of as friends but doesn't treat him as one… Yes, Admiral of Stars is still inclined towards Queen Mystic, and she lacks belonging to the Tarot Club. To openly develop a snitch at her side, no—a source of intelligence. It helps in my shock and awe tactic towards her, and it's a kind of "Gehrman Sparrow" level punishment imposed on her… With this as a bedrock, it would be reasonable and natural for Mr. Fool to punish her… Klein's thoughts raced as he took out a notepad and fountain pen used for divinations from his pocket.

He scribbled down the summoning ritual needed to summon his messenger, and he didn't forget to include the additional requirement of a gold coin.

With a whoosh, Klein flicked his wrist, sending the note flying at Frank Lee like a dart, landing accurately in his hand.

"Excellent!" Frank Lee glanced at the information on the piece of paper and waved his hand in delight.

Klein didn't delay any further as he picked up his leather suitcase, left the dock, and began searching for a hotel.

During this process, he was originally very adamant about objecting to Anderson's request to stay in the same hotel, but on second thought, he agreed to it.

He was afraid that this fellow who was plagued with bad luck would get into trouble again, bringing about a disaster to the innocent guests and attendant; therefore, he decided to monitor him up close and decisively handle the problem if required.

After checking in, Anderson went into his room with his key.

Bang! He sat down on a reclining chair as though a heavy burden was released.

After leaving those dangerous waters, he finally felt like he was human again. He didn't need to worry about suddenly dying.

After he laid there silently for a while, Anderson Hood slowly got up. He took out a flask that had an outer lining made of iron, flipped over a glass cup, and poured himself some hot water.

He believed that he should recollect himself and begin visiting the bars.

After drinking some alcohol and filling his stomach, he could seek out some sponsors!

After the hot water cooled a little, Anderson raised his cup and gulped it down comfortably.

Suddenly, he coughed intensely as his face turned a little purple.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Anderson reached for his throat, but he didn't seem capable of taking a single breath.

With a crashing sound, the glass cup fell to the floor from his hand, shattering across the ground.

Cough… Cough… Cough… Anderson's coughing weakened as his face turned purple.

At that moment, his eyes seemed to produce a spark as the veins on the back of his hands squirmed like they were alive.

*Bang! *

Anderson fell to the ground, convulsing a little before becoming motionless. His breathing even seemed to come to a halt.

Seconds later, the corpse-like Anderson suddenly got up as he rubbed his face in fear.

"Damn it, I almost choked to death from drinking water…

"If that really happened, then I might be the hunter with the most laughable cause of death!

"Thankfully, thankfully, I bought this item at great cost before entering those waters. It finally came in handy today…”

As he spoke, Anderson took out a doll formed of straw, from a secret pocket in his vest. Ink was used to simply draw two eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

The doll's surface had already been corroded as pitch-black liquid dripped down, drop after drop.

In about eight seconds, it was completely reduced to a liquid, turning into a stain on the floor.

"My bad luck hasn't decreased at all, and it has even gotten worse… Man, Gehrman Sparrow once told me of a prophecy, saying that the most lethal danger often lies in day-to-day life." Anderson paced about as he carefully avoided the glass fragments at his feet, afraid that it would cause him another death.

"No, I need to save myself! I need to save myself!" Anderson pulled open the door and carefully walked out.

He came straight to Klein's room, reached out his finger, and rapped on the door.

Soon, the wooden door, which was neither too solid or hard, opened without a sound. Gehrman Sparrow, who had only taken off his coat, appeared before Anderson.

Anderson forced a smile and said, "Are you pleasantly surprised?"

Creak!

The door closed right in front of him.

"…”

He was first stunned before he muttered to himself with a stiff expression, "I should change the way I talk."

Thump! Thump! Thump!

He knocked on Klein's door again.

The door quickly opened as a revolver was pointed at him.

"Haha, I just wanted to ask if you know any Beyonders who can improve my luck?" Anderson raised his hands midway, wildly hinting for Gehrman Sparrow to provide him with the details of the powerhouse that informed him of the prophecy.

Too late. I've no idea where Queen Mystic is… Eh? She didn't leave me a way to contact her? But since my messenger's summoning ritual is known to Frank Lee, it also means Admiral of Stars knows of it. And that means Bernadette knows of it. Also, after returning to Backlund, I can seek out Miss Sharron's help. Queen Mystic is in her circles, even though the frequency of her appearance isn't high… Klein gave Anderson Hood a look of pity.

He wasn't fond of this Strongest Hunter, often mocking him inwardly and expressing all kinds of nefarious thoughts towards him. After all, Anderson

was partially responsible for him losing his cufflink; however, it was only limited to his thoughts. He had no intentions of actually putting it into practice. If Anderson truly sought his help, he similarly wouldn't reject him.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "I can help you ask, and I'll give you the answer tomorrow morning.

"But I suspect you don't have the means to pay me."

"I'll go make my rounds at the bars later! Furthermore, I have plenty of stashes in the Fog Sea," Anderson replied without hesitation.

Klein nodded and as he closed the door, he said, "Meet you tomorrow morning. I hope you can survive until then."

Creak!

The door was locked once again.

"Is that a curse, or was he wishing me luck?" Anderson whispered with a wry smile. "According to my experience, there probably wouldn't be any accidents in the next two to three days."

Inside the room, Klein returned to his desk.

On it was a letter that already had the introduction written, as well as an unfolded paper crane.

In regards to Anderson's problem, Klein had already thought of a target to ask before he even agreed.

There was no doubt that to resolve the means of a Snake of Fate, questioning another Snake of Fate was the best solution!

He pondered over the space that was available after unfolding the paper crane and the questions he would like to ask before writing a draft in his

mind. Finally, he raised his pencil and wrote:

"How should the bad luck curse from an Angel of Fate mural be removed?

"What's the name of the Sequence 4 potion for the Seer pathway? Where can the formula and main ingredients be obtained?"

Putting down the pencil, Klein carefully scrutinized the questions before carefully folding the paper crane according to the folds and placing it in his wallet.

After doing all of this, he continued writing to Mr. Azik.

In the letter, Klein first mentioned that he received the help of Admiral of Stars in entering the dangerous easternmost front of the Sonia Sea; successfully completed the ritual; and, changing gears, he mentioned his encounter with Admiral Hell Ludwell's inexplicable attack mid-journey and how he nearly suffered terrible losses.

While on this topic, he began describing the ring on Admiral Hell's hand, which was suspected to be a relic from ancient Death. He asked very subtly if Mr. Azik had any recollection of it, or if he needed to obtain it to study it, so as to invoke more memories.

After mentioning this, Klein mentioned in a casual manner about the Artificial Death project by the Numinous Episcopate, as well as asking this big shot if it was feasible, or if there were any records that recorded the actual details.

Finally, he mentioned how he didn't know the subsequent Sequences of his pathway, and he didn't know how to obtain those opportunities. Klein began providing a description of the summary of things to take note of from traveling through those dangerous waters.

This was to provide Mr. Azik information so as to prevent him from suddenly wishing to seek out the remnant aura of ancient Death, without

realizing the lurking dangers.

“…Rumor has it that those waters are filled with the ravings of the True Creator. The higher the Sequence, the clearer one will hear it, making it easier to be influenced and resulting in madness or a loss of control. This is demarcated by Sequence 4… But a small number of demigods have found the means to act freely there…” Klein wrote at the end of his letter.

After folding the paper, he picked up Azik's copper whistle and summoned the huge skeleton messenger.

The messenger burrowed out from the ground and politely looked at Klein from a level height before opening his palm.

Not bad… Klein praised silently and handed the letter over.

Then, he brushed his teeth and took a bath before comfortably getting into bed.

After an unknown period of time, he found himself awake in a dream, and he saw the desolate plains and pitch-black steeple.

Familiarly walking into the depths of the steeple, Klein discovered Will Auceptin's reply among the scattered tarot cards.

"Friendly reminder: The paper crane is about to tear!

"The bad luck curse brought about by the mural can be resolved by Ricciardo.

"High-Sequence formulas for the Seer pathway can only be obtained from the crazy Zaratul or the Hornacis mountain range. If you are the Blessed of the Evernight, treat it as though I didn't say it.

"Sequence 4 of the Seer pathway is Arcane Sorcerer!"

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CHAPTER 676
TRIPARTITE TRANSACTION

Bizarro Sorcerer… Klein suddenly woke up from his dream as he opened his eyes to see the dark night.

It's not noon yet. It's still very dangerous… he mumbled before returning back to sleep.

At this moment, he finally recalled that he had already left those dangerous waters. He wouldn't vanish or go missing if he wasn't sleeping at the end of the night.

Phew, it's this kind of stable environment that's good! I have to say that mysteriously vanishing due to not sleeping after dark is something that can be used to scare kids, making them not dare to sleep late. Heh, I was often scared by such stories when I was young. Klein sat up, walked to the desk, and poured himself a cup of water.

After a moment of silence, he gulped down a mouthful of water as he gradually recovered his ability to think.

Zaratul really went mad… What exactly did he encounter, or what happened to him…

Bizarro Sorcerer. Sequence 4 is called Bizarro Sorcerer. The Seer pathway's main focus is on being tricky, crafty, pranky, and paranormal? Or should it directly be summarized as being bizarre?

Yes, Clown, Magician, Faceless, and Marionettist do give me such a feeling. Seer appears to be an exception, but in the eyes of others, the style

of a charlatan might appear rather strange and terrifying at times… That's why Zaratul said that fate isn't the main domain of this pathway?

Also, it's clear that Beyonders of this pathway are more inclined to being spellcasters.

According to Will Auceptin's explanation, there are three methods to obtaining the potion formula to Bizarro Sorcerer. One, seek out the Secret Order and find the mad Zaratul. Two, head to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and find the treasures left behind by the Antigonus family. Three, obtain it from the Church. For example, that Antigonus family's notebook might contain the corresponding formula.

But each one of these three options is more dangerous than the other. According to Emperor Roselle's description, Zaratul was a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker a long time ago, a true angel. Later, he even advanced to Sequence 1. He's equal or slightly weaker than a King of Angels. The crazy him, no—"Him" might have gone mad, but it's likely that he will be more difficult to deal with. At the very least, there's no possibility of me convincing or tricking him. Even in terms of pure strength, I wouldn't be Zaratul's match even if I employed Mr. Azik's help.

Heh heh, unless I wait for Will Auceptin to be born, but if "He" were to involve "Himself" in this matter, there's a small chance of him incurring the attention of Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

As for the treasure on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, the resounding ravings, the set up of the Antigonus family, and the rumors of the Nation of the Evernight buried in the depths of mystery, they make me feel that it isn't a simple matter. I suspect it's likely to be a trap.

I don't even need to consider the Church of the Goddess. Ignoring the fact that the Holy Cathedral has angels presiding over it, as well as a bunch of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, just the Backlund diocese where the Antigonus family's notebook is has a terrifying demigod…

Klein couldn't help but recall Mr. A who had been erased like a pencil drawing. And the one that executed all of that was likely to be one of the upper echelons of the Church of the Evernight Goddess!

A beautiful lady whose eyes lacked spirituality… She even smiled at me. I've no idea what it means… Klein shook his head in resignation, believing that he only had one course of action that he had at present.

That was to find a demigod from the Secret Order who was still considered normal.

*Compared to the mad Zaratul, I can communicate with them at least, or even deal with them. *Just Klein alone was impossible, but he could seek Mr. Azik's help or Queen Mystic Bernadette's help at a certain price.

I can only consider this for now… Klein rapidly turned his thoughts back on how to help Anderson Hood rid the bad luck curse.

It's been more than two months. I wonder if Fate Councilor Ricciardo has left Oravi Island. Sigh, he hasn't summoned my messenger all this time to inform me of clues to the mystical item I seek. However, it's not a big problem. Bellman Carnot definitely hasn't left his post. I can contact Councilor Ricciardo through him.

That's good too. The Life School of Thought hasn't completed the request up to now, meaning that they haven't made their final payment. They can pay it off by changing Anderson's luck for the better, then I can receive the payment from Anderson.

Heh heh, when it comes to a mystical item or Sealed Artifact which possesses immense offensive powers, isn't Anderson's sword one? According to the traits showcased by Reaper, I can ignore the item formed after he dies… Heh, I'm not some greedy demon either. I'll definitely pay additional fees to tide him over.

Klein wiped away his mischievous thoughts and took out the paper crane from his wallet. After unfolding it, he carefully erased the pencil marks on it.

"It's really about to tear. I can use it another two times at best…" he muttered sadly. Then, he folded the paper crane and returned to his bed to continue sleeping. As for using the radio transceiver to contact Arrodes, he planned on doing so after leaving this pirates' playground.

…

After daybreak, Klein languidly got up and slowly washed up, believing that this was how life should be.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The knocking on the door interrupted his state of wistfulness.

Without his acumen for danger, his spiritual intuition told him that it was Anderson Hood.

As expected of the Strongest Hunter. He successfully survived up to now… Klein tsked and controlled his expressions before opening the door.

Anderson was wearing a deer-hunting cap of unknown origin. He grinned as he handed him a Loen gold coin.

"What I owe you from yesterday."

Klein received the gold coin and measured its weight in his hand.

"There's an answer to your problem."

Anderson's eyes lit up.

"What's the solution?

"Don't tell me that the answer is that there are no solutions…”

Am I such a person? I'll just say that it's hopeless, so just wait for your death. Goodbye! Klein lampooned as he swept Anderson with an indifferent gaze.

"A demigod that's good at changing one's luck stays in Oravi Island. He owes me a favor."

"Excellent!" Anderson didn't hide his joy. "So, what sort of payment must I make?"

Very sensible of you… Klein deliberately fell silent for two seconds before saying, "I need a mystical item with powerful offensive abilities. Do you have any clues?

"If the value exceeds that of the luck enhancement ritual, I will pay the difference."

Anderson frowned bit by bit before easing them. He said with a smile, "I have a mystical item that matches your request. It has a Beyonder power that can deal lethal damage. The negative effects aren't bad either. You will still be able to eat and sleep while having some bad luck, easily attracting monsters and enemies. Occasionally, you will be talkative and be a little off-putting. Haha, it's a joke.

"To be frank, my Death Brachydont is the mystical item you need, but it's the only weapon I have left. Eh… I do have one relevant clue. It's a rather special revolver. The bullets it shoots have the effects of 'Weakness attack,"Lethal attack,' and a 'Slaughtering effect.' Furthermore, it can be matched with bullets of different characteristics. The negative effects include developing a weakness that originally didn't exist after every use, such as the fear of light, the fear of ships, the fear of dogs, etc. And such a weakness will last for six hours.

"There's almost no negative effects when having it on you. It just makes you easily thirsty. This is something completely tolerable. If not for the characteristics of the revolver overlapping with my abilities and the mystical items I have, then I would've bought it back then. The seller is offering it for 9,000 pounds!

"So, the total price would be 1,500 pounds and the clues to the revolver. How about that?"

Sounds very suitable. Besides, it fits my combat habits… Klein didn't directly agree as he asked in return, "1,500 pounds?"

"Haha, I found more than ten pirates yesterday. They were all very kind, contributing all their wallets to me. Otherwise, they would lend me their characteristics and heads. In just one night, I received 1,600 pounds. Seriously, I love this pirates' paradise!" Anderson said with a beaming smile. "I have to keep 100 pounds for myself for the ship tickets to return to the Fog Sea. So all I can do is pay you 1,500 pounds."

Earning 1,600 pounds a night? Not only are there many pirates in Toscarter, but they are either worth a lot or have plenty of money? Klein suddenly had thoughts about staying a few more nights in the port city.

But considering how the easily cashable and locatable targets had mostly been finished off by Anderson, what was left was definitely not easy. He felt depressed again as he coldly asked, "Aren't you afraid of being a target of revenge for doing something like that in a pirates' playground?"

"What's there to worry about? I'm not afraid, even if they're subordinates of a pirate admiral. Heh heh, I believe you're the same. If they're men of the Four Kings, that's not a big problem either. We're about to leave, and the propagation of information takes time. By the time they come, I'd have changed ships and identities several times!" Anderson said without much concern.

Why are you cursing yourself again… Klein silently swept him a look of pity.

"Deal."

"Haha, here's 300 pounds. You'll have to wait for the remaining 1,200 pounds. That's when the bounty rewards and characteristic money arrive. Don't worry, it will definitely come today. It's not a lot." Anderson took out a thick wallet filled with plenty of soli bills and handed them to Klein.

In consideration of his persona, Klein only did a simple count before stuffing the cash into his wallet and pockets. He said without emotion, "Buy two tickets to Oravi for tomorrow."

He didn't deliberately exhort Anderson to buy them with a different identity, as he believed that the hunter across him was mature and experienced.

If he's lacking in experience and strength, with the way he does things, he would've long been buried in some sea… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

"Alright." Anderson pointed at the floor. "Breakfast together? My treat."

Klein nodded without refusing him.

Once they arrived downstairs, the two sat at a table near the window. Midway, a waiter brought white porcelain cups and teaspoons over.

Just as they interacted, the waiter's gaze suddenly turned adrift. He picked up the teaspoon and stabbed it at Anderson's throat without any warning.

Although Anderson was surprised, his reaction was in no way slow. He immediately leaned backward and dodged the sudden strike.

*Bang! *

Not far away, the hotel's boss suddenly shot at Anderson's dodging body.

"W-what am I doing…” After the gunshot, the boss muttered with a look of alarm and blankness.

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CHAPTER 677
FALLING TO THE GROUND

Amidst the gunshot, Anderson's body suddenly collapsed to the floor, using an amusing manner to dodge the bullet.

As for Klein, who didn't fully understand the situation, he jumped to the side and activated his Spirit Vision while pulling out his revolver.

At that instant, his first reaction was that Anderson had gone overboard in his hunting last night and was now the target of revenge. He only wished to shout, "I don't know him! It has nothing to do with me!"

At the table beside Anderson Hood, a stout man dressed in a shirt with rolled-up sleeves threw forks and knife, and he suddenly drew an already loaded double-barreled hunting rifle, aimed at the ground, and pulled the trigger from a commanding height.

These series of actions were nearly simultaneous with the hotel's boss, but they were simply one step slower due to the many steps involved.

*Bang! *

The scattershot sprayed out countless tiny shrapnel, riddling the ground with holes. Although Anderson had dodged in time and avoided most of the blast, he was still struck by a portion of the shrapnel as his sides were immediately left mangled.

Just as Klein was about to kill the stout man with the double-barreled hunting rifle to help Anderson Hood get out of danger, he realized that the

man suddenly turned blank, just like the hotel's boss. He was then filled with alarm and horror as though he had jolted out of his stupor.

That's not right. They're not the true assailants… Klein rationally stopped attempting to pull the trigger. He quickly swept his gaze across the restaurant.

Discovering nothing with his Spirit Vision, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

At this moment, all the ladies and gentlemen in the restaurant had stood up in a fluster due to the sudden shootout. All of them were rushing for the exit.

When passing by the tumbling Anderson, an elegantly-dressed lady with pretty good looks suddenly paused. She released the dark-colored glass bottle she held in her hand and poured it at the Strongest Hunter.

Sizzle!

Anything that was splashed by the liquid rapidly turned black as it suffered intense corrosion. Anderson covered his face and leaped up, dodging this attack once again.

Immediately following that, a gentle and cute lady, a gentleman with newspapers, a red-vested waiter, and a five-year-old child whose hands were stained with sweets attacked Anderson Hood in all kinds of manners.

Flour, lit matchsticks, fruit knives, boiling coffee, and concentrated alcohol beverages inundated him as almost everyone in the hotel's restaurant seemed to have one goal—kill Anderson Hood!

In this abnormally dangerous situation without any Beyonder powers involved, Anderson, who had been surrounded with no way to escape, employed an array of actions—leaping up, sending tables flying, igniting

items ahead of time, barely managing to avoid suffering damage to any vital spot—and didn't suffer any serious damage.

Meanwhile, Klein also noticed something abnormal.

In a corner of the restaurant which was blocked by a decorative cabinet, there was clearly thin, illusory black Spirit Body Threads extending from it, but it was silent over there.

In this chaotic and panic-stricken restaurant, it appeared especially abnormal!

*The true assailant who planned the "passersby murder case" is sitting over there? From the confusion, puzzlement, horror, and fluster that the hotel's boss, waiters, and guests exhibited after attacking Anderson, they didn't become marionettes. This is another kind of control… An illusion, an emotion seed of a Desire Apostle, or could it be an influence on one's psyche? *Klein suddenly had an idea light up in his mind. He immediately took two steps forward and sent a customer who still had butter on the corner of his lips flying, opening up a pathway for Anderson Hood.

The Strongest Hunter immediately somersaulted out of the encirclement via the path that was opened up, and he ran up to the hotel's second floor. Then, with his back to the wall on the corner of the staircase, he gasped for air.

"Has my provocative powers reached this level? Even the ordinary residents that I don't know wish to kill me and have actually rose to arms? Man…" Just as he spoke, Anderson pulled his right rib and nearly cried out in pain.

No, no, no. The real circumstance is that a person plagued with bad luck shouldn't do things like hunt pirates… The reason why Klein had abandoned approaching the target to attempt to control them with Spirit Body Threads was because he had thought of a possibility.

The passersby were implanted with psychological cues or had suffered manipulation on the psyche level. Only then would they attack Anderson in

an orderly fashion. This didn't match the Beyonder powers of a Desire Apostle, as the attacks by the manipulated passersby were targeted and precise, without showing any observe signs of preparation. And Klein had formerly heard of the name of the potion formula of a Sequence 4—Manipulator!

In addition, according to the Psychiatrist released from Creeping Hunger, Klein always suspected that Toscarter Island had a mission or figure related to the Psychology Alchemists.

In addition to the psychological cue and the control on the left side of the mind, it was rather similar to that of the Spectator pathway. Klein had long believed that a Manipulator very likely belonged to the Spectator or dragon pathway; thus, making the outline of the matter relatively clear.

The Psychology Alchemists really does have an important base in Toscarter Island. They also sent a Sequence 4 demigod go watch over it. This demigod influences certain pirates and makes them unknowingly do his bidding, but these pirates had unfortunately ended up as Anderson Hood's sponsors last night. Hence, their true investor came knocking!

Keeping his expressions in check, Klein looked at Anderson and indifferently said to him, "It's likely that one or several of the pirates from last night is involved with a hidden demigod on this island.

"Do you think something like that can be done by a Mid-Sequence Beyonder?"

"I can't be that unlucky, right…” Anderson's voice grew softer before it turned into a mutter. "Indeed, those people were controlled and are innocent. Thankfully, I didn't attack back, or I would become the main suspect of a shocking murder case and be given a bounty! When that happens, I'll be in trouble and could only become a pirate."

"…”

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched slightly.

"If the ones being controlled had been pirates with Beyonder powers, or Mandated Punishers, or priests of the Church of Storms, how would it develop?"

"I would already be dead." Anderson threw up his hands as he said in realization, "You mean he doesn't want me dead and only wants to give me a warning?"

Klein nodded in a serious manner and said, "So, you still have a chance.

"Yes, to apologize."

Go see what that demigod is up to.

"Apologize?" Anderson's face wrinkled immediately. Placed in a difficult position, he said with great difficulty, "I have quite a reputation in the Fog Sea."

Klein didn't say a thing. He stood up, patted his coat, and prepared to walk off.

At this moment, Anderson lunged forward and rushed to the entrance of the staircase ahead of Klein. He yelled, "I'm sorry! It was my fault!

"We can talk about anything!"

He paused for a second and repeated again, "I'm sorry! It was my fault!

"We can talk about anything!"

Clap! Clap! Clap! A series of slow claps sounded on the first floor as a figure appeared at the staircase.

Amidst the light footsteps, this figure slowly walked to the bend, but Klein instinctively moved his gaze away as though he didn't wish to know what that person looked like.

In addition, he realized that he didn't have any intentions of raising his arms or aiming his gun. It was as though he had been cued and had lost the intention of resisting.

This is terrifying… Yes, it's not a face-to-face hypnosis, which is why I could detect it. But if I was directly targeted, the repercussions would be unimaginable… I can be influenced now. In the way Miss Justice would explain it, the other party will use the sea of collective subconscious to silently arrive beside my island of consciousness, and then they would do something to a certain extent? Klein came to a realization as he had the sudden urge to leave and return to his room.

This is the silent "instruction" given to me by the demigod? Klein roughly understood that the other party wished to communicate with Anderson in private; hence, he didn't resist and walked to the stairs before returning to his room.

In less than five minutes, Anderson knocked on his door, his face grimacing.

"Done talking?" Klein asked without much surprise.

Anderson gave a heavy nod.

"Phew… Yes, he got me to help him do something. As for what is it, I can't tell others."

"Do you still remember what he looks like?" Klein deliberately asked.

Anderson thought carefully as he suddenly frowned.

"I don't remember…”

As expected… Look at you. For 1,600 pounds, you offended a demigod. It wasn't worth it at all… Klein silently sighed and then said, "Can we leave tomorrow?"

"Yes. There's no rush for that matter. Let's resolve the problem with my bad luck first," Anderson didn't hesitate to answer.

Klein didn't speak further as he pointed at the floor.

"Still having breakfast?"

Anderson was first taken aback before revealing a smile.

"Of course!

"No type of frustration can influence eating and sleeping!"

The two went down to the first floor and discovered that the waiter was silently clearing up the shattered items. The boss and the customers had all forgotten what had happened.

…

After breakfast, Anderson continued going out, busy obtaining his bounty rewards and Beyonder characteristics money. He also did some preparations while Klein stayed in his hotel room, converging the spirituality that overflowed from his advancement and using worms to test his Marionettist Beyonder powers.

At half past two in the afternoon, he went above the gray fog ahead of time and began practicing for the upcoming Tarot Gathering. After all, Mr. Fool would very casually and lightly punish The Hermit Cattleya.

Sitting in the chair belonging to The Fool, Klein began playing out the three punishment plans he had decided over the past few days. Two of the plans needed him to borrow some of the power of this space, and two of them

needed to use props. Hence, he needed to decide on the entire process ahead of time. He would then familiarize himself with it, and he couldn't reveal his lack of fluency at the critical moment.

After an unknown period of time, Klein exhaled and confirmed his plan.

Then, he conjured The World. Without any items, he saw the countless dense black threads that emanated from his body.

*Items conjured using the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog possess a certain amount of spirituality… So they come equipped with Spirit Body Threads. And in the real world, items without life do not have any. *Klein familiarly controlled the black threads and quickly completely controlled The World.

Now, not only could he make The World's expressions more intricate and have reactions that were more like a real person, he could also make the marionette's spirituality fluctuations become more natural. It wouldn't appear as lifeless anymore!

Apart from that, he was like a player who had two accounts, gaining The World's vision, hearing, as well as his other senses.

After completing all of this, Klein glanced at his golden pocket watch, sent Little Sun a message, and began to silently count his heartbeats.

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CHAPTER 678
PUNISHMENT

On the two sides of the ancient mottled bronze table, blurry figures extended outward from the embrace of deep red beams of light before turning corporeal. The surroundings remained as silent and empty as always, as though no living creature had ever set foot there for millions of years.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~" Audrey's brisk and cheerful voice soon resounded through the resplendent palace held up by stone columns.

Klein nodded his head with a smile, watching as the other members expressed their greetings under Miss Justice's lead.

Here, there was no doubt that The Hermit Cattleya appeared rather reticent. Audrey's read on her was that she had many things on her mind.

After the voices came to a stop and the members had taken their seats, The Fool Klein swept Miss Justice a glance, making the Psychiatrist instantly understand his intentions; hence, she didn't raise her hand slightly and speak out. Following that, he looked at Cattleya and chuckled indifferently.

"Tell Bernadette that she can use certain items in exchange for some answers."

Bernadette… After hearing this familiar name which was neither Queen Mystic, the owner of Dawn, nor the leader of the Element Dawn, Cattleya realized that Mr. Fool already knew everything. Her cheap tricks were laid bare in front of "Him!"

This made her heart sink as she couldn't help but feel an intense sense of fear. She was temporarily at a loss in regard to the attitude or words that she needed to show in response.

To her, Mr. Fool's words were clear. Pass on the message, but only that one message; nothing else. She wasn't allowed to provide any other hints!

Cattleya believed she knew what "He" meant between the lines.

Bernadette? That's a common name for Intis females. Who could it be? What is the answer she wishes to exchange for? What relationship does she have with Ma'am Hermit? Ma'am Hermit had privately made a request, and Mr. Fool's answer is "yes?" No, that's not it. Definitely not it. If it's a private and reasonable request, Ma'am Hermit wouldn't have mentioned it specially in front of us. He would've directly replied to her prayers…"He" is giving a warning? Audrey forgot to observe the other members as a series of questions flashed through her mind. Following that, with her acumen from the Spectator pathway, she grasped Mr. Fool's true intentions.

Following that, she had a particular theory.

Ma'am Hermit had privately hinted about our Tarot Club to this Ma'am Bernadette because she hopes to acquire some answers… Mr. Fool is very displeased regarding this matter, so he pointed it out directly and gave this first-time offender a warning?

Seriously, why would you divulge matters of the Gathering to others? I haven't even told Susie! This will bring danger to everyone! Thankfully, Mr. Fool is around!

Audrey nearly puffed up her cheeks, forgetting her image and etiquette. For the first time, she realized that not every Tarot Club member had a sense of belonging like she did, showing such reverence and faith in Mr. Fool.

The Hanged Man Alger, The Magician Fors, and The Moon Emlyn also had similar questions and theories, but their focus wasn't the same.

As Alger anticipated what Mr. Fool would do, he began to wonder who this Bernadette—a commonly seen female Intis name—represented. He was curious as to why the reserved Hermit would risk divulging some information on the Tarot Club. While Fors was worried if the existence of the Tarot Club would be exposed, she also instantly imagined a spy and double spy story. Emlyn watched in schadenfreude, believing The Hermit to be truly foolish.

Heh, even our Sanguine's Ancestor treats Mr. Fool equally and had sent me as an envoy to be nurtured. You aren't even a demigod, but you attempted to try pulling off cheap tricks under Mr. Fool's watch? Do you have a death wish? Indeed, I can't understand the thoughts of short-lived creatures. Emperor Roselle once said that bugs that can only live in summer have no way of truly knowing what snow looks like… Emlyn sat back in a relaxed manner as he didn't hide the shaking of his head.

The Sun Derrick didn't have many thoughts on the matter; all he felt was that the mood wasn't right. Out of curiosity and puzzlement, he asked, "Mr. Fool, who's Bernadette?"

Well asked! I thought Miss Justice would be the one asking. Yes, she seems a little angry, which is why she doesn't wish to speak… Klein silently commended him as he casually answered, "Roselle's eldest daughter;

"Owner of the Dawn;

"The leader of the Element Dawn."

He mentioned all of Bernadette's identities, making her appear without any secrets before all the Tarot Club members.

And the reason why he had used "Owner of the Dawn" in place of Queen Mystic was that Klein didn't believe that The Fool should address Bernadette as a queen.

*The owner of the Dawn… Queen Mystic! She's actually Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter! Ha, The Hermit, I can confirm that you are Admiral of Stars Cattleya. So the rumors of you having a falling-out with Queen Mystic are fake… *Alger felt excited. He felt that the restriction and pressure he had endured for the past three months had vanished at once.

This made his staid self mock The Hermit inwardly.

Emperor Roselle once said that those who play with fire will ultimately burn themselves. And you, Admiral of Stars, dared to challenge a god's clairvoyance!

At that moment, Alger was rather thankful, thankful that although he had attempted to pull off some cheap tricks and attempted to figure out Mr. Fool's identity, goals, and present state, he hadn't involved any outsiders. He hadn't divulged any information, so he hadn't suffered any punishment.

As he had introduced the Four Kings and the Seven Pirate Admirals, Audrey and company just needed to recall in order to confirm that Bernadette was Queen Mystic, a demigod that reigned supreme over the Five Seas. They were also surprised that Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter would still be alive and had become an important figure that was known throughout the world.

The answers that Queen Mystic wishes to obtain are hidden inside Roselle's diary? Combining everything that had happened and the words that were said, Audrey vaguely guessed Bernadette's goal, believing that the emperor's daughter wished to figure out the truth behind her father's assassination.

At this moment, Cattleya had already regained her ability to think. She turned her body to face the end of the long bronze table and said without any hopes that she could be let off, "Yes, I committed some mistakes. I will not defend myself. It was indeed wrong.

"Mr. Fool, no matter how much you punish me or even kill me, I'll accept it."

Hypocrite… If Mr. Fool really wishes to punish you, do you think you have any means of resistance? Mr. Hanged Man scoffed on the opposite side of the table. He could identify the problem with such a simple sentence.

Ma'am Hermit is still a little afraid… Audrey could notice the hidden fear from the minute actions and words Cattleya had used.

To her, people who deliberately emphasized their willingness to be executed were often afraid of dying right there and then.

Fors found her peace from The Fool's calm attitude, believing that there weren't any leaks about the Tarot Club; or that the leaks weren't anything important. Hence, like Emlyn, she waited curiously and expectantly for the punishment Mr. Fool would mete out.

Derrick remained clueless about what had happened, uncertain why Ma'am Hermit would suddenly request to be punished.

At that moment, seeing Mr. Fool's brief moment of silence, Cattleya resisted her unease and lifted her head slightly, observing the existence behind the thick gray fog without a trace, in an attempt to figure out "His" true intentions so as to give a better response. She didn't wish to make another mistake again and provoke "Him," making the situation irredeemable.

The dark purple hue in her black eyes produced a sense of mystery as her eyes penetrated through the gray fog and saw The Fool.

Suddenly, Cattleya's eyes heated up as illusory blood bled from them.

A sinister, terrifying, and depraved language and an indescribable roar sounded in her ears. It instantly filled her senses with extreme pain as her body began to convulse and tremble uncontrollably.

Her face, hands, and the areas that weren't concealed by her clothing had quickly cracked opened, revealing her flesh and blood. Inside, black worms and white moths squirmed before forming all kinds of indescribable eyes.

Cattleya's cries and painful grunts resounded above the gray fog, causing Alger, Emlyn, Fors, and company to exchange looks as though they could sense the pain she was suffering.

Meanwhile, the blurry figure turned rather clear, allowing them to see The Hermit's mutation.

The disgusting and nasty scene frightened Audrey enough for her to look away. She straightened her back and looked straight ahead without daring to move.

Although the others didn't have such an exaggerated response, they also shared the same behavior.

The True Creator's ravings are indeed useful… Klein, who was shrouded in the thick gray fog, reflected from the bottom of his heart.

The reason why he hadn't immediately replied to Cattleya's request for punishment, was because he wanted to confirm if there was anything special about her eyes, whether they could see beyond what he allowed!

For this, he had stirred some of the mysterious space's powers to be hidden in the gray fog that shrouded him ahead of time. It was to connect anyone who used a Beyonder power to see through the obstacle to Tinder!

This was equivalent to the owner of the Beyonder power directly observing an item corrupted by the True Creator at a psyche level. Hence, with Klein not using the gray fog to deliberately suppress the influence, Cattleya naturally heard the True Creator's ravings. Her "organ" which used the Beyonder power was first severely damaged before she was imbued with extreme pain, causing her mutation!

If Admiral of Stars hadn't tried observing him, then the plan Klein had prepared was to get her to apologize to every Tarot Club member, and also to allow them to discuss a method of punishment in a democratic manner.

And regardless of how democratic it was, the major punishment would ultimately be to stir some of the mysterious space's powers to connect Cattleya to Tinder!

After waiting two seconds, Klein knew it was enough. He gently lowered his palms, allowing the gray fog to silently repress the True Creator's ravings and revert Cattleya's mutation.

Admiral of Stars trembled as she calmed down at a discernible pace. The cracks in her skin gradually closed as her thoughts returned to her, allowing her to take in her surroundings once again.

At this moment, Alger said in a deep voice, as though he was warning himself, "Do not pry into the mystery of God…”

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CHAPTER 679
MURDER REQUEST

"Do not pry into the mystery of God…”

Alger's whispers soon disappeared, but it continued resounding in everyone's ears, making them realize a reality.

Although Mr. Fool often didn't put on any airs and seldom spoke, nearly answering every request they had, making them find him warm, "He" was ultimately a god, a god whose mysteries shouldn't be pried into. He was a god that transcended reality!

Audrey, Emlyn, and the other Tarot Club members instinctively accepted Mr. Hanged Man's altered saying, pretending that they had forgotten the original wording to be "do not look directly at God," because they had looked at Mr. Fool from time to time, asking him questions or seeking his advice, and with regards to that, Mr. Fool didn't seem to mind.

Of course, we weren't looking at him directly due to the thick gray fog's obstruction… From Ma'am Hermit's outcome, Mr. Fool had done so for our own good… Audrey slowly exhaled.

At this moment, The Fool Klein was thinking, *Mr. Hanged Man is working very well in concert. I was prepared to control The World to say something similar to complete the final step of the punishment…*

He originally felt that getting the fake World to say something like "do not lie to god" or "do not pry into the mystery of God" would make it somewhat embarrassing. In the future, if people were to learn that the so-called Blessed or the so-called World was actually a smurf of The Fool, he would

be too embarrassed to face anyone. But later, on second thought, The World had done similar deeds in the past, so he wasn't short of one more. Besides, all he needed to do was to not let anyone know, right?

Having overcome his mental barrier, Klein had planned on acting according to his rehearsals, but to his surprise, reality went better than he had expected. The Hanged Man seemed to be shocked to the bone as a result of The Hermit's punishment. As such, he helped him say the sentence "do not pry into the mystery of God," making the effects even more natural and perfect!

Yes… The problem of Ma'am Hermit's leak of information regarding the Tarot Club was only briefly tapped on by The Fool. "He" had given a warning via the insinuation behind "His" words, but she later suffered from prying into the mystery of a god. It wasn't truly The Fool's intentions…

This is the outcome I wished for the most. This can effectively uphold The Fool's image. After all, a god wouldn't be petty with mortals, as it would only tarnish "His" reputation…

However, the way Ma'am Hermit does things is way too bold. I just realized and confirmed today that she has pried into the mysteries of The Fool more than once. Although it wasn't for any vile motives, it's also something worth punishing her for. Heh, my previous reactions must've made her believe that I had "acquiesced" her "observations," so she made it a habit. In the end, she ended up falling headfirst into my expectations…

In addition, without fully grasping Mr. Fool's attitude, she directly gave hints to outsiders. Her boldness is obviously extraordinary. This means to show that she hasn't suffered enough in the past. Today's lesson should be enough to drill it into her for a very long period of time…

Thinking back to her state in her dream, all of this seems pretty much the expected outcome… Sparing the rod spoils the child!

Heh heh, I also managed to put Mr. Hanged Man, as well as the other members in check today as a result, Klein silently muttered to himself in amusement, surveyed the area, and said calmly, "That shall be all."

Upon hearing that, The Hermit Cattleya, whose Spirit Body had just recovered, felt relieved. She felt intense fatigue and joy surge through her body. All she wanted was a reclining chair for her to rest for a while.

*The first time is a warning, but the second time wouldn't be a nice outcome… *This pirate admiral sighed silently, warning herself not to try her cheap tricks any further or believe that her hints could fool Mr. Fool. She was also not to attempt to pry into "His" secrets!

The pain she received was in no way weaker than the torment of having knowledge injected into her by the Hidden Sage. Therefore, she believed without a doubt that Mr. Fool was essentially a god, a true god, an unfathomable god whose mysteries couldn't be pried into!

Thankfully, Her Majesty now knows where she can exchange the answers she has been desperately looking for all this while… I don't need to hint to her or tip her off in the future… Cattleya turned her body to the side again, trembling as she looked at the end of the long bronze table. This time, she only dared to look at the end of the table or the armrest. The dark purple hue in her eyes had also turned faint.

Amidst silence, with sincerity, she said, "I'll remember your leniency in sparing me."

In the gray fog, The Fool Klein nodded gently without repeating his previous words.

After a moment of waiting, The Magician Fors straightened her back, looked around, and spoke before Justice Audrey.

"Everyone, is anyone interested in an assassination mission?

"The target is an important member of a cult."

Grateful for the favors her teacher, Dorian Gray, had given her, Fors had been recently hoping to do something for him.

After some consideration, she placed her sights on the Aurora Order Oracle who had dealt immense damage to her teacher's family—Lewis Wien who could be a Scribe or Traveler!

She didn't let Leymano's Travels get to her head to the point of believing that she could kill an experienced Sequence 6 or Sequence 5 Beyonder who was good at escaping. The reason why she had such considerations was that she believed that the secret organization known as the Tarot Club, which was backing her, would provide her with unimaginable support.

Ma'am Hermit and Mr. World both appear to have the means to fight Lewis Wien. With any of them taking action, and with me using Leymano's Travels to help, it's not impossible for us to succeed… Fors began formulating the most ideal situation.

Of course, she knew that her current savings weren't enough to kill a powerful Beyonder like Lewis Wien. After all, with her 830 pounds, she probably couldn't even buy a single hand of his. She knew very well that back then, Miss Audrey Hall had spent more than 10,000 pounds to kill an Intis ambassador, a Sequence 6 Conspirer. The cost of assassinating Lewis Wien, who was of a similar Sequence or even higher, was obvious!

Fors planned on agreeing to a series of requests that the executor of the mission would have, helping the executor complete matters they found inconvenient to do themselves, in order to pay off the cost of the mission. She believed that after obtaining Leymano's Travels, she was equipped with the abilities to complete certain difficult tasks.

After hearing Miss Magician's request, The Hermit Cattleya, The Hanged Man Alger, and Justice Audrey cast their gazes onto The World. They

believed that this gentleman, one who had a unique penchant for hunting Beyonders, possessed the necessary strength.

*I'm not in Backlund… However, I can't respond that way. Otherwise, it would expose the possibility that Mr. Fool only has two to three Blessed to Mr. Hanged Man and Ma'am Hermit… *Klein controlled The World, overcoming his emotions as he hoarsely laughed.

"Where? Which cult?

"What's his Sequence? What unique powers does he have?"

Eh, Mr. World is a little different from before… I can't explain it clearly, but it feels like he's suddenly in a better mood. Perhaps, he has really encountered something worth being happy about… Audrey suddenly noticed the difference as she excitedly imagined what could have recently happened to Mr. World.

Fors happily replied, "He's an Oracle from the Aurora Order. He's in Backlund, formerly a Sequence 6, but he might be a Sequence 5 now, but I can't be sure.

"He can record the Beyonder powers that others have used and can use them once. He's good at escaping any form of entrapment, and it's difficult to surround him. Perhaps, he might be able to travel through the spirit world…"

The target is an Oracle from the Aurora Order, a Sequence 6 or 5, with powers seemingly from the Apprentice pathway… Indeed, Miss Magician doesn't appear as simple and ordinary as she seems. My original judgment was right… Cattleya quickly returned to her usual state. She wasn't surprised that The Magician would actually dare conspire against a particular gentleman from the Aurora Order.

As for which Oracle he was, she wasn't sure because the only ones she knew were Mr. Z and Ma'am D.

Meanwhile, Klein also quickly evaluated the situation.

An Oracle from the Aurora Order, that makes it impossible for him to be innocent. Rather, he's a madman who destroys lives. Killing him doesn't make me feel guilty…

It's not like I haven't offended the Aurora Order more than once or twice…

Sequence 6 or 5; that's something I can handle… I've seen something that matches the trait of recording and releasing Beyonder powers as described by Miss Magician. Mr. A had used it before, but it might not really be it…

To me, it doesn't matter if he's good at escaping and traveling through the spirit world. As long as I'm close to the Oracle and successfully control his Spirit Body Threads, there will be no way for him to run!

It's hard to tell what will happen in a direct clash. I do have quite a solid chance of success if I sneak an attack in. Of course, succeeding at a sneak attack is a whole other matter…

After some serious consideration, The World looked at The Magician Fors.

"I can consider taking on the job, but not anytime soon. It will, at the least, be two months later."

He wasn't sure what other accidents he would encounter at sea, so he had been rather relaxed on the time period.

"Two months later…" Fors repeated the time, appearing to be in a deep dilemma.

It was too long; besides, she wasn't sure how long Lewis Wien would stay in Backlund.

At this moment, Alger, who had been watching from the side, deliberated and interjected, "Miss Magician, do you need to kill that Aurora Order

Oracle personally?"

"No, as you can see, I'm considering requesting Mr. World for help," Fors replied with a smile.

Alger nodded as though in thought.

"The premise of killing someone is to be able to find the Oracle. Can you find him?"

"No, but I'll investigate," Fors answered frankly.

"Why don't you get The World to do it after your investigations bear fruit?" The Hanged Man pressed.

"Yes, but I haven't decided." Fors was somewhat confused, unaware of the reasons as to why Mr. Hanged Man was asking her all these questions.

Alger sneered.

"If you can confirm the location of the Aurora Order Oracle's location, then why spend large amounts of money to hire someone to kill him? Wouldn't reporting him directly to the Churches be enough? After the Great Smog, no Church is willing to let go of any related clues.

He wasn't trying to make The World lose any business. Instead, he had clearly read the dilemma inside her, believing that there was a higher possibility of her not going through with the request. After all, too many incidents might happen in two months. Therefore, he gave some suggestions to ensure that this matter reached some preliminary agreement.

Report him to the Churches? This sounds familiar… Klein was surprised, never expecting Mr. Hanged Man to say something like that.

Heh heh, while everyone is being infected by Mr. Hanged Man, he too has been influenced by us… Klein immediately felt relieved and rather pleased.

"Report?" Fors was momentarily stunned.

After a few seconds, she whispered, "That's possible…”

The Hanged Man smiled upon hearing that.

"You can do it this way. First, investigate your target and seek out his whereabouts. If you obtain anything in two months, then you can hand the matter over to the Church. If the matter exceeds two months, and when Mr. World is free, then he can provide you the help needed. What do you think of that?"

Fors seriously considered it and said, "Okay.

"When the time comes, I'll discuss the price with Mr. World."

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CHAPTER 680
NEW THOUGHTS

After receiving The World's consenting nod and confirming the matter regarding Lewis Wien, Fors thought for a moment and continued, "Everyone, does anyone have a Meteorite Crystal or the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid, or any information about them?"

These were the main ingredients of the Astrologer potion formula.

Fors originally planned on continuing her requests, hoping that Mr. Moon, who was also in Backlund, could help her find Lewis Wien, but after some consideration, she decided to first do it herself. Only after confirming that there aren't any solutions or clues would she then request the Tarot Club for help.

Meteorite Crystal? Lavos Squid's crystallized blood? Sounds familiar… Isn't this because I know the Seer potion formula… Yes, it's familiar because the Seer potion formula's main ingredients is 50 grams of Stellar Aqua crystal and 10 ml of Lavos Squid blood! The main ingredients of Astrologer are like the upgraded versions of a Seer… Indeed, the Apprentice and Seer pathway can be interchanged in the future… With this in mind, Klein suddenly had an idea.

Since the potion formula of Bizarro Sorcerer is difficult to obtain, with the three options being extremely dangerous, should I consider the other Sequence 4 options in the neighboring pathways? Such as Apprentice!

Once he had this idea, he brightened up as he felt that most of his predicament had vanished.

And for the Sequence 4 potion formula of Apprentice, the Tarot Club has clues to it. It's the Abraham family behind The Magician!

With this in mind, The World looked at Miss Magician with a subconscious gentleness to his gaze. It left Fors shuddering, suspecting whether Mr. World had already formulated a plan to hunt Lewis Wien.

At this moment, The Fool Klein recalled another problem. According to Dunn's and Daly's theories, the first five Sequences of the Seer pathway didn't present any obvious progression. Each of them presented a Beyonder power of one aspect. Then, at the critical point of Sequence 4, the five of them would converge and clench like a fist, presenting a qualitative change.

Back when Captain and Ma'am Daly made this theory, they only knew bits of information regarding Seer, Clown, and Magician. I'm only able to verify this idea for the subsequent Faceless and Marionettist by myself… So, could it be that Seer, Apprentice, and the possible Marauder pathways cannot be interchanged at Sequence 4, but at Sequence 3? Klein slowly felt his joy dwindle again.

He knew too little and was temporarily unable to make a judgment. All he could do was await Mr. Azik's reply and wait to leave the waters which were watched by the True Creator before contacting Arrodes.

As Klein was thinking, he suddenly heard Cattleya say, "I have the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid. It will cost 600 pounds.

"As for Meteorite Crystal, I know where to get it from. How many grams do you need?"

600 pounds, a very reasonable price… Fors replied in a pleasant surprise, "60 grams."

"Alright, I'll give them to you within two weeks. It will also cost 600 pounds," Cattleya said clearly and succinctly.

It's resolved just like that… Today's Ma'am Hermit is really proactive with the desire to participate. Yes, she had just been.… Fors quickly nodded.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

I have 830 pounds in savings. That's enough for me to buy the crystallized blood of a Lavos Squid. But in two weeks, I still need to save up nearly 400 pounds. The royalties after the new year will be paid soon. It's about 150 pounds, making me lack 220 pounds. I have to think of ways to earn money again… Fors quickly calculated her financial situation.

Seeing how Miss Magician took only a minute to gather the main ingredients for her potion, Justice Audrey couldn't hold back either. She raised her hand slightly and said, "I wish to obtain the complete pituitary gland of an adolescent mind dragon, but if that's not possible, 60 ml of a Black-hunting Giant Lizard's spinal fluid and one fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree."

This was the main ingredient of the Hypnotist potion. If she obtained the complete pituitary gland of the adolescent mind dragon, then there was no need for any other corresponding ingredients.

Just as Audrey said that, she heard Ma'am Hermit reply.

"Since the Fifth Epoch, mind dragons have nearly gone extinct and are hard to find.

"I have the means of obtaining the spinal fluid of a Black-hunting Giant Lizard, but it will also take two to three weeks. The price ranges from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, as I'm not the one who decides it.

"I can help you keep a lookout for the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree, but I cannot guarantee anything."

Wh-what great efficiency… After Ma'am Hermit was punished, her sense of belonging towards the Tarot Club has appeared to increase. She's more

active and amiable… Audrey was momentarily speechless.

After a few seconds of silence, she bowed slightly and said, "No problem."

Alger, who had been watching by the side, suddenly felt that the development wasn't going as he expected. Having been punished by Mr. Fool, The Hermit changed her style of being mostly an observer. She began to involve herself in every matter that she could involve herself in during the Tarot Gathering. And with the strength, background, resources, and channels of a pirate admiral, she immediately produced intense and blinding light!

This "blinded" Alger so much that he could hardly open his eyes. He had a strong feeling that he was at risk.

At that moment, he wished for Ma'am Hermit to return to her former state.

Klein also felt surprised by what he heard and saw.

I thought Ma'am Hermit would be silent for some time, feeling an aversion to the Tarot Club for some time, but in the end…

Is she the type that needs to be beaten in order to be obedient?

Yes… Sparing the rod spoils the child. Queen Mystic must've spared the rod too much… Heh, the way Queen Mystic does things isn't much to speak off either. The emperor has also spared the rod!

As he lampooned, Klein controlled The World, making him survey the area before chuckling.

"Does anyone of you have the potion formula of the Seer pathway's Sequence 4, or have any clues regarding it?"

Sequence 4… Mr. World is beginning to advance towards the realm of a demigod? Audrey was surprised.

She originally imagined that she was advancing sufficiently fast, and she felt a little proud about that. But now, she suddenly realized that she was falling behind!

Mr. World has instantly become really lofty.… Fors was similarly surprised.

Although she felt that the silent, reserved, and unsocial Mr. World was a powerful Beyonder, she believed that he was still very far from a demigod, from a Sequence 4. But to her surprise, he was already seeking to purchase the Sequence 4 potion formula.

As expected of Mr. Fool's Blessed.… Alger sighed.

Likewise, Emlyn and Derrick shook their heads, expressing that they had never heard of the name of the pathway's Sequence 4.

Klein, who believed that he could obtain clues from the City of Silver or the Sanguine, could only helplessly retract The World's gaze.

After a few seconds, Cattleya said, "I need a drop of blood from a mythical creature, regardless of the kind."

In the palace held up by stone columns, silence suddenly became the main symphony. Even The World didn't know the exact concept of what a mythical creature was.

Klein didn't expose this point as he planned on inquiring about it to the people he could ask in the future. He controlled The World to remain silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll keep an eye out."

As this was a rare request from Ma'am Hermit, Justice and company also gave similar responses.

"Alright." Cattleya wasn't surprised by this outcome.

The only reason why she made the request was to express her attitude of being integrated with the Tarot Club to Mr. Fool. She believed that this was better than trembling and being apprehensive at eliminating the aftereffects of what had happened.

After a brief pause, Derrick was about to say something when Emlyn spoke out ahead of him.

The Sanguine Baron chuckled.

"The requests for our row is clear. He wants the Sun Sequence 6 Notary's potion formula, and Mr. Hanged Man wishes to obtain the Ocean Songster's."

Upon hearing this, Klein suddenly felt a little guilt-ridden. When he first obtained Creeping Hunger, he had wished to quickly release the Priest of Light in it, and obtaining the Sequence 6 and 5 potion formulas of the Sun pathway, so as to sell it to Little Sun. Yet, he hadn't completed it all this while.

I'll walk around Toscarter's pier tonight. I'll find a pirate with Beyonder powers who deserves to die or some gang leader to settle this emergency, regardless of which Sequence they are… Or, I can directly release the Priest of Light… Klein made The World deliberate before saying, "I'll provide you with the Notary potion formula in three days."

Upon saying this, he looked at Little Sun.

"You can consider what item you wish to exchange for it."

"Alright, Mr. World," Derrick replied in glee.

As for the Ocean Songster potion formula which The Hanged Man needed, everyone didn't have any clues.

Emlyn cleared his throat and said, "My request is different from the last one.

"I hope that you can help me find the believers of the Primordial Moon. Every effective clue will be rewarded with 100 pounds. A direct confirmation will be 500 pounds!"

He looked at Mr. Fool to make a request and, after obtaining "His" approval, he conjured five things that resembled bounty notices. Each person received a set of the five bounties. He and Derrick didn't have one.

Klein controlled The World to pick it up and casually browsed through it.

Galis Kevin, Dandy, Lara, Windsor Behring, Argos… They aren't weak at all. At the very least, they're equivalent to recently born Vampires… he silently muttered to himself as he memorized the corresponding information.

After completing this matter, Emlyn felt more confident about winning the "competition." He leaned back casually and waited for the other members to issue requests.

This time, no one spoke again.

Upon seeing this, The Fool Klein chuckled.

"Continue your free exchange."

Instantly, Audrey, Alger, Cattleya, and company cast their eyes at Derrick.

They remembered that The Sun had previously mentioned that he would have arrangements to join an exploration mission that involved the periphery of the Giant King's Court.

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CHAPTER 681
INDIRECT ANSWER

Being the main focus of attention, Derrick didn't choke. He eagerly said, "I've recently been in an exploration team lead by the Chief to Afternoon Town.

"It's a key gateway that leads to the Giant King's Court. It's a door that separates myth from reality."

His opening perfectly garnered the interest of all the Tarot Club members as they awaited the rest of his account in different postures.

Derrick skipped the unimportant experiences that they had during the journey, and he directly started his story from Afternoon Town. He first described the dead silence and darkness before how his three-member team discovered an underground altar. He then described how he identified the names—Ouroboros, Medici, and Sasrir—and entered another side of the town without realizing it. There, he saw the titles such as Dark Angel and the words Rose Redemption.

Having said that, he thanked Mr. Fool once again for "His" help from the predicament.

Then, Derrick simply introduced the monsters that transformed from their shadows before emphasizing the ecclesiastic who was in constant penitence in the half-collapsed cathedral.

He used his own words to describe what was said, mentioning that the ecclesiastic suddenly self-destructed when he was about to say the name of the fourth King of Angels and was burnt to a crisp by a transparent flame.

Another King of Angels! And the mood in Afternoon Town is really dark and scary. The ecclesiastic's penitence has a very, hmm—a feel of a prophet predicting a calamity… Audrey listened in relish as she had her interest about the blank line and unspeakable name piqued.

At this moment, Derrick turned his body and looked at the end of the bronze table, sincerely asking, "Mr. Fool, who was it that tempted Dark Angel Sasrir? Who does the fourth name refer to? Why can't it be said?"

Here it comes.… Behind the gray fog, Klein's smile nearly froze.

The reason that he had hurriedly sent Little Sun back to the real world was that he was afraid of facing such a question!

Back then, he was worried that Little Sun would inquire about Dark Angel Sasrir, and now, he was facing a question he didn't know the answer to.

Thankfully, a Magician never performed unprepared. After that day, Klein undoubtedly began to seriously consider how to answer such questions. Now, with great confidence, he landed his right palm on the armrest and said with a deep, meaningful glint in his eyes.

"It's because it's a secret."

He used his eyes and body language to hint to the Tarot Club members that "secret" wasn't to be taken at face level, and it had a deeper, more substantial meaning. As for what it was, they had to figure it out themselves. Deities had deep reasons to conceal certain matters.

After finishing this series of actions, Klein couldn't help but feel penitent. He felt that his charlatan vibes were increasing. Meanwhile, he felt regret that The Hermit's prying into his secrets was a result of his temptations. This was because Mr. Fool would use "His" eyes and body language to provide additional hints. Therefore, all the members would subconsciously observe "His" attitude.

That's because I have no solutions. Without doing this, how am I supposed to continue the act… It's not like I'm a real evil god! Klein sighed silently.

*Secret? The name itself is a secret? The content which Mr. Fool wishes to point out is in here? Hmm, which names are secrets themselves… True gods at Sequence 0? *Alger instantly thought of many things as he came up with a theory by combining many of the matters which Little Sun had previously mentioned.

When a name itself becomes a secret, it means that the matter involves a true god. Furthermore, it's very likely to have the Evernight Goddess involved. It's because she's the Mother of Secrets! The extreme danger of the darkness in the Forsaken Land of the Gods indirectly proves this point… Cattleya came up with an unconfirmed theory based on the knowledge she had and the hint from Mr. Fool.

Meanwhile, she was almost certain that the calamity the ecclesiastic was referring to was the Cataclysm that ended the Third Epoch.

A King of Angels who was tempted, Afternoon Town residents who fell from grace, a town being corrupted bit by bit, a black flower of calamity that blooms. All of that buried an epoch, creating the Forsaken Land of the Gods… What a heavy sense of history… Cattleya couldn't help but think poignantly.

While the Tarot Club members were in contemplation, Klein also began to analyze the reason for the empty name and the reason why it couldn't be said.

Could it be the true name of a deity? A true god had tempted Dark Angel Sasrir, and the fourth name representing the King of Angels also became a true god later?

But it's not like I haven't said the true name of a deity before. Primordial Demoness Cheek is understood by many to be on the same level as the seven deities. It's not like anything happened in the end…

Perhaps it has something to do with the language used? The languages of Loen, Intis, and Feysac, and even ancient Feysac do not possess the ability to stir the powers of nature. On the other hand, the commonly used Jotun in the City of Silver can. That ecclesiastic likely used a similar language.

I should later try to pronounce Cheek using Jotun? Then, I'll die on the spot and succeed in courting death… Forget it. Besides, having a blank name and an unspeakable name means different things… I've no idea why.

At this moment, seeing how Little Sun was still in a confused daze without understanding Mr. Fool's meaningful hint, Alger volunteered to give an explanation.

"The two names might separately represent two deities, so they cannot be said.

"Perhaps the True Creator had tempted Dark Angel Sasrir, leading to the fall from grace of the few Kings of Angels and the residents of Afternoon Town. This brought about a great calamity. It's why 'He' has a temple and statue in your Forsaken Land of the Gods.

"The fourth name that corresponds to a King of Angels might have benefited greatly from the calamity and succeeded in advancing to become a true god."

This is similar to my guess, but they can't be confirmed… Cattleya didn't supplement, as she didn't believe that their theories were facts.

Audrey, Fors, and Emlyn listened attentively as they couldn't help but feel poignant that the Tarot Club often made things appear especially high-end when discussing such matters. Things like Kings of Angels, evil gods and real gods, or ancient secrets all depended on a single word.

"Is that so… I get it." Derrick came to a realization as he earnestly thanked Mr. Fool once again.

Just as he was about to turn around, he suddenly recalled something and worriedly asked, "Mr. Fool, is the crux to leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods really in the Giant King's Court?"

After all this time, he had already accepted Mr. Hanged Man's take that the region where the City of Silver was located was known as the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

That's what I believe, but the problem is that I'm unable to confirm it… To not search for the sea and switch to exploring the Giant King's Court was likely Shepherd Lovia's suggestion. This can partially verify my theory, but it cannot eliminate the possibility that it's a conspiracy… The Fool Klein's smile nearly froze again.

His thoughts raced as he quickly thought of a solution that didn't need him to give a direct answer without tarnishing Mr. Fool's reputation.

He immediately gave a relaxed chuckle, turned his head at The Hermit Cattleya.

"Speaking of this matter, heh. Bernadette already knows the method for entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

Cattleya immediately recalled her vague memories of the dream and subconsciously looked at the end of the bronze table.

"It's that shadow?"

Before she finished speaking, she suddenly realized that she was sizing up Mr. Fool again. She hurriedly closed her eyes and said, "M-my Eye of Mystery Prying is instinctive. It can only be enhanced and not be deactivated. I need to rely on a mystical item to seal it…"

But it doesn't exist here.

Is that so… Klein nodded gently.

"You can conjure a pair of glasses."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Cattleya followed the instructions and conjured a pair of glasses.

During this process, Klein stirred a minute amount of the power above the gray fog and infused them into the pair of glasses.

By the time Cattleya wore them, she discovered that her Eye of Mystery Prying had been sealed as she had expected.

It was only at this point that Fors and company realized that Ma'am Hermit's eyes were extremely special. It had something to do with the prying of mysteries, and it didn't need to be activated to use it!

It's no wonder we didn't notice it. Ma'am Hermit was severely injured because of her attempt to pry into the mysteries of Mr. Fool… Audrey moved her lips in enlightenment, having one of her questions answered.

As for Alger, who recalled how The Hermit had previously sized him up and how he had been wearing the clergy clothes of the Church of Storms, his face nearly darkened.

Klein didn't wait for the members to calm down. He chuckled and replied to Cattleya's previous question.

"It's that shadow.

"The shadow of the Giant King's Court."

"So it's the shadow of the Giant King's Court…" Cattleya muttered in pleasant surprise.

Then, her mind went adrift as she thought, *She likely also knows this answer…*

Derrick spent a few seconds to digest the conversation between Ma'am Hermit and Mr. Fool, and he vaguely came to a realization. The key to entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods had to do with the shadow of the Giant King's Court!

*Therefore, the crux to leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods is really in the Giant King's Court? *Derrick's heart palpitated as he bowed his head in excitement.

"Thank you for your answer, Mr. Fool."

Phew… Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief. He felt that such a situation was extremely draining on his brain.

Alger kept his emotions in check as he looked around before looking at The Hermit.

"Where's the shadow of the Giant King's Court?"

He didn't dare ask Mr. Fool, as his question about the Forsaken Land of the Gods had previously been rejected.

Cattleya answered frankly, "In the waters on the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea. In the dream of the night time there.

"I happened to wish to share with all of you what I encountered this time."

Audrey and Fors simultaneously slowed their breathing as they waited excitedly for Ma'am Hermit to recount her encounters which were bound to be fantastic.

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CHAPTER 682
SEEKING “FOOD”

Cattleya controlled herself without looking at The World Gehrman. She said in a deep and slow voice, "Northeast from the Gargas Archipelago, there's a safe sea route that allows one to enter those dangerous waters…”

She began her description with the deep abyss which separated the seas, the sun chariot which couldn't be viewed directly, the night which required sleeping, the terrifying ravings that filled the entire sea, and the shadow of the Giant King's Court which stood on the opposite mountain peak in the dream world.

During this process, she didn't mention Gehrman Sparrow at all, deliberately avoiding any mention of him. As for the abnormalities that happened en route, she described them simply, such as the remnant aura of Mother Earth which caused hair to grow rapidly.

Towards the end, she placed her focus on the ruin with a sleeping corpse and the adventurers' sailboat which had the words written in blood, "Fountain of Unaging."

"This might mean that the Fountain of Unaging is in that ruin, and the corpse that produced such loud breathing is the keeper," Cattleya mentioned the common theories on the Future, but it didn't mean that it was hers.

Fountain of Unaging… One of the six major treasures at sea… Alger was tempted by what he heard as he considered the possibility of exploring those ruins after reaching Sequence 5.

Audrey finished listening attentively as she shook her head slightly.

"I don't believe that the decisive meaning behind those words in blood mean that the Fountain of Unaging is in those ruins."

After a second's pause, she attempted to analyze the deceased's state of mind.

"A person who's about to die after being attacked by monsters wouldn't point out matters regarding the treasure. If he wishes to warn companions or relatives who come looking for him, then he should've written that it's dangerous here, or speak about the source of the danger. If he plans to tell passing ships that the Fountain of Unaging is there, then he lacks the motivation to do so for a living creature at death's doorstep. Unless, a conspiracy is hidden in this matter—the conspiracy of enticing people to enter the ruin to seek out the Fountain of Unaging might be how he can be rescued."

"Yes, if I were in his shoes, I wouldn't think of desperately telling others that there's treasure here. What's in it for me?" Emlyn echoed. "Only hatred—bone-deep hatred—will make me write something like that on the brink of death. Otherwise, I'd rather tell others how I should be buried or what kind of burial items I want!"

He tsked and shook his head.

Klein nodded indiscernibly. Controlling The World, he said hoarsely, "The Fountain of Unaging is a scam."

He used absolutely certain words without any additional words that would signify other possibilities.

The Fountain of Unaging is a scam… Cattleya looked at The World before retracting her gaze in thought.

It seemed to corroborate with certain theories and guesses she had.

Alger frowned, not that he didn't agree with The World's judgment or that he believed that Miss Justice's and Mr. Moon's explanations were devoid of reason. Instead, he realized that he had completely failed to consider this possibility!

To him, this was a mistake he shouldn't have committed!

…After all these years, I'm still being temporarily blinded by immense profit.… He fell silent for a few seconds and sighed.

After exchanging what everyone had seen and heard recently, everyone began to teach Little Sun ancient Hermes, and they learned some mysticism from each other.

Time quickly passed as The Fool Klein surveyed the area after everyone came to a stop.

"Let's end it here for today."

"By your will." Audrey stood up immediately and curtsied with her illusory dress. The rest of the members said the same almost at the same time.

As he watched the blurry figures vanish before his eyes, Klein wasn't in a rush to leave. He conjured a goatskin and fountain pen and wrote down the divination statement:

"The hope for my advancement to Sequence 4."

Putting down the fountain pen, Klein held the goatskin and leaned back. As he closed his eyes, he entered a Cogitation state and began silently reciting the divination statement.

After chanting it seven times, he quickly fell asleep and entered the dream world.

The gray, blurry sky cracked open as he saw a towering mountain tear through the clouds.

At the mountaintop, there was a collapsed palace whose walls were covered with weeds and moss as they showed obvious holes.

Inside the palace's hall was a huge throne carved out of stone. It was adorned with dull gemstones and gold. It was mostly mottled and damaged.

It looked as though it wasn't prepared for a human, as countless translucent maggots were bunched densely together. They squirmed slowly as they kept growing.

Around the throne was a raving that seemed to penetrate the long rivers of time and history. It was illusory, ethereal, and constantly echoing.

"Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea…”

The moment the ravings entered his ear, Klein jolted awake before he frowned.

It really is the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. Furthermore, I can see and hear it more clearly than before…

This made him recall Queen Mystic Bernadette's prophetic words: "Your fate lies on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range."

Is that my fate? It really makes me want to be rebellious and not go… Sigh, I can't deal with absolutes. It depends… Klein sighed and conjured the five bounty notices provided by Emlyn White. Combining the information he had, he used the methods of divination to find the locations of the Primordial Moon believers.

Finally, due to his lack of information, he could only confirm two points.

Galis Kevin, Windsor Behring, and Argos are all in Backlund.

Dandy and Lara are at Enmat Harbor and Pritz Harbor respectively.

This is as good as nothing… Klein shook his head and returned to the real world.

Recalling how he had already agreed to provide Little Sun with the Notary potion formula within three days, he wore his coat and a top hat, and he prepared to head out to find a target.

When he opened the door and came to the stairwell, he saw Anderson Hood walking up, twirling his deer-hunting cap with his hand while humming a folk song.

This fellow is really good at recovering from setbacks… He was just taught a lesson by a demigod in the morning and was forced to apologize and agree to a request, but I don't see any sign of trauma from him anymore… It's no wonder he became a Sequence 5 powerhouse. Just this state of mind alone makes it difficult for him to lose control… Klein looked at him, nodding slightly as a greeting.

"Good afternoon, Gehrman." Anderson chuckled as he waved his hand. "I've received the bounty and characteristic money. I'll pay you the rest now."

As he spoke, he took out stacks of cash of different thickness from different pockets.

"It happened pretty smoothly I see," Klein commented without much emotions involved.

Anderson immediately laughed.

"That's right. It happened far smoother than I imagined! Those fellows who should have rocks for brains were surprisingly friendly, polite, and efficient! I even suspect whether I've become a Blessed of Lady Luck!"

"There's no such deity." Klein ruthlessly shattered his fantasies.

"Why so serious? It's life. Relax a little. Relax a little." Anderson handed over the remaining 1,200 pounds. "Actually, I'm very clear about what happened. That gentleman doesn't want me to waste my time, so he secretly 'exhorted' those people."

Klein glanced at the cash, pressed down on it, and asked in passing, "Have you confirmed which pirates gave you the problem?"

He was asking about the prey that resulted in the Manipulator's involvement.

"There's no way for confirmation," Anderson said with a bitter smile. "Do you think I didn't confirm it ahead of time? Although I appear nonchalant in front of you, I will investigate the prey's background and situation ahead of time to avoid provoking someone I can't afford to. Who knows… Sigh, I can only blame it on my bad luck."

…This fellow is more careful than I thought… That's right, his previous Sequence was called Conspirer… Klein thought in enlightenment before asking indifferently, "Who deserves death the most in this area?"

Anderson was taken aback before he chuckled.

"Does our craziest adventurer plan on beginning his hunting activities?

"However, you have to consider it well. I do not wish for you to be my partner when completing the demigod's mission."

Don't worry, we're different. I'm a Seer. I have all kinds of means to hide my tracks. I will not allow someone to come knocking at my door. Besides, that's a demigod of the Spectator pathway. He's not good at divination or prophecies… Klein maintained his cold attitude that was unique to Gehrman and said, "You don't have to bother."

Anderson immediately gave a thumbs up.

"Your craziness is worthy of praise!"

He thought for a moment and added, "The person who deserves death the most is Molsona from the Loen's New Party. He's one of the pirates' best friends. He has in his control some kind of plant that's similar to cannabis, which is highly addictive. This helps him control many people in the Toscarter government and the police department. He's one of the most powerful mob bosses over here…

"He has committed many crimes, killed plenty of people, and basically did it with the help of pirates. On the surface, there's no apparent problem.

"Heh heh, he isn't a Beyonder, but the difficulty in killing him is how troublesome it is, yes—troublesome!

"He has three to five Beyonders from different pirate crews providing him with protection. On the rooftops, outside the building, beneath the windows, everyone there belongs to him. To finish him off, the only way is to forcefully storm in and kill a large number of people.

"I have the means to do it, but it's too troublesome. There's also a certain level of danger. You'll become a wanted criminal after that, so I didn't deal with him and only dealt with his safe at home."

Safe… To talk about banditry in such a fresh way… Yes, I previously heard that Toscarter's main industries are its plantation economy and pirates' black market trading. It also has flourishing bar, brothel, and gambling industries. I never expected that it includes new-age drugs… Molsona is an ordinary person and not a Beyonder… Perfect, Creeping Hunger happens to lack food… Klein nodded and indicated for Anderson to go deeper into detail.

…

Evening, in the Oaktree Bar.

A boxing match was about to unfold in the boxing ring. Many alcoholics surrounded it with mugs in hand.

They were like sharks who had caught the scent of blood. As they placed their bets, they loudly yelled words such as "kill him"!

This was a business of the head of the Loen's New Party, Molsona. The unique thing about the boxing matches held here was that death was permitted!

Molsona greatly enjoyed matches that resembled ancient wrestling competitions. He often came to watch a few matches. At that moment, he was seated on the second story, overlooking the ring.

Around him were several bodyguards. They were watching every direction, and among them were no lack of Beyonders sent from the pirates he worked with, as well as experienced adventurers he hired with large sums of money.

These people either had their backs or sides facing Molsona as they surrounded him, and they prevented anyone from approaching him. Revolvers, rifles, and hunting rifles were all aimed outside to leave the masses intimidated.

After confirming the situation, Klein pressed down on his top hat, entered the bar, and saw Molsona sucking on a cigar.

This mob boss had a very discernible face. Be it his brandy nose or thin brows, they were all very unique.

Klein retracted his gaze and first went to the bar to get a cup of local malt beer worth 4 pence. Then, he made his way to the railing beneath the second floor.

Although he wasn't directly under Molsona, as it was heavily guarded, he was already not very far from him.

I'm within five meters… Klein silently muttered to himself, raised his cup of beer, and looked at the boxing ring.

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CHAPTER 683
SO YOU ARE HERE AS WELL

Black Spirit Body Threads that stemmed from different lifeforms appeared in Klein's vision, but he didn't immediately extend his spirituality to attempt to control them.

After distinguishing and confirming which Spirit Body Threads belonged to Molsona, he gulped a mouthful of malt bear as he began to focus on the boxing match in the ring, just like a real member of the audience.

The two boxers had their tops bare and didn't wear any protective gear. They fought all-out, constantly clashing with each other as fist met flesh, and the situation quickly escalated to a fervor.

Many of the alcoholic gamblers had adrenaline pumping through them as they shouted for the boxer they supported passionately, yelling, "Kill him!"

"Finish that son of a b*tch!"

On the second floor, Molsona also forgot the cigar in his hand as he was fixated on the ring below, his hands clenched tightly into fists.

Apart from those who had to have their backs facing him because they were keeping tabs on any suspicious people or watching the important regions such as the rooftop or area beneath, the people around him couldn't help but have their eyes peeled to the intense boxing match.

Klein raised his hand again, gulping a mouthful of beer as though he was out of breath from the tense atmosphere.

At this moment, his spirituality silently extended and grabbed onto the illusory black threads corresponding to Molsona.

One second, two seconds, three seconds… The brandy-nosed Molsona was just about to pump his fist a little as though he was in the ring himself when he suddenly found his brain go numb.

He felt the surroundings abruptly turn odd, as though several panes of glass were in between him and them.

Molsona immediately discovered that his thoughts had clearly slowed down, as though all the parts in his brain had suddenly rusted.

As the target was only an ordinary person whose Spirit Body was far inferior to that of a Beyonder, Klein took less than twenty seconds to achieve initial control over him.

Seven seconds!

All it took was seven seconds!

Oh no… Something wrong is happening… It's likely… a Beyonder… with relatively… special powers… Molsona, who often interacted with pirates, was no stranger to the mysterious world. It was why he spent large sums of money to hire Beyonders to protect himself. If he hadn't long destroyed his body with sex and alcohol, making his psyche relatively weak and his condition terrible, giving him a high chance of losing control if he were to consume a potion, he would've also wished to obtain supernatural powers himself.

At that moment, as his thoughts were slowing down and due to his lack of experience, Molsona spent more than ten seconds to figure out that he was under assault. He immediately reached out his arm and opened his mouth in an attempt to shout for help.

However, his actions were extremely slow, and his voice was weak. With a number of his bodyguards around him engrossed in the exciting and nerve-wracking boxing match, and the audience's roaring in an ever-increasing crescendo, as well as all the guards along the perimeter putting their attention on any possible attack locations to protect their employer, his obvious abnormality ended up being neglected.

When the climax of the match received a temporary respite, a number of bodyguards and subordinates turned to look back at their boss, and they saw that his eyes appeared somewhat in a daze. His hands didn't seem to be in the right place as if he was still caught up in the match, anxiously awaiting the final results.

The corners of the mob boss's eyes had tears welling up as he tried hard to release his fingers to drop the cigar to attract the attention of his subordinates, but he discovered in despair that his line of thought was becoming highly impeded and stiff. Even a simple action needed more than a minute to complete, and his fingers were even resisting his will!

Pa!

The burning cigar finally fell to the ground as Molsona's tears flowed down to his neck across his cheeks.

A few bodyguards discovered this and were just about to ask their boss if it was because the match was too exciting when Molsona suddenly bent down. As he wiped his face, he picked up the cigar.

"That was an excellent match! Give the victor more money!" Molsona flicked the cigar and pulled up his collar as he grinned happily.

He didn't say exactly how much was to be given, as Klein didn't know the market rates. All he could do was give a vague comment.

Yes, Molsona of the Loen's New Party had already become his marionette!

As this mob boss was only an ordinary person, and his Spirit Body was even weaker than most healthy humans, all it took was two minutes and fifteen seconds!

If the time needed was any longer, he would've had to divert his attention to create an illusion to create some chaos, making the bodyguards place their attention on protecting Molsona and not being able to discover his abnormality in time.

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

…

The shouts of the audience suddenly turned uniform as the match in the ring came to its end. Molsona also allowed his bodyguards to continue watching the match.

When a boxer collapsed to the ground unconscious, Molsona took a swig of his cigar and said, "To the lounge.

"I want to take a break."

"Yes, Boss." His bodyguards and subordinates immediately surrounded him, escorted him to the corridor on the second floor, and helped him open the door to the lounge.

After instructing his guards to guard different critical spots and to not disturb him, Molsona paced around and opened a safe. He found documents involving all kinds of new drugs and selected the most important ones.

Following that, he placed the documents and an address he cut from the newspapers, as well as a total of 758 pounds in cash into a briefcase.

With a creak, he opened the door and called for a subordinate.

"Throw this bag under the third street lamp around the alley."

"Yes, Boss." The subordinate didn't inquire why.

This was a rule!

After closing the door again, Molsona found three candles and items with spirituality and used a pen and paper to carefully draw the corresponding symbol of The Fool—a half Pupil-less Eye which represented secrecy, and the Contorted Lines which represented change.

Then, this mob boss who had become a marionette lit the candles, used cologne to represent essential oil and extract, and solemnly held a bestowment ritual.

He softly chanted The Fool's honorific name, and he used ancient Hermes, which he originally didn't know, to recite the corresponding incantation. Following that, he picked up the item with spirituality and let it fuse into the wind, constructing an illusory door with the transformed candlelight. If he couldn't find any items with spirituality, Klein had planned on using Molsona's blood. A human's blood was an item with spirituality to begin with!

In the washroom on the first floor, Klein took this opportunity by taking four steps counterclockwise and going above the gray fog.

He didn't use the Black Emperor card, and instead, he directly stirred some of the powers of the mysterious space, combining it with the paper figurine before throwing it through the bestowment door.

The pitch-blackness immediately transformed into an angel with twelve pairs of wings. It flew through the illusory and mysterious door, passing through the pitch-black depths of the void and arriving where Molsona was.

This was to disrupt any subsequent investigations via divination, prophecy, or other Beyonder powers!

Right on the heels of that, Klein picked up Creeping Hunger and threw it into the ritual's door!

Creeping Hunger arrived in the real world thanks to the bestowment ritual, and it arrived in front of Molsona. Having not eaten for a long time, it immediately became restless.

At this moment, Klein, who had returned to the washroom, controlled the frozen Molsona from a distance of dozens of meters away to immediately close his mouth and pick up the glove on the altar.

A crack opened in the middle of the glove as two rows of illusory, white, and eerie teeth were revealed!

The senses of the marionette he obtained quickly weakened as he decisively severed his control.

The slight backlash made his mind spin, but it didn't take long for him to recover.

Then, as though nothing had happened, he left the washroom, returned to the bar counter, and continued drinking the malt beer he didn't finish earlier.

At the same time, he found a rat on the second floor through the use of Spirit Body Threads, and he made it become his marionette in less than two minutes.

The rat began searching for a tunnel and path with rather awkward and unfamiliar motions, and it took quite some time before entering Molsona's lounge through a hole hidden by a bookshelf.

At this moment, a thin glove that resembled human skin lay silently on the ground as there was nothing left behind of Molsona, not even his clothes.

The rat climbed up to the table and bit on the paper with the symbol corresponding to The Fool, placing it close to the burning candle.

The paper quickly ignited and burned to ashes.

After extinguishing the three candles and returning them to their original locations, the rat came beside Creeping Hunger and bit onto it.

Then, it returned via its original path and left Molsona's lounge.

It stealthily ran all the way to the balcony facing the outside on the second story, and it silently climbed down.

On the first story where the bar counter was.

Klein finished drinking his last mouthful of beer, put down the cup, and slowly stood up.

He pressed down on his half top hat, stuffed his hands into the black double-breasted frock coat, and walked past the alcoholics and gamblers without any haste and came to the streets.

Following the light of the street lamps, he entered the alley at a normal pace. While pulling out a paper figurine and lighting it with a flick, he picked up the briefcase thrown under the third street lamp.

At this moment, a gray rat came with a thin human-skinned glove in its mouth out of the shadows.

Klein bent his back with a deadpan expression once again and picked up Creeping Hunger.

Then, the gray rat left on its own, climbing into a rubbish chute and lying there until it lost its breath.

With night about to fall, the street lamp illuminated Klein as he stood there, spreading his fingers in an unhurried manner while wearing Creeping Hunger on his left hand.

After stretching his finger joints and getting used to the glove, he carried the briefcase and followed the still vibrant and lively Oaktree Bar before vanishing at the crossroads.

…

He took out the address slip and stamps from the briefcase and left only with the important documents, pasting them onto it. Then, he placed it in a mailbox on the corner of the street. Finally, Klein changed back into Gehrman Sparrow, took a rental carriage, and headed for another bar around the pier.

It was a bar provided by Anderson that had relatively more pirates!

Upon entering the bar, Klein swept his gaze and took in the interior.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure.

The figure had a medium-sized build and his lips were purple. His brown eyes hid an intense maleficence that left one afraid. He was none other than the second mate of the King of Immortality Agalito, Slaughter Kircheis, with a bounty of 9,500 pounds!

Clearly, after escaping via the exit of the dangerous waters, the Death Announcer had arrived in the nearby Toscarter Island in search of replenishments!

So you are here as well… The corners of Klein's mouth curled up slightly, discovering in a chance encounter the Devil who couldn't be more suitable for hunting!

Just as he generated that ill intent, Kircheis sensed him and turned his head to the entrance of the bar.

Klein didn't hesitate to grab a beer on the table beside him and threw it over.

Right on the heels of that, he drew his revolver and coldly aimed.

*Bang! *

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CHAPTER 684
BATTLE ENCOUNTER

Kacha!

Kircheis only half-turned his body as the cup of beer hit the round table beside him, smashing to pieces.

Amidst the gunfire, he didn't attempt to dodge, as though he had instinctively seen through the illusion. It was as though he had a spring installed in him as he bounced to the forefront amongst the gamblers and alcoholics who were crouched down or scattered. His gaze was locked onto the cold adventurer wearing a suit by the door.

Gehrman Sparrow… Kircheis's pupils constricted as he opened his mouth and chanted the Language of Foulness that stemmed from the Abyss.

At this moment, Klein truly pulled the trigger as a pale golden bullet that appeared to be scooped out of boiling-hot water shot out, going straight for the "Slaughterer" who had a bounty of 9,500 pounds.

However, all Kircheis did was gently lift his right hand and spread his fingers to produce a light blue flame in his palm. Then, he grabbed the bullet in an unimaginable manner.

The bullet entered a "cage" as the light blue flames solidified. Following that, the bullet emitted sunlight, just enough of it to neutralize everything.

Two figures stood up beside Kircheis, one of them was a short-haired woman wielding dual pistols, and the other was a boorish man in boxing gloves.

Clearly, Kircheis didn't come to Toscarter's pier in search for supplies alone. Or it should be said that he definitely had partners he knew here!

Three Beyonders… Kircheis might even be a Sequence 5… At that moment, Klein nearly blurted out something along the lines of "sorry, my bad."

One couldn't make any preparations when attacking a Devil, relying on complete chance. Furthermore, there couldn't be any hesitation; otherwise, the Devil would immediately detect the ill intent and danger.

However, under such situations, it was truly hard to tell who held the advantage in such situations!

Klein didn't hesitate to turn around while holding his revolver. Then, he agilely dashed for the staircase leading to the bar's second story amidst the crowd and above the crouching alcoholics.

Just as he dashed in, a light blue fireball smashed into the side of the staircase before instantly exploding.

Boom!

A tiny part of the bottom of the staircase collapsed as the bar began to tremble. The strong smell of sulfur spread.

Kircheis and his two companions didn't delay as they jumped across the first few steps of the staircase in fervent pursuit of Gehrman Sparrow.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein ran for the second story, and midway, he quickly began his examination of the corresponding Spirit Body Threads.

This allowed him to easily find an empty room without any humans. He turned around, took a step, and was about to enter the door before jumping off the window to escape from the bar.

At that moment, Kircheis and his two companions chased up to the second story, and upon seeing this scene, they tacitly split up. The former continued the pursuit, while the latter entered the rooms on the same side in a bid to head down to intercept Gehrman.

And Klein was waiting precisely for this opportunity!

He suddenly half turned his body as his left black-gloved hand grabbed at the air.

The woman with the dual pistols and the man in boxing gloves continued their actions without detecting any abnormalities. They rushed into the other rooms, jumped off the windows, and went far away without returning.

Their goal and actions of "separate and intercept" had allowed Klein to use the Baron of Corruption's Distortion to change it to "separate and take action alone!"

This wouldn't last very long, but it was enough time for Klein to fight Kircheis one-on-one for a brief moment.

Boom. Having completed Distortion, he fell to the ground, rolling inside the building and avoiding the light blue fireball which Kircheis kept shooting out.

Amidst the incessant booming, the buildings where the bar originally was wavered as though it had experienced an earthquake.

Right on the heels of that, Kircheis rapidly lunged forward, entering the rather vast room.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow adeptly somersaulting and jumping without fighting him head-on while also controlling his emotions very well, Slaughterer immediately opened his mouth and used the unique Language of Foulness to say the word, "Slow!"

The entire room and all the objects inside seemed to calm down. Klein's somersaulting actions slowed down significantly and weren't as smooth as before.

Kircheis didn't hesitate to lock onto his target as he followed up with another word of the Devil language.

"Die!"

Klein's figure instantly froze as he stood rooted on the spot and gradually turned faint and thin, becoming a paper figurine filled with spotted red rust.

At the same time, he surfaced by the side of the door, wearing a half top hat and black double-breasted frock suit. He reached out his black-gloved hand, grabbed the handle, and shut the door to the collapsing room with a pull.

Creak!

The din outside vanished as the room seemed to stand out alone, becoming a firm cage.

Upon seeing this, Kircheis's body swelled as his clothes tore.

He instantly transformed into a behemoth nearly three meters tall. His skin appeared dark, but it was dark black and sinister. Goat horns filled with countless mysterious patterns grew on his head as a pair of bat wings on his back spread open. Swirling around him were light blue flames that emitted the strong smell of sulfur.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Light blue fireballs shot out in unison, blanketing the region around the door. At the same time, the redness in Kircheis's eyes bloomed as he said with the extremely corruptive words of the Devil, "Corruption!"

This was also an area of effect attack!

The light blue in his eyes filled up as Klein clenched his left hand, which wore a sinister and noble glove, and quickly did a half twist.

The fireballs immediately lost their trajectories and acted chaotically as though in random motion.

They smashed into the ceiling, the door, ground, or flew backward at Kircheis. Immediately, the booming sounds in the room undulated. The seal created by the power of Distortion suffered an intense blow as it trembled, but it didn't show any signs of damage.

The light blue flames soared into the sky as the smell of sulfur spread. Klein's body suddenly bent down as his body was covered in a layer of clearly sticky black liquid.

*Bang! *

His figure exploded, turning into torn pieces of paper and corrupted black fog.

Immediately following that, he surfaced on the other side, his skin a clear dark shade. His clothes were torn from the explosive force and the flames from the abyss.

Corruption, which had splash damage, was useful against his Paper Figurine Substitutes to a certain extent, inflicting damage to a certain degree via an unavoidable influence. And the aftermath of the explosion wasn't within Klein's control. Similarly, it dealt damage to him.

However, upon their first encounter, Klein had "given" Kircheis a cup of beer, completing the Bribe; therefore attacks and control effects directed at him were greatly negated!

Kircheis clearly didn't expect the minor influence that Corruption had dealt to Gehrman Sparrow. Just as he pulled out a long blade formed entirely of flames, and before he could unleash his speed and strength in a fervent

attack, he saw his opponent's left hand's glove transform as though it was made of gold.

Two blinding streaks of lightning tore out of Klein's eyes!

Psychic Piercing!

"Ah!"

Kircheis instantly let out a tragic cry as he felt as though a hundred bottles of holy water had been infused into his mind.

He was rich in actual combat experience and, knowing that having been struck by a psyche attack, knew that he would subsequently suffer a series of relentlessness attacks. Hence, he instinctively transformed into a pitch-black liquid and began spreading across the floor.

The liquid appeared to be the coalescence of the darkest and evilest desires of a person's heart as the liquid spread across the room towards Gehrman Sparrow, as though it would corrupt everything.

This state is truly perfect… In a battle encounter, either party would suffer the problem of not being sufficiently prepared… Thankfully, I've always remembered the suspected Desire Apostle I encountered, and I've completely held back all desires and emotions… Klein didn't dodge as the glove on his left hand rapidly bloomed with pure and clean sunlight.

He spread out his arms, allowing a pillar of holy light that had golden flames swirling around it descend from the sky. It illuminated every corner and every shadow of the room!

The column of light struck the richest parts of the pitch-black liquid as it radiated outwards in a rippling manner.

Amidst the bright and holy light, the pitch-black liquid quickly evaporated and mostly vanished.

Kircheis hurriedly materialized his body and reformed near the window.

He still maintained his state as a three-meter-tall Devil. He was as calm as always, but he could hardly hold back his intense bloodlust and desire to kill.

The present him was already rather weak. He didn't dare to circle around Gehrman Sparrow as he waited for him to show any emotion so as to control his desires. He ignited the two mysterious goat horns on his head in an attempt to forcefully attack his enemy's psyche, inducing emotions to a certain degree in an unavoidable manner.

Once he had any desires or emotions, the situation would be in the Desire Apostle's control!

At that moment, Kircheis's head suddenly turned numb, causing him to nearly lose the thoughts he previously had!

After both parties entered a range of five meters, the reason why Klein remained in a passive state, using Paper Figurine Substitutes and a Baron of Corruption's Distortion powers to barely put up a fight and stall for time, was to divert attention in order to control Kircheis's Spirit Body Threads!

With the strength of a Sequence 5's Spirit Body, it wasn't easy to obtain initial control over Slaughterer to begin with. However, with the cup of beer Bribe, it reduced Kircheis's defense and resistance. And after that, this Desire Apostle suffered a Psychic Piercing and was thoroughly purified once by Light of Purification. As a result, he had become rather weak!

Therefore, even though Klein was using his other powers, he still took fifteen seconds to obtain initial control over Kircheis.

The intense battle in the room instantly turned quiet. Although Kircheis's thoughts had turned slow, he still had the ability to complete certain actions. He could still forcefully resist the control that stemmed from the depths of his Spirit Body.

The bloodshot colors in his eyes converged as his eyes reflected Gehrman Sparrow's figure. The curled goat horns on his head began to burn intensely as hatred, greed, lust, wrath, and other emotions and desires began to spread outwards in a corporeal manner.

Klein entered a half-Cogitation state as he calmly focused on deepening his control, hoping to quickly make Kircheis lose all means of resistance.

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CHAPTER 685
FROM A DELAY TO DISCONNECTION

In the room that had been reduced to shambles, Klein, whose top hat had fallen to the side and clothes had become tattered, was about four meters away from Kircheis, who was a behemoth with bat wings. The situation was so quiet, as though a puppet show was being played.

In fact, Klein still had the means to do something else.

Back when Marionettist Rosago forcefully controlled both him and Sharron, he could resist the Wraith's possession and use Flame Controlling to summon a flame to destroy the shadow pulled in by Sharron. If he hadn't made a serious mistake by targeting the Sequence 5 Wraith, Rosago could've diverted his attention to killing Klein, snuffing out any chance of him using the Language of Foulness charm. Now, although Klein was definitely inferior to him, there was also only one enemy!

Of course, there wasn't really much he could do. Under the premise of not losing control over Kircheis, he could move, but he couldn't do it too hastily or quickly. He could use Beyonder powers which didn't expend too much of his spirituality, but he couldn't divert his attention to power the mystical items he carried, or use actions that required too much movement like drawing a gun.

And when a target was controlled to a certain extent, several attacks could nudge or stimulate the target, allowing them to resist the control of their Spirit Body Threads to a greater extent and even show signs of escaping from his control.

Therefore, Klein had to wait.

At that moment, his heart rate suddenly sped up as an uncontrollable sense of horror and anxiety surfaced in his mind.

He couldn't help but suspect that Kircheis's companions who had their intentions affected by Distortion were about to return!

No good! My emotions have been stirred! Klein was first taken aback as he tried to use Cogitation to forcefully calm his agitated heart.

Haha… He has… emotional stirrings… A chance… Kircheis was delighted as a slow thought flashed through his mind.

Then, using his Beyonder powers, he attempted to magnify Gehrman Sparrow's horror and anxiety, planting an emotional seed in him.

As long as he succeeded, all he needed was to completely "trigger" it, maiming his opponent, making him unable to influence him further!

No… How can it… be ineffective… His… emotional stirrings… have disappeared… Kircheis's bloodshot eyes constricted slowly as it was gradually filled with shock, alarm, and anger.

Klein, who imagined that he had given the Desire Apostle a chance to counterattack, discovered that nothing had happened after completely calming himself down. The curled goat horns on Kircheis's head were ignited, but he didn't attempt to use his emotional stirrings!

Moments after having this thought, Klein roughly understood the situation.

It wasn't that Kircheis didn't wish to control his horror and anxiety, but it was that he had failed!

From the moment he sensed the emotional stirrings, he had to take a few seconds to digest the situation before using two to three seconds to make

the decision. Finally, he spent even more time to organize his thoughts before channeling the corresponding Beyonder powers. All of that took him at least ten seconds to complete.

Klein only took a total of three to four seconds to calm his mind after detecting the problem.

Therefore, Kircheis's Beyonder powers naturally failed to be effective against an enemy who was in normal condition.

To put it simply, the delay was too long! Under such situations, don't try to fiddle around with highly intricate matters… Klein lampooned before suppressing his sense of schadenfreude.

After another ten seconds, Kircheis finally understood the source of the problem. He no longer considered targeting desires and emotions, and instead, while flapping the bat wings on his back with great difficulty, he relied on a Devil's powerful body and Spirit Body to resist the control stemming from the Spirit Body Threads. He tried to make the swirling light blue flames slowly coagulate into a fireball.

Klein could almost foresee fireballs bombard him; hence, he didn't hesitate to split off some of his spirituality, snapping his fingers using his right thumb and middle finger.

Pa!

The light blue flames suddenly soared before they truly took form and collapsed completely. They were like fireworks blooming behind Kircheis.

Magician's Flame Controlling!

Kircheis continued struggling, but his actions became even slower as he resembled a rusting puppet. As for Klein, he casually moved his feet to dodge the Devil language Kircheis had launched with all his strength.

Three seconds, two seconds, one second… Klein suddenly stopped as his eyes locked onto Kircheis's head which had lost its curved goat horns.

At that moment, he still needed two and a half minutes from controlling this Desire Apostle to turn him into his marionette, but Klein didn't have such plans. He never had such plans in the first place!

It took too much time, allowing Kircheis's companions to rush back in time!

Klein only had one ultimate goal—it was to control Kircheis to a certain extent so that attacks within a certain limit wouldn't help him escape his predicament!

The bloodshot eyes, grimacing expression, and sharp teeth with drooling saliva reflected in Klein's eyes. He opened his mouth and said a word, "Bang!"

Air Bullet! An Air Bullet of a Sequence 5!

This was already comparable to a bullet shot from a steam rifle!

*Bang! *

The Air Bullet accurately hit Kircheis's forehead, causing him to throw up his head, yanking the Spirit Body Threads.

In between his brows, a bloody hole that wasn't too deep had appeared. It wasn't a mortal blow.

To a Devil, a Desire Apostle, their bodies seemed to be cloaked with thick and hard armor. Their blood and flesh had extreme elasticity and defensive strength.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Klein kept creating Air Bullets while making gunshot sounds, striking Kircheis's forehead, again and again, slowly leaving it a contiguous mess. At the same time, he stably controlled the Spirit Body Threads to prevent him from using the feedback to weaken his influence.

Kircheis let out an angry stuttering roar as he tried moving forward in a bid to counterattack, but Klein was a lot more agile than him!

And his plans to liquefy undoubtedly failed because of the control of the Spirit Body Threads.

*Bang! *

Another Air Bullet struck Kircheis, completely shattering his forehead, penetrating his brain.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The subsequent bullets flew in, one bullet after another.

*Bang! *

Kircheis's skull was finally sent flying as black crevices filled his brain. At that moment it was a complete mess.

The aura of this Slaughterer worth 9,500 pounds quickly dissipated, but he didn't close his eyes, as he had already lost them.

Bit by bit, he collapsed to the ground slowly as Klein walked over and extended his left hand.

Two blood-red eyes split open in the middle of the glove.

A cold and eerie wind appeared as Slaughterer Kircheis's Spirit Body, as well as his black fog-like Beyonder characteristic shot towards Creeping Hunger amidst screams before fixing itself to a blank finger.

Soon, the glove turned black once again, but this time it was profound and pure, resembling countless squirming dots of the same color formed one layer after another.

Klein sensed the changes for two seconds before walking towards the shattered window, feeling somewhat disappointed and also somewhat delighted.

When Grazing Kircheis, he had actually considered which Beyonder powers he wished to receive and which he didn't wish to receive. The one he didn't wish for was the danger premonition of a Devil, as this needed to have Creeping Hunger constantly activated while maintaining Kircheis's soul. And this meant that he needed to feed the glove every day, which spelled an extreme inconvenience for himself. Furthermore, this also overlapped with his powers as a Seer to a certain extent.

As for whether the danger premonition of a Devil worked after making it into his marionette, Klein believed that it was targeted on the marionette and had nothing to do with its controller.

What Klein wished for the most was to "draw" the Desire Apostle's Beyonder powers of using a target's emotional stirrings or the use of any of the Language of Foulness, with the best being Death or Corruption.

At that moment, he had been quite lucky to obtain three Beyonder powers. One of them was Language of Foulness, but it wasn't Death or Corruption, but Slow. This allowed all targets in a seven-to eight-meter radius to instantly turn numb or even come to a halt. However, it could only be maintained for two seconds.

The second Beyonder power was Sword of Lava. It could create a flaming sword with extremely high offensive power. One strike could directly cleave through a thick stone column, leaving the sliced off end to appear to be melted off. This was the option Kircheis had used when he attacked maniacally.

The third was Sulfur Fireball. Not only could it create an explosion of considerable might, but it could also poison people and objects which had been stained by the flames. If matched with a Devil form's powers, ten to twenty fireballs could be launched at the same instance. Out of that form, it maxed out at three.

That's not bad. The damage delivered by Sword of Lava to non-undead or non-corrupt creatures is clearly higher than the Priest of Light's Light of Holiness… Klein came to the window and happened to see the backs of Kircheis's companions opening up a distance from him.

They haven't shaken off the influence? No, with so much time having passed, they must've shaken off the influence and returned somewhere nearby. Now, they're escaping? They sensed Kircheis's death? That's a little weird… Klein turned his head back and saw Kircheis's corpse still in his Devil form. His form didn't change back into a human as a result of his death.

He looked at the corpse for two seconds before coming up with a theory.

"Powers like the Devil form are a state that brings a body close to the state of losing control. However, they still have their reasoning and can change back while they're in control. Otherwise, they will maintain their forms."

Klein didn't delay as he searched the Devil's corpse. He discovered that Kircheis's gigantification had torn all his clothes and pants, causing his wallet and cash to scatter across the ground. Later, they were all destroyed due to the blanketing attack from the fireballs and sulfurous flames.

"…” Just as Klein looked away, he suddenly discovered something twinkling in the giant Devil's chest.

It was a thin and long crystal formed purely of blood. A faint smell of sulfur emanated around it.

"What's that?" Klein frowned, unable to figure out an answer.

Kircheis's Beyonder characteristics has clearly entered Creeping Hunger. Why would his corpse produce something strange? A question flashed across Klein's mind.

Furthermore, as the second mate of the King of Immortality, Kircheis didn't even carry a mystical item or Sealed Artifact. This had exceeded his expectations.

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CHAPTER 686
A HARD-TO-COMPLETE RITUAL

After thinking for a moment, Klein, who didn't have an answer, put away the thin blood crystal when he didn't sense any danger from it. Then, he bent down to inspect Kircheis's Devil form which had lost half its head.

*I wonder if I can still use this to exchange for a bounty, and if so, how much can I get… I have no idea who I can contact from the military over here. Send Oz Kent a telegram? This back and forth, together with the work he has to do remotely, it's hard to tell if it will finish in three to four days. I'll be leaving tomorrow… Also, I can't forget the middleman's cut. *He mumbled, walked to the side, and picked up the clearly charred half top hat and wore it.

Then, he dragged the heavy and massive Devil's corpse and walked to the door before reaching out to open the door.

A howling wind blew in, breaking the silence in the room.

Klein tapped his finger joint to deactivate the Spirit Body Threads vision as he continued dragging the nasty and terrifying Devil's corpse across the corridor, down the stairs to the first floor.

At that moment, there weren't many people left in the bar. Tables and chairs were overturned, and there were shards everywhere. It was a mess.

Klein went past the heavily damaged staircase and into the main hall. He surveyed the area and found the forlorn bar owner behind the bar counter.

Few of the bouncers he hired had remained. Most had scattered off.

Tap. Tap. Tap… Klein walked over one step at a time with the Devil corpse behind him bumping into the furniture.

"W-what are you planning to do?" the owner took a step back as he yelled at the top of his lungs.

His bouncers gathered over, shuddering in fear. Their eyes were darting around as their bodies revealed their own inclinations. It appeared as though they would immediately flee the moment any incident happened.

Klein stopped in his tracks, throwing Kircheis's corpse in front of him.

Then, he said in a deep voice, "Can you claim bounty rewards?"

The owner was stunned for a second as he instinctively moved his gaze down before seeing the huge Devil's corpse which still had some blue flames lingering around it.

He and his bouncers drew a cold gasp at the same time, many of them feeling surreal.

This was a real devil!

Apart from its lack of curled goat horns, it looked identical to the devils described in the Church's bibles or mythical stories!

To ordinary people living in the pirates' playground, it wasn't rare to witness supernatural powers. Here, their horizons were clearly broader than the colonies of Oravi and the civilians of the kingdom's native soil. However, as the owner and bouncers of a bar, they had never seen real devils before. They even suspected that it was an attempt by the Church to tarnish unofficial Beyonders.

The owner retracted his gaze with great difficulty as he looked at the stoic adventurer in tattered clothes.

"I can. Th-they should have the means to determine that this is Kircheis.

"It's Kircheis, right?"

Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief and silently nodded.

The owner hesitated for two seconds and forced a fearful smile.

"However, it's impossible to get everything. As you know, there will be some money spent during the process. The fees cost about 30%; otherwise, you'll have to wait quite a while. After all, 9,500 pounds isn't a small sum. For Toscarter's pier, it will take at least a week. I-its because there are pirates frequenting this area, and there are often adventurers here to claim bounties. Therefore, it constantly has quite a bit of cash reserves. If you were in Oravi Island or anywhere else, it might take two weeks or even a month."

9,500 pounds really wasn't a small sum. Klein clearly remembered that back in Tingen City, the Nighthawks team's monthly budget was only about 1,000 pounds. The budget was even split between the Church and the police department.

He thought for a moment and asked the bar's boss, "Do you know me?"

"Yes." The owner hurriedly nodded.

Klein swept his gaze across everyone and continued asking, "Can you figure out where I'm living?"

"Yes, yes." The owner didn't dare to lie.

Klein tersely responded before using a flat and direct tone.

"Send 6,000 pounds to me before noon tomorrow."

6000 pounds? That's less than 70%. That's about 600 pounds short… The owner was taken aback, never expecting the crazy adventurer to take the initiative to lower the price.

"Can you do it?" Klein asked again.

The additional 650 pounds was his compensation for the bar. After all, he had left the bar in a mess. However, this wasn't something the crazy adventurer would say himself. He believed that the bar's owner wasn't a philanthropist. There was no way he would hand over the excess to others.

The owner considered it seriously before replying, "Yes!"

Even though the official process wouldn't be that fast, there was nothing he needed to worry about. This was because he planned on borrowing some of the money and using his savings to pay the bounty reward which Gehrman Sparrow wanted.

To be able to earn several hundred pounds at once wasn't something he would miss out on!

Klein nodded and didn't speak another word. He turned around and walked to the bar's entrance.

When he came near, he took out a few yellow pennies and threw them onto a tiny round table that still stood standing.

After some clinking sounds, the pennies spun to a stop. They numbered eight pence.

While doing this action, the black-suited Klein didn't stop walking. His figure soon disappeared from the entrance.

"W-what's the meaning of that?" the owner said with a surprised and blank look.

Most of the bouncers shook their heads with the same expression, indicating that they didn't know Gehrman Sparrow's motive.

Only a bouncer who had been standing guard by the door thought with a frown. Then, he said uncertainty, "When he first entered, he took… he took someone's cup of beer and threw it at Kircheis.

"This is the compensation for that cup of beer, as well as the cup?"

The bar fell into silence once again. Although the owner and bouncers couldn't accept such an explanation, they had the baffling feeling that this matched the style of the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow.

…

Another set of clothes ruined. That's nearly 9 pounds… Thankfully, I made quite a lot this time… Yes, I'll have to make another set tomorrow… After turning into another street, Klein stopped and observed himself.

He wasn't in a rush to return to the hotel he stayed at. He first followed the information provided by the head honcho of the Loen's New Party, Molsona, and found a policeman who was controlled by drugs. The man helped the gangs commit several sordid deeds, to the point of creating a scheme to kill a witness. He channeled his spirit to confirm his crimes before allowing Creeping Hunger to enjoy a true feast for the day.

After doing that, Klein returned to his hotel via a carriage and entered his room.

After setting up the altar, he used a ritual to send Creeping Hunger and the thin blood crystal above the gray fog.

Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein didn't hesitate to pick up the glove and release the soul of the Priest of Light.

This Sequence 5 powerhouse had a thin face and an elegant bearing. He was an amiable elder, and he wore a simple white clergyman's robe. He bowed to express his gratitude to the mysterious existence who was concealed by the gray fog.

Klein gently nodded as a response. Then, he conjured pen and paper and wrote down the divination statement: "The potion formulas for the Sequences above the Sun pathway's Sequence 7."

Leaning back into his seat, he began using dream divination to communicate with the spirit.

The grayish world quickly changed. He saw the Priest of Light roll open a piece of brownish goatskin in a room filled with sunlight. On it was a formula written in ancient Feysac: "Sequence 6, Notary.

"Main ingredients: 1 set of crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders, 5 feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird.

"Supplementary ingredients: 100 ml of Radiance Spirit Pact Tree's juice, 1 golden-rimmed sunflower, 1 white-rimmed sunflower, 5 drops of Aqua Fern juice."

After the scene paused for a few seconds, ripples surfaced again, outlining an opulent hall filled with golden statues.

Inside the hall, a man covered in pure light that prevented one from looking straight at him said to a half-centenarian elder, "This is the potion formula for the Priest of Light. Remember, dispel the darkness and praise the sun."

The elder received it in excitement and spread open the ancient goatskin.

"Sequence 5, Priest of Light.

"Main ingredients: red comb of a Dawn Rooster, a pure white Brilliance Rock.

"Supplementary ingredients: 5 grams of Rosemary, 7 drops of fingered citron juice, 10 ml of Rock Water, 60 ml of a King of Dawn Rooster's blood.

"Ritual: In pure darkness, bury your entire body in ice that usually doesn't melt, before consuming the potion."

The scene quickly vanished without any additional content.

Klein wasn't surprised. He knew very well that when it involved the domain of a demigod, the seven Churches would often directly provide the potions and rituals without giving them the formula.

At this moment, the Priest of Light's figure had mostly dispersed due to the forceful spirit channeling.

His painful expression eased as he raised his head and spread out his arms as though he was embracing sunlight.

"Praise the sun!" the Priest of Light closed his eyes as he piously said.

Those were his last words as his Spirit Body rapidly disintegrated and plummeted into the gray fog before completely disappearing.

A pious believer… Klein sighed in comment. Following that, he recalled what he had seen in the dream and recorded the formula.

*The main ingredient of a Notary is the root crystal of the Tree of Elders… I remember that Miss Justice's Psychiatrist potion requires the fruit of the Tree of Elders… From the looks of it, the Spectator and Sun pathways might be interchangeable at High-Sequences… The difficulty of the Priest of Light's ritual for most people is to find ice that usually doesn't melt, but it's different for Little Sun. To bury a living person in pure darkness in the

Forsaken Land of the Gods might lead to one's disappearance. A method to avoid this has to be figured out… Dispel the darkness and praise the sun is the acting method? *Klein considered for a moment before picking up the blood crystal produced by Kircheis's body.

After a few seconds of consideration, he wrote down the corresponding divination statement in a serious manner: "Its origins."

Holding up the item and the piece of paper, Klein chanted softly once more and entered a dream.

In the gray, blurry world, he saw the gigantic sailboat, the Death Announcer, with its bow and stern curving up high. He saw Kircheis climb up a soft ladder and arrive on the deck.

Just as this Desire Apostle found his footing, a sticky black fog emanated from the deck's cracks. It was filled with a corruptive smell that enveloped Kircheis within it, corrupting and tainting all the shimmering objects on him, including his body.

The gas quickly contracted and entered Kircheis's chest. The color gradually turned red, as though it was a bloodstain.

Finally, everything was restored to normal. Kircheis genuflected as he said to the deck, "Your will is my will. Great Death Announcer!"

Following that, the scene shattered as Klein opened his eyes.

He sat straight and looked at the thin and long blood crystal. In thought, he silently said, *The Death Announcer is alive?*

A Sealed Artifact with living traits?

This crystal is the source of its control over its crew, and it comes equipped with an intense corruptive force. Therefore, mystical items of low levels will be corrupted by it?

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CHAPTER 687
BLATHERER

Picking up the blood crystal and smelling the faint smell of sulfur, Klein could vaguely sense the corrosive powers hidden deep within.

Legend has it that the Abyss is an area with the greatest powers of corruption. Even an angel will fall and lose control there. The people guarding the Abyss will eventually be assimilated by the Abyss… The characteristic shown by the Desire Apostle does match this point. Hmm, deepening the assimilation of a Desire Apostle? Klein allowed his thoughts to wander.

Soon, he noticed a detail. Kircheis had declared loyalty to the Death Announcer, and not to King of Immortality Agalito!

Does this mean that the real King of Immortality is the Death Announcer? Agalito is only its spokesperson or the administrator to infect targets? Heh, rumor has it that Agalito isn't a demigod and isn't at Sequence 4. He relies solely on the Death Announcer to become one of the Four Kings. If that's the case, his actual situation is worse than I expected. He doesn't even have any autonomy…

Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility that he's a Sequence 4, and his relationship with the Death Announcer is just one of cooperating partners. He's a Demon after all. He's crafty and enjoys misleading people…

Klein contemplated for a few seconds before attempting another divination to see if he could obtain any revelation for the blood crystal's usage.

He wasn't afraid that it would incur huge trouble for him, or it could be said that he was already prepared to receive any. Even if it was connected to the Devil King in the Abyss, it would at most be equivalent to the backlash from the True Creator or Eternal Blazing Sun. Klein believed that the gray fog had the means to defend against and suppress it.

This is the first time. I won't have my location locked on, so it's not a big problem… Besides, I already divined its origins, and there wasn't any danger. Therefore, the Death Announcer definitely isn't a Sequence 0 Devil… Eh, isn't that obvious? If it's really a Sequence 0 Devil, or a Sealed Artifact at the level of King of Angels, Amon, then there's no need to avoid the joint forces of me, Queen Mystic, Admiral of Stars, and Anderson… Klein realized that he had been frightening himself. He began to seriously begin the dream divination.

In the blurry world, he saw a world covered with sticky black fog.

A monster formed from dark-colored lumps of flesh squirmed over as its body cavity produced a raging roar, "Blatherer!"

The scene changed, producing an ancient-looking altar which was splashed with fresh blood. Engraved on of it were words and symbols filled with a corruptive feeling; it was as though they were shouting something.

The hazy world shattered as Klein slowly opened his eyes and sat straight.

He tapped his finger on the edge of the long bronze table and muttered to himself, *Blatherer refers to the state before the Death Announcer became a Sealed Artifact—a Blatherer from the Abyss. Or was it a gigantic monster formed from dark-colored lumps of flesh that became a Sealed Artifact after being killed by a Blatherer?*

Heh heh, regardless, the final confirmation is that there's one ship involved. Otherwise, it wouldn't have solidified into its present state.

Hmm… From the laughter of the person on the brink of losing control, it's very likely that the Death Announcer corresponds to Blatherer. A preliminary prediction is that it isn't a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact; otherwise, King of Immortality would be the best of the Four Kings… It's probably a Sequence 3? Furthermore, Agalito clearly doesn't match well with it. The level of power shown isn't that high. It's at most Sequence 4…

That corruptive altar that gave off a feeling as though it was shouting suggests that the blood crystal is able to summon a high-level Devil? For example, the Blatherer?

Having no idea how to summon a high-level Devil, nor having any plans on doing so, Klein casually threw the thin blood crystal along with the Beyonder characteristic—the glowing crystal left behind by the Priest of Light—into the junk pile. Then, he perfunctorily named the former: Aura of Blatherer!

After doing this, Klein cautiously attempted another divination. It was to confirm if he would encounter any danger that night, danger that came from King of Immortality Agalito.

In fact, he already had a prediction for the divination's outcome. King of Immortality Agalito wouldn't touch ground on the island!

Firstly, it was because Toscarter had a hidden demigod. Ordinary Beyonders might not know, but the Four Kings would have some level of understanding. And it was unlikely Agalito would wish to have any head-on conflict with other demigods. Forcefully entering the "territory" of another person wasn't his style.

Secondly, Klein's previous theory had produced a conclusion: Agalito didn't dare to leave the Death Announcer, and the Death Announcer had no way of going ashore!

Indeed, Klein received the revelation that it would be very safe that night.

This meant that he didn't need to change his appearance and move to another hotel.

…

Around nine in the morning of the next day, Klein saw Anderson Hood appear the moment he walked into the restaurant on the first floor and found a seat. Anderson immediately sat opposite him.

This Strongest Hunter used his fingers to comb his short blond hair, making it part seventy-thirty. As he looked at Gehrman Sparrow, he tsked with a laugh.

"Impressive, you managed to hunt Kircheis even when fighting one-on-three!

"The way you dragged the Devil's corpse downstairs has already spread throughout Toscarter Pier.

"Heh, it's said that every pirate with a bounty on their head has decided to distance themselves from your sights. They will not appear anywhere within a five-kilometer radius from you!"

Ever since he acquainted himself with Frank Lee, Klein had quit drinking milk. He raised his hand to order a cup of coffee, a piece of white bread, two toasts, a roasted pork sausage, and a plate of butter. Then, he replied in an extremely calm manner, "Your ability at gathering intel is pretty good."

Anderson chuckled.

"This is necessary for a hunter. Heh, the Toscarter adventurers are discussing a serious question as to who is the strongest hunter!"

When Anderson saw Gehrman Sparrow look up with a cold and ambiguous gaze, his smile froze.

"They've all chosen you.

"Haha, after all, this is the Sonia Sea, and not the Fog Sea."

Why did you need to add that second sentence? It's just asking for a beating… Klein casually asked, as though being indifferent, "Anything else?"

"Ah?" Anderson suddenly felt his comprehension skills were impeded.

"Any other intel?" Klein repeated himself with more details.

"There is…" Anderson suddenly signaled with his eyes. "Molsona from the Loen New Party has mysteriously disappeared last night. He mysteriously disappeared in his own room while being protected by countless guards! The official explanation is that Molsona has already died. The reason was that he possibly consecrated an evil god or summoned a devil. Heh, no one believes that. It's because the Church of Storms has received an anonymous letter that has detailed records of Molsona's crimes, as well as evidence."

He stared intently at Gehrman Sparrow, hoping that the crazy adventurer would provide him with more information.

He clearly remembered that Gehrman Sparrow had just asked him who deserved to be killed yesterday afternoon. And his answer was Molsona from the Loen New Party.

Klein tersely responded without saying anything more.

At this moment, a figure rushed into the hotel. After looking around, he walked towards Klein in delight.

He was none other than the bar owner from before.

"Mr. Sparrow." The owner took off a bonnet that had a depression in the middle and bowed. "It has already been confirmed, but the process will take

another two days. After all, it's too large a sum. Heh heh, I know you'll be leaving today, so in order to not delay your schedule, I've decided to cover the bounty for now. Well, a portion of it comes from the bar's liquid cash, and a portion of it I loaned from my friends. Please make sure the number is right."

He deliberately spoke in detail to express his goodwill to Gehrman Sparrow while earning a profit. He wanted to befriend this crazy adventurer.

As for whether King of Immortality would seek revenge on him, he wasn't too worried. Many a time, Kircheis would similarly claim bounties through him. After all, it was a reward for battles between pirates. Everyone liked gaining some additional cash. It was an unspoken rule at sea.

Klein did a count of the thick stack of notes worth 6,000 pounds. He split them into a few stacks and placed them into different pockets. Then, he said with a nod, "Not bad."

The bar owner heaved a sigh of relief. He then warily surveyed his surroundings before suppressing his voice.

"You have to be careful. King of Immortality is a very vengeful person. He might intercept your ship at sea."

He didn't dare to say that he had the means to arrange for someone to board certain ships to depart in secret, afraid that it would be detected by King of Immortality and that he would suffer retaliation as a result.

"I know," Klein replied indifferently.

The bar owner didn't speak further. He bowed once more and left the hotel's restaurant.

"Do you have the means to leave?" Anderson looked at Gehrman Sparrow with a look of curiosity.

"Guess." Klein revealed a gentlemanly smile.

The corners of Anderson's lips twitched.

"I'm relieved by seeing your confidence.

"By the way. The tickets. It sets sail at half-past one in the afternoon.

"Impressive. I thought I was rather amazing earning 1,600 pounds in a night. Who knew…”

Klein didn't respond as he began enjoying his breakfast.

Later, he made a new suit to prevent himself from lacking a change of clothes.

Time passed, and soon, it was time to board the ship. Anderson held a newly bought suitcase and looked at Gehrman Sparrow beside him. He asked, seemingly worried, "Are we just leaving on this ship?

"The Death Announcer should be around the surrounding waters. The Future left yesterday after it was resupplied."

He felt that leaving while under the wrath of the King of Immortality wasn't a wise choice.

*It's impossible for Gehrman Sparrow to be crazy enough to just storm right into death, right… Unless, this is his trap… *A thought came to Anderson as he had a hunch.

Klein didn't turn his head to look at him. He directly boarded the liner with his suitcase.

His thoughts were simple. It was likely that the Death Announcer could sense something wrong with its aura. Based on the King of Immortality's modus operandi, it was unlikely for him to make a forceful assault. If his

assumption was wrong, then the moment the Death Announcer appeared along the horizon, Klein would immediately enter his room and pray to himself. Then, he would go above the gray fog to use the scepter to respond. He wanted to see who was stronger—the Blatherer at sea or the Sea God!

This wasn't Klein's original plan. He had planned on using the Sea God Scepter's ability to command sea creatures to find an underwater "carriage" for himself. Then, under layers of protection from his charms, he would pull Anderson out into the waters and escape the range of the Death Announcer's blockade before secretly boarding a liner he had tickets to.

However, in consideration that the target of revenge had disappeared all of a sudden, it was possible that the King of Immortality would vent his anger on others by slaughtering liners indiscriminately. After all, pirates didn't abide by the law, nor did they come with any proper morals. After divining above the gray fog, Klein ultimately decided to leave brazenly.

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CHAPTER 688
FRUITLESS WAIT

After hitting the deck, entering the cabin, and coming to his room, Klein was just about to say something when Anderson Hood spoke before he could.

"That's not right… If I were the passengers on board this ship, I'd definitely be very afraid and nervous to see an adventurer who just offended the King of Immortality. I'd either get the captain or first mate to convince you to switch to another ship, or I would switch ships myself. To my surprise, all of them are especially calm."

This guy is very sharp. He's able to notice the minute details… Is this a real Conspirer? Often acting happy-go-lucky, shooting off his mouth, and being optimistic, but in actuality, he has silently grasped the situation and made his preparations… As Klein opened the door with his key, he began considering if the ship had any real problems.

At that moment, Anderson raised his hand to slap himself in the cheeks before laughing dryly.

"I get it!

"It happened just recently. The matter is only spread among a number of adventurers and pirates. Typical tourists and sailors wouldn't even know of this. Besides, people who know what you look like are definitely people with good intel, not ordinary people."

Wow, he knows to answer his own questions… Do you know that time is life? Klein lampooned and entered the first-class cabin.

It wasn't that he wished to enjoy comfort, but that he needed to watch over Anderson Hood. He didn't want this "Unluckiest Hunter" to bring disaster to the liner, so he had gotten him to book a first-class cabin for themselves.

With a suitcase in hand, he walked straight to the master bedroom. Klein pointed at the guest room and the servant's room, and he said to Anderson, "Choose one for yourself."

Anderson was taken aback as he turned agape.

"You're very used to this…”

Of course, I have rich experience in interacting with hunters. If Danitz were here, I would designate him to the servant's room… Klein didn't answer as he entered the master bedroom.

Half-past one. The steam engine whistled as the liner set off on time.

After hanging his coat, Klein walked out of the master bedroom in pants, a shirt, and a vest. He looked out the window at the horizon.

Thanks to the wind, the green waves ebbed as they spread along the outline of Toscarter Island, inch by inch.

"That's no way to see the full situation." Anderson came over and smiled. "You can only ensure that there are no problems from one of the flanks, and the Death Announcer might appear from the other flank, or the front. The best option is to climb up to the crow's nest. Haha, there's definitely a crew member there, but an experienced hunter or pirate has a hundred means to fool his senses!"

Klein turned around and looked at Anderson with a stoic expression.

"Well said.

"I'll leave this to you."

"Ah?" Anderson was taken aback.

He snapped to his senses and asked in surprise, "You don't have any other means to observe?"

Without any other means to observe, how was he to lay a trap for the King of Immortality?

"No." Klein nodded his head with abnormal frankness. "I can only rely on you."

…Who gave you the courage to leave under the King of Immortality's scrutiny? Anderson was momentarily speechless.

As he muttered to himself, "Don't stop me. I'm jumping ship." He left the cabin room and headed for the bottom of the crow's nest.

In theory, King of Immortality Agalito, or the Death Announcer, should've long sensed my ill intent and sensed the danger that stems from me. Then, will they attack? Will they believe that I'm at the level I show myself as and that I don't have any help, or will they suspect that some powerhouse who can interfere in their premonition for danger did something? Klein retracted his gaze from the door and looked once again at the sea outside.

After a while, he suddenly sensed something as he quickly activated his Spirit Vision and turned his head to look to the side.

The tall skeleton messenger burrowed out of the ground, the black flames in its eye sockets jumping slightly.

It only revealed its upper body, so it wasn't too much taller than Klein. It looked at him at eye level and handed him a letter in its hand.

Mr. Azik replied pretty quickly this time… Klein politely nodded and received the neatly folded piece of paper.

After the skeleton messenger collapsed and disappeared, he unfolded the letter against the sunlight coming in from the window.

“…I'm very happy to hear about your advancement. Your travels have been more interesting than I had imagined.

"Those waters are indeed very dangerous. I vaguely remember that it might have to do with the source of the Cataclysm. As for why there's a remnant aura of ancient Death there, I'm not too sure.

"I will keep your warning in mind. Before completely recovering my memories, I will not enter those waters. The True Creator's ravings aren't pleasant to the ears.

"I'm somewhat interested in the ring worn by Admiral Hell. However, I've recently been embroiled in some past matters. I might need some time before I pay him a visit…”

Upon seeing this, Klein couldn't help but smile.

After replying to Mr. Azik, I'll tell him that I have the means to lock onto Admiral Hell Ludwell's location. I must get him to bring me along with him when he pays a visit. Oh no, I didn't divine the location of the Murloc Cufflink recently. I'm not sure if Ludwell has discovered it or thrown it away… Yes, I'll divine it above the gray fog after I confirm that the Death Announcer isn't pursuing me…

Moving his gaze away, Klein continued reading.

"The ancient chronicles I received from Katarina does mention matters regarding Artificial Death. To put it simply, the former royal family of the Balam Empire, present upper echelons of the Numinous Episcopate, had gained inspiration from the Hidden Sage's sudden coming to life and turning anthropomorphic. They wish to let Death, which is at present only a concept, to experience something similar.

"There's a possibility of it being fulfilled. Due to the indestructibility of Beyonder characteristics, the perishing of Death doesn't mean that the corresponding Beyonder characteristics and authority has been completely lost.

"According to the chronicles, the corresponding research hasn't reached a breakthrough, but that was from centuries ago…

"The Sequence 4 corresponding to Seer is Bizarro Sorcerer. The powerhouses from the Antigonus and Zaratul family left me with a deep impression. Even though I've already forgotten the details, my recollections are still able to bring me some feelings of fear.

"As for where to get the formula and ingredients, I'm not sure. Perhaps you can consider switching to neighboring pathways. I've already recalled matters regarding this. You can choose Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer of the Apprentice pathway or Sequence 4 Parasite of the Marauder pathway. However, I vaguely remember that these three pathways only allow switching at Sequence 3…

*Indeed… There's only Arrodes left… *Klein forcefully produced a grin.

After reading the reply, he took out a pen and paper and wrote down parts of the content he had already thought of, as well as asking about the exact definition of a "mythical creature."

After putting down the pen and paper, he wasn't in a hurry to summon the messenger. He planned to wait for the Death Announcer to appear before adding the request for help into the letter and then mailing it out. This way, he could hold out for some time with the Sea God Scepter, and he might even have Mr. Azik tear through the spirit world to rescue him. When the time came, the two of them could join forces and have a chance to claim the Death Announcer as theirs.

As for why he didn't write it ahead of time, it was because a Devil might not come again due to their premonition for danger. Of course, Klein had no

idea whether they could sense the exact contents of his current ill intent.

After patiently waiting for a few hours, Klein heard the door open. When he looked back, he saw Anderson stroking the side of his face. He walked in with mixed emotions.

"The Death Announcer hasn't appeared. We've completely left the waters around Toscarter Island…"

The King of Immortality actually didn't seek revenge… This fellow is more impressive than I imagined! Anderson sighed inwardly.

Klein gave a regretful nod, walked to his coat rat, and took his coat and hat in preparation to head for the dining hall.

…

In a secret chamber, a small Red Gloves team was discussing a case they were on.

Soul Assurer Soest held a chalk and pointed at a blackboard.

"The Devil murder case this time has some similarities with the assassination of Duke Negan in Backlund.

"First, a human skin with its own smell and aura appeared. This is something that hasn't appeared in many of the Devil-related cases in the past.

"Second, there's more than one Devil. They take turns wearing the human skin in order to carry out their normal activities to conceal their partner's evil acts.

"Finally, they're suspected of belonging to the Beria family…"

At that moment, Leonard, who appeared to be listening attentively in the corner, couldn't help but recall something when his captain mentioned Backlund.

Having witnessed the complete destruction of the underground ruin, he wanted to find time for himself to investigate the mysterious detective, Sherlock Moriarty. He had planned on starting from Sherlock Moriarty's former landlord, but his team took on an emergency case and began to investigate a new series of serial murders. He had no choice but to leave Backlund.

"Leonard, what's your take on this?" After Soest finished his briefing, he named Leonard Mitchell to continue.

Leonard turned his head to the side in a daze and looked at the content on the blackboard. He quickly organized his words and said, "I believe that it's not only a form of concealment, but is also a requirement of a particular ritual. Captain Soest, as you know, Devils have many kinds of blasphemous and evil rituals."

"Reasonable deduction." Soest then gestured for another team member to speak his piece.

Phew, thankfully Old Man has recently been catching me up on Devil studies… Leonard heaved a sigh of relief and began attentively listening to the discussion of his team.

…

After a two-day voyage, the liner safely arrived at Oravi Island.

After checking into a hotel, Klein said to Anderson Hood, "Wait here for me. That demigod doesn't like strangers suddenly visiting."

He didn't wish to expose the contact person of the Life School of Thought.

"I hope I'll live to see him." Anderson smiled bitterly as he wished himself good luck.

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched, and he gave up saying anything further. He rode on a carriage and went straight for the Church of Storms's St. Draco Cathedral.

Before long, he arrived once again in the small room in the magnificent bell tower where he saw the tall, extremely asymmetrical and ugly bellman, Carnot.

After hearing Gehrman Sparrow's intentions, the hunched Carnot nodded.

"I'll bring you to Mr. Ricciardo. He has already recovered and is no longer where he originally was.

"Alright." Just as Klein gave a response, he suddenly recalled that Carnot was a product of the Church of Mother Earth's human body refining. He then asked a question, "Do you know Frank Lee?"

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CHAPTER 689
THAT'S IT?

Bellman Carnot's expression immediately turned odd when he heard Frank Lee's name.

"Yes, he… he's a kind and pure person, but at times, his pureness is terrifying."

Indeed.… Klein made way and allowed the bellman to walk down the stairs. As he followed him down, he asked, "Are you familiar with him?"

Carnot silently walked ahead, and after a while, he said with his back facing Gehrman Sparrow, "I'm a failed product filled with all kinds of problems. I was always mocked, and only Frank was one of the few who looked at me normally, treating me as someone with a real soul…”

"Why did he leave the Church of Mother Earth?" Klein asked despite knowing the answer.

Carnot came out of the bell tower, answering while getting his bearings, "I do not know about the specifics.

"He's an orphan. He grew up in the cloister from a young age. He really treats the Church as a family and views Mother Earth as his mother.

"He has many strange ideas. He had the opportunity of becoming a diocese bishop, but he was later nearly sent to a tribunal for being sacrilegious."

Frank mentioned this before. He was trying to crossbreed a bull, a cow, and wheat together… To be frank, if it were me, I would've sent him to the

tribunal as well… This guy was fine early on because of his low Sequence, limiting what he can do… Klein mumbled and followed Carnot down another street and arrived in the alley behind St. Draco Cathedral.

Carnot walked in front of an ordinary building, pulled the doorbell thrice, each tug lasting two seconds.

After a while, thudding sounds approached as the door creaked open.

Klein immediately saw an elder in a black short coat with a hard cane.

His hair was as white as snow, but he didn't have any obvious wrinkles. He wore a black eye mask around his eyes.

"Mr. Councilor, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow is here to pay you a visit."

Councilor Ricciardo? He's Councilor Ricciardo? He's blind? Previously, Klein had only heard his voice without meeting him. It was no wonder he was surprised.

Ricciardo turned his ear to the side and slowly turned his head towards Gehrman Sparrow and chuckled.

"Sorry, I can only meet you this way. When I woke up this morning, I suddenly had a premonition that I mustn't open my eyes to see anything today. To prevent any accidents, I wore an eye mask."

…You can actually do that… He's in no way inferior as a charlatan… Klein was momentarily amused and surprised.

Following that, he understood the correct interpretation of his premonition. He didn't want to see him!

He remembered that Beyonders from the Monster pathway were able to see things others couldn't see. Therefore, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin was

able to sense my uniqueness. And back in Tingen City, Ademisaul's eyes bled and he collapsed to the ground simply from seeing me.

Councilor Ricciardo sensed the danger and wore an eye mask ahead of time… Sigh, if not for that, I was planning on asking what he can see… Klein didn't have any penchant about forcing others to harm themselves. He held back his thoughts and asked, "Do you have clues to the mystical item I need?"

"Not for now," Ricciardo said with a smile. "After I recovered from my injuries, I went to Bayam. I was lucky that there was some adjustments to the upper echelons of the navy and governor-general's office, so I successfully rescued Roy King, but it wasted quite a bit of my time."

Klein had expected this as he said without any signs of surprise, "Then, I'll use this request to get another form of help.

"I have a friend who is plagued with bad luck after interacting with a mural left behind by the Angel of Fate. He needs it completely removed."

Ricciardo thought for a moment before saying, "No problem. Bring me over to him. Don't allow him to leave his residence, or there might be accidents."

Klein nodded and walked towards the alley with his suitcase in hand. He took the opportunity to ask, "Mr. Councilor, what do you know about the Mother Tree of Desire?"

From Klein's point of view, the Life School of Thought and the Rose School of Thought were at odds with each other, so it was likely that they knew each other very well.

With cane in hand, Ricciardo slowly walked behind him to his right. He didn't need anyone to help him; it was as though he wasn't wearing an eye mask.

He chuckled.

"The Mother Tree of Desire is the Rose School of Thought's manifestation of the Chained God. However, I suspect that the truth is actually the reverse. The Chained God is one of the Mother Tree of Desire's many manifestations. My reasoning is that Red Light, Moria, claims that the Mutant pathway's Sequence 0 is still unoccupied. Heh heh, you know about Sequence 0, right?"

"Yes," Klein succinctly answered. He didn't even express his knowledge of the Great White Brotherhood.

Ricciardo tersely acknowledged. "In short, no one knows the true identity of the Mother Tree of Desire, nor does anyone know what 'Her' pathway is. Perhaps, that's 'Her' true identity. In addition, I can provide some indirect information.

"The Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon are at odds. There seems to be some irreconcilable conflict between them, and it's because of this that the Rose School of Thought views us as an enemy.

"However, at times, the Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon seem to have a subtle relationship. You might find it hard to imagine that the Southern Continent's Shaman King, who worships the moon, joined the Rose School of Thought.

"The seven Churches hate the True Creator, Primordial Demoness, Dark Side of the Universe, and the other evil gods, but their hatred for the Primordial Moon and Mother Tree of Desire runs even deeper.

"Similarly, the Aurora Order, Demoness Sect, Blood Sanctify Sect, and Moses Ascetic Order do not like the Rose School of Thought."

That's interesting… Mother Tree of Desire is one of the two most isolated ones? Klein stopped a carriage while in thought as he watched Carnot help Ricciardo up the carriage.

He then entered the carriage and instructed the driver to bring them to a nearby hotel.

Before long, the carriage arrived at their destination. Just as Klein was about to get off, he suddenly heard a loud bang. A rumbling explosion shook the entire street as glass fragments from a window fell to the ground.

*No way… Could it be caused by Anderson's bad luck? *Klein's spiritual intuition told him that it was the case, but the Unluckiest Hunter had apparently lived.

He turned his head to look out the carriage and saw that a huge chunk of wall had collapsed from the hotel's second floor. Flames and smoke remained.

At this moment, a figure with disheveled blond hair and messy clothes stood below as he muttered, "To think that there's such a daring person to trade arms in a hotel. New kinds of explosives, especially. He nearly caused me to die without even knowing why… My suitcase…”

Klein looked down at the suitcase he was carrying and suddenly felt how great it was to be cautious.

He turned around and helped Ricciardo down the carriage.

Anderson sensed something as he turned his head to say with a bitter smile, "The arms dealers these days are too unprofessional! Thankfully, it's daytime, and there aren't many people in the hotel. The owner sure is pitiful, having to suffer a certain loss. However, the gold they carry shouldn't be destroyed that easily. It should make up for his loss."

I think your bad luck is responsible for a large part of the accountability… Klein nodded and said to Ricciardo, "It's him."

Ricciardo then turned his head to Anderson, but his gaze was completely blocked by the black eye mask.

He paused for a few seconds before smiling.

"Give me a gold coin."

"Oh?" Anderson took out a Loen gold coin from the inside of his clothes, feeling suspect. Then, he smiled at Gehrman Sparrow. "Tradition from my hometown. We sew a tiny pocket on the inside of our clothes to keep a few coins. I originally didn't believe in it, but I've been just too unlucky recently."

As he spoke, he handed the gold coin to Ricciardo.

Ricciardo received the gold coin, slowly closed his fingers, before retracting his hand.

He then laughed and said, "Alright. Your bad luck has been dispelled."

"Ah?" Anderson stood there in shock as he looked at Gehrman Sparrow, as though saying, "That's it? Did you get a fraud?"

Klein was surprised as well, but he chose to believe Ricciardo. After all, he was a Fate Councilor.

Ricciardo put away the gold coin and chuckled.

"The bad luck you received this time wasn't child's play. If you don't believe me, you can head over to the casino to try your luck."

"Makes sense!" Anderson clapped and immediately got directions for the nearest casino from a passerby.

After a while, he returned in a clean and decent jacket. He looked at Ricciardo and instinctively opened his mouth.

He was suddenly taken aback as he forcibly closed his mouth and thanked him with a grin.

After the demigod was sent on a carriage, he leaned in towards Gehrman Sparrow and wistfully said, "I was planning on saying that 'although you're blind, you really are amazing when it comes to the domain of fate… ' Thankfully, I recalled in time that he's a demigod."

If you had really said that, you might have the chance of becoming the hunter who died immediately after having his bad luck removed… Klein didn't echo his sentiments as he said, "Now can you tell me the clues to that revolver?"

As Creeping Hunger had great limitations, he still wished for a more conventional offensive mystical item.

Anderson combed his hair and chuckled.

"It's in Bayam.

"It's from a friend I used to know, a very powerful adventurer. As he got sick of the unstable and dangerous life, he used his savings to buy a few spice gardens and found a lady to marry. He then completely left this line of work we're in.

"He recently had a child and his thoughts changed again. He began to wish that his child would be brought up in a better and safer environment with better educational prospects, so he plans on moving to Backlund. There are the best grammar schools and public schools there.

"Heh heh, he doesn't wish to rent a place in Backlund, but he also doesn't plan on selling his gardens that constantly earn him money. He happens to have an excess when it comes to mystical items, so he plans on selling that revolver.

"Back then, I was in a rush to follow the treasure-hunting expedition into those waters, so I'm not sure if he succeeded in the end. However, few people can buy something worth nearly ten thousand pounds at once, so the transaction won't close that easily."

"Alright. Bring me to him," Klein replied simply.

…

At that moment on the Golden Dream, Danitz was horrified to realize a problem.

His captain hadn't appeared in three days!

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CHAPTER 690
MISS MESSENGER

Under the sunlight, the Golden Dream emitted golden lusters as if it was a mobile treasure.

Danitz stood inside the captain's cabin, pacing about endlessly. He attempted to recall everything that had happened over the past few days in a bid to find a clue.

Three days ago, his captain, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, wanted to do a study in which she might not appear for ten to twenty hours. Therefore, all corresponding classes were canceled. In regards to this, Danitz and company didn't find it odd. These happened frequently.

They were delighted that they didn't need to attend classes; hence, there was drinking, singing, and a bonfire party held on the ship. They were only short of burning down the Golden Dream, but they had a great time.

But with the passage of time, everyone gradually felt that something was amiss, including the somewhat slow Danitz. Their captain, who should've finished her studies within 24 hours, didn't appear the next day. She didn't even get anyone to send her food or light beer which was used as water!

After patiently waiting for half a day without seeing Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, the sailors mustered the courage to knock on her door. To their horror, there wasn't any response.

Under the first mate, Bru Walls's lead, the pirates opened the captain's cabin and found it empty!

They then went to the collector's room and other places, but they failed to find her.

Based on past experiences, their initial guess was that their captain had suddenly thought of something and left the Golden Dream in a rush while using some mystical technique or emulating someone else's Beyonder powers without leaving a letter behind.

Later, Danitz and company attempted to contact her using methods like the Soulfall Ritual, but they failed to receive a response. All they could do was search the captain's cabin and other places as they convinced themselves to wait patiently.

Three days passed, but Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina didn't appear nor reply. It left the sailors panicking.

"Dogsh*t, any results from your divination? Didn't you claim to be an expert?" Danitz turned towards Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson in frustration.

Jodeson, with his black hair that was dyed gold, rubbed his temples and said in a rather mellow voice, "They failed. Every divination method used to find her has failed.

"But for now, it can be confirmed that Captain is still alive. It's just that her whereabouts are unknown."

The first mate, Walls, who had short, grayish, curly hair, nudged his monocle and said, "We need to seek help. None of Captain's collections have been lost. She didn't even bring her essential mystical items with her when she left. This means that the situation was very sudden and unexpected."

"Whose help can we seek?" another boatswain whose waist was swollen, Bucket Daniels asked anxiously.

Bru Walls raised his silver-patterned knife to his aquiline nose and said, "Return to the western shore."

Between the lines, he was hinting at seeking the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom that backed Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina.

"That won't do. To go from the pirates' playground to the western shore, we will need to pass the Sonia Sea, the North Sea, and the Berserk Sea. Then, we will cruise through the Fog Sea for a very long period of time. Captain can't wait that long! Anything might happen to her at any time!" Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson said. "We have to immediately find someone we can quickly contact and provide us with help on short notice."

Danitz wanted to curse "dogsh*t," when he suddenly had a "light bulb" moment.

There was only one person he could quickly contact, and that was Gehrman Sparrow. Furthermore, this crazy adventurer had never hid the fact that he was good at divination and also had a mysterious background!

Perhaps that madman can find Captain. He's often able to do the impossible… Danitz tugged at his collar as he felt his worry and frustration ease a little.

He raised his chest and looked around. Then, he cleared his throat and said, "I have a candidate. I can immediately contact him. Besides, he's very good at divination…"

Just as he said that, Gourmet Bru Walls, Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, Iron Skin, Barrel, and company turned their heads at him in unison. With their eyes red, they roared, "What are you waiting for!?"

"…" Danitz silently left the captain's cabin and returned to his room.

He unfolded a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and followed his captain's teachings by writing a greeting followed by some pleasantries.

Suddenly, he stopped writing. He felt that the excessive politeness and small talk didn't match his goals for seeking help.

"Dogsh*t!" Danitz cursed as he tore up the piece of paper.

Right on the heels of that, he wrote on a new piece of paper:

"Help!

"Captain has vanished!"

"Well… Although Gehrman Sparrow is a madman who can't be comprehended with common sense, he probably won't be able to understand such a letter… Dogsh*t!" Danitz cursed himself again as he ripped up the second letter.

He calmed himself down and contemplated for a few seconds before penning a third time.

This time, he simply wrote what happened after his captain's disappearance. He also included the location of the Golden Dream, and he minced his words by asking Mr. Gehrman Sparrow if he could provide help to a cooperating partner.

"Divination needs something…" Just as Danitz folded the letter, he suddenly realized that he had forgotten something. He rushed back to the captain's cabin and found a pearl earring that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina often wore.

After doing all of this, he took out his notebook that was filled with all sorts of mysticism knowledge. He flipped to the corresponding page and unfamiliarly set up a messenger-summoning ritual with his past experience.

After placing a gold coin on the altar, he took two steps back and recited in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow."

Howling winds resonated as the candlelight on the altar rapidly burgeoned before being dyed a pale whiteness.

Reinette Tinekerr appeared at a decent speed, still wearing her complicated black dress while holding four beautiful and identical heads.

Danitz imagined that the messenger would bite the gold coin and the envelope containing the paper and earring like the last time. But to his surprise, the four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand automatically turned around, surveying the area before finally looking towards the captain's cabin.

A few seconds later, two of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand bit down onto the gold coin and the envelope.

After the strange messenger vanished, Danitz exhaled and wiped his forehead, feeling a baffling sense of pressure.

…

Oravi Island, in the room of another hotel.

Klein was just about to get Anderson Hood, who had won quite a fair bit of money, to purchase the tickets to City of Generosity Bayam when his spiritual perception was triggered.

He quickly activated his Spirit Vision and saw his headless messenger, Reinette Tinekerr, appear by his side at some point in time. In her hands were four beautiful heads.

She's not like the skeleton messengers who I can detect the moment they appear. My spiritual perception is triggered only after she completely enters the real world… Klein received a letter from the teeth of one of Reinette Tinekerr's head while in thought.

At the same time, he noticed that Anderson's spiritual perception was no way weaker than his. He too had reacted.

"This is a… messenger?" Anderson asked in disbelief, as though he had heard of such things but had never seen them before.

Klein nodded without expression as he tore open the letter.

Eh, a pearl earring? Klein unfolded the letter in puzzlement.

By his side, Anderson came over out of curiosity as he sized up Reinette Tinekerr as he tsked.

"There's an indescribable sense of bloody beauty…”

Just as he said that, his hands suddenly rose up to grab himself by the throat. The grip was so tight that his tongue extended out as he foamed at the mouth. As for Reinette Tinekerr, who had nothing above her neck, she didn't show any further reaction.

Klein turned his head over and seriously studied the situation before looking at his messenger. He then silently mumbled, *Resembles Miss Sharron's abilities… Miss Messenger belongs to the Prisoner pathway? No, I can't be sure. She's a spirit world creature, so being good at such things is very normal…*

Realizing that Anderson was about to suffocate, Klein leisurely said, "That's enough, he still needs to lead me somewhere."

One of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand turned over as she glanced at Anderson with her bloodshot eyes for a second.

Following that, each of the heads' mouths spoke one after the other.

"Still…” "Can…” "Lead…” "You…” "By…” "Making…” "Into…” "Zombie…” "

As she said that, Anderson's hands finally stopped and left his own neck, leaving obvious, deep finger marks on it.

Phew… Phew… The Strongest Hunter panted as he bent his back, retching.

Klein quickly scanned the letter and saw that it was from Danitz. This "famous pirate" wrote to him, saying that Vice Admiral Iceberg had mysteriously vanished and was in need of help.

Just as he moved his gaze away from the letter, Klein was surprised to see Reinette Tinekerr was still around.

*This doesn't make mystical sense… Shouldn't a messenger disappear after sending the letter, appearing only when summoned again? *Klein deliberated and asked out of curiosity, "Is there anything else?"

"Awaiting…” "Your…” "Reply…” "Letter…” Reinette's four head said one after the other.

"How do you know that I'll reply?" Klein glanced at Anderson, who hadn't recovered, and confirmed that the Strongest Hunter didn't notice the words that didn't match Gehrman's persona.

The heads in Reinette's hand said once again, "Her…” "Disappearance is…” "Very…” "Odd…”

"How do you know that?" Klein instantly imagined that Miss Messenger had secretly read Danitz's letter.

The heads with the long blonde hair simply rolled up and said a phrase each, forming a complete sentence.

"I…" "Investigated…" "The ship's…" "Situation…"

My messenger is a part-time scout? Miss Reinette Tinekerr, will you be a hired goon in the future? I wonder if I need to make additional payment… As Klein lampooned in thought, he said, "No rush. I'll reply later."

He planned on heading above the gray fog to use Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's earring to do a divination.

Reinette Tinekerr didn't say a word as she vanished silently.

"Ahem…" Anderson finally recovered as he stood straight. He gave Gehrman Sparrow a flabbergasted look. "Your messenger… Your messenger is a demigod!?"

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CHAPTER 691
MEETING

There's no need for you to tell me. I've more or less confirmed it moments ago… Upon hearing Anderson Hood, Klein wore a calm expression as he mumbled inwardly.

Back when he encountered Reinette Tinekerr in the spirit world where he saw her massive true form and gothic-styled castle, Klein already believed that she wasn't someone to be messed with. And with Miss Messenger almost killing the Strongest Hunter with such ease, it made him believe without a doubt that she was a demigod, a Sequence 4 at the very least!

A demigod is willing to help me deliver letters for a gold coin per trip? It's obvious that things aren't that simple. Miss Messenger must have her motives; of course, I can't disregard how I'm always encountering all sorts of strange matters. It might've piqued her interest, and she doesn't mind being a messenger since she happens to be free…

Similar situations include Arrodes's fawning and Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin's friendliness… Regardless, I should be wary and not fully trust her… Before having a chance to discuss similar matters, I shouldn't consider blowing the harmonica whenever I encounter danger. Who knows if Miss Messenger will just directly rip me to shreds… Klein instantly had many thoughts go through his mind while he continued wearing a stoic expression. Faced with the alarmed Anderson, all he did was slightly nod his head.

"It's none of your business."

…This guy is really mysterious! A spirit world creature at the demigod level is his messenger! Besides, he casually knows a demigod that's good at improving a person's luck… It's no wonder he's so calm and composed after offending the King of Immortality… It's no wonder the King of Immortality didn't dare to seek revenge or even appear! Anderson suddenly came to a realization as he couldn't help but carefully size up Gehrman Sparrow.

"Oh?" Klein emotionlessly swept his gaze at the Strongest Hunter.

Anderson hurriedly retracted his gaze as he chuckled dryly.

"I realized that you're very suitable to being the main lead of a figure painting, the kind that has a dark, gloomy background. This really accentuates your bearing.

"How about it. Do you want to consider it? I can help you draw a portrait. Believe me, I'm a master at this!"

Klein couldn't be bothered to listen to his nonsense. He lifted his golden pocket watch and opened it.

"Return to your room. I'll come for you in five minutes."

"Alright," Anderson replied with a beaming smile.

After the Strongest Hunter left, Klein took out Azik's copper whistle and Will Auceptin's paper crane before entering the bathroom where he set up a ritual.

After placing Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's pearl earring above the gray fog, Klein sat at the end of the long bronze table. There, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote a simple divination statement: "Edwina Edwards's location."

Holding the paper and earring, Klein leaned back into the chair and recited the divination statement as he entered a dream with Cogitation.

First, a gray world occupied his vision. Following that, plains blanketed in ice and snow were reflected in his eyes.

The howling snowstorm enveloped everything as the area was covered with thick fog. It didn't appear like a real frontier.

Klein quickly saw Edwina's figure. Her long brown was tied up simply at the back as the rest of it fluttered wildly in the snowstorm.

Dressed in dark-colored trousers and a white waist-fitting shirt with complicated flowery patterns along the collar and sleeves, she gave off the feeling as though she was frail in such an environment.

Edwina's feet, which were clad in leather boots, kept moving across the snow, leaving behind a series of clear footprints, but they were quickly wiped away by the violent snowstorm.

The screen shattered in turn as Klein opened his eyes. He realized that he couldn't interpret Vice Admiral Iceberg's actual location from his divination's revelation.

The poles? Feysac's Plains of Evernight? There's no way to confirm. Apart from the snowstorm, there aren't any features… Klein sat up and put down the pearl earring and the paper with the divination statement.

After contemplating for a few seconds, he confirmed another matter—Edwina Edwards had really vanished. She wasn't in the Golden Dream, but it could also eliminate the possibility that it was a trap.

Klein cautiously performed some divination on this matter and received the result that there weren't any traps on the Golden Dream.

After some thought, he left the mysterious space above the gray fog and, via a series of procedures, brought the pearl earring back to the real world.

Recalling the map of the waters around Oravi Island and the present location of the Golden Dream, Klein selected an uninhabited island that fishermen used to seek shelter from storms. In the letter, he got Danitz and company to steer their ship to somewhere not too far from there.

After folding the letter, he blew his harmonica and once again saw Miss Messenger holding up the four heads.

While handing over the reply letter, Klein coughed slightly and said, "Can you confirm Danitz's location?"

One of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand nodded before the rest spoke.

"Yes…" "As long as…" "He's not beyond range…"

Seeing that Miss Messenger remained floating there without any signs of leaving, he said with his eyes looking to the side, "The gold coin will be paid by Danitz."

"Alright…" Reinette Tinekerr's figure quickly phased away.

Phew. Klein exhaled. After some precise preparations and dealing with the scene, he carried his suitcase which he had finished packing and walked out of the room. He then knocked on Anderson Hood's door.

"We'll go somewhere else first before heading to Bayam," he calmly told the Strongest Hunter of his decision. "You can choose to wait for me in Bayam, or follow me."

Anderson gave a cheeky smile and said, "I can feel my adventurer's blood burning in me. I'm very curious as to what matter that messenger has brought.

"I thought I had no means of knowing better, but to my surprise, you actually invited me!"

I didn't. I'm only giving you two choices… Klein coldly turned around and walked to the staircase. Anderson hurriedly carried his newly bought suitcase and followed behind.

Out of the hotel, Klein took a carriage to leave the port city. Then, he walked to the periphery of an uninhabited cliff on Mount St. Draco.

Looking at the waves crashing into the cliff below, Anderson looked around in surprise.

"This is our destination?"

Klein ignored his question. He took out a charm made of tin and softly chanted the incantation, "Storm."

He infused his spirituality and split the charm into two—half of it for himself, while the other half was used to augment Anderson. The remaining one was thrown down the cliff.

"Underwater breathing, deep-sea membrane…" Anderson identified the additional supernatural effects applied to him in surprise.

At that moment, there was a loud splash beneath the cliff. A massive creature that resembled a whale surfaced from the sea.

It was entirely dark blue in color. Its mouth was open, revealing its white teeth and blood-colored interior.

Klein walked to the edge of the cliff and jumped straight down. With the charm's powers, he gently landed in the undersea behemoth's mouth.

Anderson watched blankly before he jumped down in excitement, landing beside Klein.

The massive undersea creature closed its mouth, turning the interior pitch-black.

Then, it submerged itself and began swimming for its designated destination.

Inside its mouth, Klein's eyes produced a flash of lightning as he saw through the darkness. He found a tooth to lean against as he casually sat down.

Due to the protection from deep-sea membrane, he wasn't afraid that his clothes would be dirtied.

"Man, this is quite fascinating…" Anderson surveyed the area and asked curiously, "How did you come up with this? How are you doing this?"

Of course it's by praying to myself, then using the Sea God Scepter to pull a suitable undersea creature from nearby… Klein didn't reply Anderson's question. He half-closed his eyes as though he was resting.

"It's just a little stuffy…" Anderson took out a cigar case and matchstick from his pocket. "Can I smoke in here?"

"Ask it." Klein didn't open his eyes.

Anderson chuckled dryly before putting away the cigar and matchstick.

"I don't think it will like the smell of tobacco."

In the dark sea, this massive creature swam quickly, efficiently drawing out the oxygen in the water via the use of its special organs from time to time.

After an unknown period of time, it surfaced in front of an uninhabited island.

After using the charm's power to go ashore, Klein took off his hat and bowed at the undersea creature.

"You're very polite…" Anderson said in amusement when he saw this scene.

"I've always been very polite, even if I'm facing prey." Klein shot a glance at him as though he was including him.

Anderson chuckled dryly as he pointed to the other side of the island.

"There's a ship there.

"Oh, it's the Golden Dream!"

At that moment in time, Klein had also seen the sailboat that had been scrubbed clean. On the ship spanning dozens of meters, a lustrous main cannon that didn't belong there was swirling with stacked symbols.

He immediately went over with his suitcase, and before long, he arrived where the Golden Dream was anchored.

Then, he saw Danitz jump down from the deck as he ran across the water.

Just as Danitz arrived before Gehrman Sparrow, deliberating on what to say, he suddenly saw a familiar figure.

"Anderson Hood!" he pointed at the Strongest Hunter as he yelled.

Anderson immediately roared with laughter.

"You didn't expect me, right?"

Although he didn't know why he would encounter the Golden Dream, this didn't stop him from having the idea of occupying the ship by force.

You know each other? Klein indifferently swept his gaze towards Danitz.

Danitz instinctively shuddered as he forced a smile.

"This guy isn't a good egg. In the Fog Sea, he's often pursued by a bunch of pirates, but in the end, all of those pirates would end up as bounty rewards.

"You might not be aware, but he started off in the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Later, he was banished after failing his exams repeatedly. I heard all of this from Captain. They were former classmates."

He gave Anderson a look of contempt, mocking his low intelligence. As for Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson and company on the ship, all of them showed similar expressions.

Anderson's gaze slowly swept across their faces before tsking.

"That's not the main point. The main point is that I once pulled at your captain's hair!"

The scene instantly turned extremely silent as Danitz couldn't stop his expression from twisting.

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CHAPTER 692
SUSPECT

Seeing everyone on the Golden Dream aim their sights at Anderson, Klein took a step forward and said to Danitz, his side facing him, "Bring me to the captain's cabin."

“…Alright. Alright." Danitz retracted his angry glare aimed at Anderson Hood.

Prioritize Captain's rescue. Prioritize Captain's rescue.… he kept repeating to himself.

The Golden Dream first released a dinghy before lowering a gangway, allowing Klein to easily step onto the deck without using a charm.

Anderson followed by his side, completely ignoring the glares of the Golden Dream's crew. With a smile, he strolled forward as he looked around, treating it as his own home.

His mental fortitude is truly beyond remarkable… Yes, even after offending a demigod where he was forced to apologize in public and accept a mission, he was able to laugh at himself and enjoy a meal… Klein sighed inwardly as he walked towards Third Mate Jodeson and company.

"Hello, Mr. Sparrow. I'm this ship's first mate, Bru Walls." A 1.8-meter-tall man with a monocle politely bowed.

The pirate "Gourmet" who's worth 6,200 pounds… The bounties on Vice Admiral Iceberg's pirate crew are clearly lower than Admiral of Stars. They live up to being treasure hunters who happen to be part-time pirates…

Klein greeted him using Gehrman Sparrow's style of politeness, "Hello. I've heard about you."

“…Haha, it's my honor. I'm only a treasure hunter who dreams to be an artisan, but I ended up having to be a gourmet," Bru Wall said in a self-deprecating manner. He pointed to the man beside him and said, "Our second mate, Singer Orpheus."

Bounty of 5,500 pounds… The Beyonders on the Golden Dream all have very odd nicknames. I didn't know that they were the subordinates of a pirate admiral, I would've definitely believed them to be a traveling crew who sing and enjoy good food while holding bonfires as they seek out legendary treasure. It's truly a beautiful life… Klein cast his gaze at Orpheus and nodded.

The Singer had deep sculpted outlines and a head of resplendent blond hair. He said with a sad smile, "Actually, I'm only praising the sun, but now, my 'sun' has disappeared."

"…”

Klein nearly felt goosebumps all over him.

"Tsk, as expected of someone from Intis. He speaks like he's singing. What a pity, I grew up in Segar, in Lenburg, and didn't pick up this ability," Anderson said with a chuckle. It wasn't clear if he was praising or degrading Orpheus; after all, half the blood flowing in his veins was Intis blood.

Born in Senor and later studied in Lenburg. Yes, it was likely a Church school. He's classmates with Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina… Mr. Orpheus is definitely from the Sun pathway, but he's unlikely to be from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun. From his bounty, he's likely a Sequence 6 Notary… I almost forgot to inform Little Sun that I have his formula. I wonder what he will use in exchange this time… Klein turned towards

Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson and Bucket Daniels before Gourmet Bru Walls introduced.

"We've met.

"Let's not waste any time."

"Alright." Bru Walls heaved a sigh of relief, stroked his short beard and led the way into the cabin.

If it wasn't for how famous Gehrman Sparrow was on the ship, he wouldn't have been that polite.

At that moment, Anderson deliberately stayed behind, walking alongside Danitz, Orpheus, and company.

He looked to his left and right, unfazed by how the surrounding pirates looked like they wanted to rip him apart. He laughed with a tsk.

"The one you should be wary of isn't me."

"Yes, we aren't wary of you. We only want to stuff you in. See that? Into that cannon!" Danitz wasn't afraid that Anderson was the Strongest Hunter. After all, they were on the Golden Dream. There were plenty of pirates, and many of them were Sequence 6 or 7 Beyonders.

Anderson curled his lips.

"I'm actually not a threat. Think about it; your captain definitely hates and detests me. She wouldn't even want to speak to me. Isn't that ideal?"

"…”

Danitz turned agape, but he didn't say a thing. He suddenly felt that what the pile of dogsh*t said made sense.

The looks in the eyes of Orpheus, Jodeson, and company also subconsciously turned gentle.

Anderson chuckled as he looked at them. He said in a rather ethereal tone, "The person you should be wary about is Gehrman Sparrow."

"Why?" Danitz blurted out.

Although he's a madman that warrants the need to be wary of him, he's not an enemy at the moment.… Danitz silently added.

Anderson laughed.

"I'm assuming. Assuming that Gehrman successfully finds your captain and rescues her, will your captain have fond feelings for him as a result? Besides, he looks pretty good. He has that cold and aloof aesthetic and is strong. He's at the level of a pirate admiral, and his background is especially mysterious. He's completely compatible…"

How… is it possible… Danitz wished to retort, but he was momentarily at a loss for words. He felt increasingly more convinced that things weren't right.

Orpheus and company had their expressions collapse bit by bit. They looked at Gehrman Sparrow's back with a newfound sense of wariness.

Resolved! The provocation problem from before has been resolved.… With a smile, Anderson walked into the cabin.

When he arrived inside the captain's cabin, Klein first circled the room which was nearly filled with bookshelves. On it were all kinds of books.

The average captain's cabin is filled with racks of alcohol… he silently mumbled before walking straight to the desk by the window.

According to Danitz's description, Edwina had vanished during her research. Therefore, finding traces of her research was Klein's goal. After he gathered enough information, he would head above the gray fog to divine the matter.

At that moment, the desk was a mess with many things placed on it. There was white paper, a fountain pen, an ink bottle, a bronze dagger, and untidily stacked books.

In the middle of the desk was a book made of goatskin. Its dark brown cover had the words "Groselle's Travels" written in ancient Feysac.

*Isn't this one of Vice Admiral Iceberg's collections? It has a mysterious origin and is suspected to be related to the dragons and City of Miracles, Liveseyd… Edwina was studying this before she disappeared? *Klein looked at the book and instinctively made a guess.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow study the ancient book, Danitz forced a smile and said, "There's nothing wrong with it. We have already inspected it."

Is that so? I seriously doubt your meticulousness… Since someone had flipped it and there weren't any obvious abnormalities with it, together with the fact that Klein determined that Danitz was saying the truth with his spiritual intuition, Klein reached out for it and asked, "Have you read Groselle's Travels?"

Danitz shook his head. Bru Walls, Orpheus, Jodeson, and company shook their heads as well.

Their expressions seemed to say that their daily studies were tiring enough. They didn't wish to read any other books during their breaks!

Swiping his fingertip across the yellowish-brown goatskin, Klein carefully and seriously read each page.

Soon, he arrived at the spot where the pages were stuck together. From the corner of his eye, he saw what was written in it.

Eh… That's not right! His gaze focused as he hurriedly flipped two pages back.

He clearly remembered that his previous read stopped at giant Groselle and his team preparing to challenge the frost dragon, the King of the North, in a head-on clash. There was nothing after that, but now, there were two more pages!

It also meant that the stuck pages had thinned, and the book had two more pages!

The chapters came to a halt for a thousand years before it was continued? These are the fruits of Vice Admiral Iceberg's research? This also led to her disappearance? As Klein lampooned, he frowned as he read the additional content.

The two pages described a lost female pirate. She encountered the King of the North in a blizzard, and she was nearly killed. Only by using all her strength was she successful in escaping before meeting the main lead's team who were here to challenge the frost dragon.

There's the addition of a female pirate… Female pirate… Klein ruminated over this description as an idea suddenly came to him.

Could she be Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina?

She entered the book and became a character in the story?

With this idea in mind, Klein quickly realized certain problems.

Arrodes mentioned before that the past owners of Groselle's Travels vanished…

Groselle's Travels has a giant from the Dark Epoch which is also the Second Epoch, an elf, an ascetic from the Third or Fourth Epoch, a Solomon Empire noble, and a Fifth Epoch Loen soldier. The times are extremely chaotic.

If they were all the past owners of Groselle's Travels who disappeared, that will solve the problem… They do not belong to the same period, and they were swallowed by the book, becoming a character in the story! Klein found his theory ridiculous as he thought about it, but it was highly likely.

In the world of mysticism, this isn't impossible!

I have to confirm it… Besides, what did Edwina and the past owners do to be "swallowed" by the book… And what should I do to release them… Klein retracted his gaze and thought deeply in silence.

Soon, he looked up at Danitz and company.

"Prepare items like candles. I will be praying for an answer from a secret existence."

*And that secret existence is myself… *Klein added inwardly in jest.

He really is professional and crazy… Gourmet Bru Walls and company didn't dare to speak further. They hurriedly provided the materials before leaving the captain's cabin.

They didn't dare to watch such dangerous rituals unless Gehrman Sparrow requested them to do so.

Inside the captain's cabin, Klein locked the door, closed the windows, and quickly set up the ritual. Then, he brought Groselle's Travels above the gray fog.

After placing the ancient book at the end of the long bronze table, he sat down and conjured a pen and paper. He then scribbled a divination

statement: "Edwina is in the story of this book."

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CHAPTER 693
ATTEMPT

After putting down the fountain pen in his hand, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist, holding it in one hand and letting it hang down over the paper in close proximity.

"Edwina is in the story of this book," Klein closed his eyes and silently repeated the divination statement.

After he recited the statement, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz pendant spinning clockwise.

This meant that Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina was inside Groselle's Travels!

It really is a world inside a book… Furthermore, the situation inside is very special. Without new characters, the story isn't able to continue… Klein indiscernibly nodded. Wounding the silver chain and the topaz pendant around his wrist again, he picked up a dark red fountain pen and wrote a new divination statement: "The method to entering Groselle's Travels."

This time, he used dream divination. In the gray, hazy world, he saw indistinct figures.

The figures were of varying sizes, some huge, others slender. The thing all of them had in common was that they held a book with pages of yellowish-brown goatskin.

The following developments branched off into two scenarios. A number of them vanished silently with Groselle's Travels on them. The others would

accidentally or deliberately drip their blood on the cover while carrying Groselle's Travels with them before suddenly vanishing!

The scene shattered and Klein opened his eyes to see the mottled table in front of him. He frowned as he made an interpretation.

To enter or activate Groselle's Travels, it either needs prolonged contact with it to a certain extent, or you would need to drip one's blood onto the cover?

Isn't that too simple? Perhaps… it's really that simple. In the story, the Loen soldier's first appearance was as an ordinary person who didn't know mysticism. With the help of his companions, he slowly became a Disciplinary Paladin… Therefore, the activation method isn't too complicated. An ordinary person is able to accomplish it.

A small number of researchers before this, including Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, were Beyonders with sufficient amounts of mysticism knowledge. They knew not to rashly drip their blood; otherwise, death might occur without them even knowing it. This is akin to ordinary people using the correct form of magic mirror divination. It's very easy to provoke a powerful existence or secret existence. It's why no problems happened to them…

Furthermore, Edwina keeps Groselle's Travels in the collector's room most of the time and only interacts with it occasionally. As such, it was only when she recently had a new research concept that she had prolonged contact with it, completing the condition required to activate the book?

Yes, even Arrodes only knew that there's something strange with the book. Many of the past owners had vanished, and it's suspected to have something to do with the dragons and City of Miracles, Liveseyd. This means that Groselle's Travels will interfere with its surroundings when being activated; therefore, most of the collectors in the past do not know of its problem and had no thoughts of studying it.

The owners who disappeared likely aren't limited to the ones in the story. The others might've died for all kinds of reasons, failing to leave their names in the book.

Klein focused again and made another divination, hoping to obtain the method to leave Groselle's Travels.

This time, he saw a more tempestuous blizzard in the gray, hazy dreamscape. He saw a gigantic figure at the top of an ice peak.

It was a translucent dragon who remained nearly five meters tall while standing on all fours. It resembled a lizard's cousin and had an ugly face with eerie blue eyes. It had a thick, powerful tail and a pair of gigantic wings covered in a skin membrane on its back. It seemed to blot out the sky simply by spreading its wings.

Its scales resembled ice crystals as they swirled with a crystalline glow. It was the most beautiful and dreamy part of its entire body.

Suddenly, the dragon which resembled an ice sculpture raised its neck and body, and it let out a terrifying roar that penetrated through the blizzard.

At that moment, it reached ten meters tall by standing up on its hind legs.

King of the North… That frost dragon… Klein left the dream and tapped the armrest of the high-back chair.

His interpretation of the divination revelation was that the key to leaving Groselle's Travels lay with the King of the North!

Klein's initial guess was that only by helping the main lead, Groselle, accomplish his goal—slaying the frost dragon—would the story come to a complete "end," opening a passageway to exit the book.

However, I can also attempt to see if I can forcibly break open the barrier between the world in the book and the real world… Klein relied on his rich

experience to quickly come up with an attempt.

He first picked up the Black Emperor card which was facing down, and he infused it into his Spirit Body.

Suddenly, Klein's body was covered in black full-body armor. On his head was a heavy crown as his aura became majestic and dignified. It exuded an awe-inspiring vibe.

Following that, he stirred the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to the limit, making them surge over like a tidal wave.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein didn't hesitate to summon the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile before he infused his spirituality within.

The blue gems on the end of the bone scepter lit up one after another, emitting a blinding luster.

Countless silver bolts of lightning surfaced as they zapped about the grand palace as though they were forming a sea of lightning.

Finally, Klein used the suppressive power and balance from the Black Emperor's loftiness to infuse the stirred powers into the Lightning Storm.

Rumble!

Thunder resonated above the gray fog and into the distance as thick bolts of lightning smote down, striking Groselle's Travels.

Blinding light enveloped the entire palace for a full twenty seconds.

After everything was over, Klein looked at the target again and discovered the mottled table was in shambles. As for the dark-brown leather book, it was completely unharmed. Only its ends curled up a little.

It's far more impressive than I imagined… That's right, how can an item which can create a whole new book world be simple… Heh, I wouldn't have made a loss buying it for 8,000 pounds back then. It can be used as a shield. It can definitely defend against attacks from Saints. The only problem is its tiny size. It won't be able to shield much… Klein's thoughts raced as the bronze table was quickly restored to normal.

Since there was no way to forcibly tear open the barrier between the world inside the book and the real world, he could only consider how to enter it according to the normal procedures.

Get some blood, bring it up here and smear it across the cover, and then enter as a Spirit Body with the Blood Emperor card and Sea God Scepter? This way, I don't have to worry about encountering King of the Five Seas, Nast, as there's no way he can sense it. He won't be able to enter the world inside the book either. But the problem lies in the fact that rescuing Vice Admiral Iceberg this way will allow her to determine that Gehrman Sparrow is Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

Yes, there's a more important problem. Entering with a Spirit Body means that the body is still in the outside world—the captain's cabin of the Golden Dream. I have no idea how time flows in the world inside the book. It might easily be a few days. That way, my body might meet with an accident since it lacks protection. I'm in unfamiliar territory as well. When the time comes, I might rescue Edwina, but I would find "myself" gone. That would be fun. Klein quickly rejected the idea of entering as a Spirit Body.

He didn't trust most of the people on the Golden Dream, and he also felt wary of the Strongest Hunter, Anderson.

His attempt to divine if it was dangerous to enter the book to rescue Edwina was met with failure. Klein thought deeply for a moment before returning to the real world. Then, he unhurriedly brought back Groselle's Travels and removed the traces of the ritual.

Looking out the window at the impending dusk, he walked to the captain's cabin's door, unlocked the door, and opened it.

Gourmet Bru Walls, Singer Orpheus, and company were all outside. None of them had left. There were even sailors who peeked their heads out from the staircase.

"Any clues?" Bru Walls blurted out his question, but he didn't hear his voice because everyone at the door was asking the same question.

Klein swept his gaze and nodded.

Instantly, he heard sighs of relief, then he saw all kinds of happy and excited expressions.

*If I were to vanish one day, who would act like that… *Klein focused his thoughts and said to Danitz, "I need an assistant."

With that said, he turned to walk to the desk.

"Alright!" Danitz hurriedly followed and familiarly locked the door.

"Is there anything you need of me?" he hurriedly asked. He looked as though he could already see his captain being rescued through his hard work.

Klein stood by the desk and solemnly said, "What happens next will be very dangerous."

"Very dangerous?" Danitz instinctively gritted his teeth.

"You might vanish or even die immediately." Klein told him the worst possible outcome.

Seeing how serious the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, was, Danitz instantly understood the gravity of the situation. His heart sank as he subconsciously

became frantic.

"W-what does this have to do with rescuing Captain?"

"It's directly related," Klein answered succinctly.

Danitz's expression twisted as he fell silent for two seconds.

"What will happen if nothing is done?"

"Your captain might be left there forever, or she might die in the next second," Klein said truthfully.

Danitz turned agape as he closed his mouth in silence.

His eyes turned adrift for a few seconds before they focused back on Gehrman Sparrow's face. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Let's begin."

"Dogsh*t!" he softly cursed himself.

Klein picked up the pen and paper on the table, scribbled a note, and folded it into a square before handing it to Danitz.

"Put it into your pocket. Read it after you enter."

"Enter?" Danitz asked, puzzled and clueless.

As he spoke, he automatically took the paper slip and stuffed it into his trouser pocket.

Klein didn't reply as he pointed at Groselle's Travels.

"Smear some of your blood on the book's cover."

This… As Danitz made a vague guess, he picked up the bronze dagger beside him and nodded heavily.

"Alright!"

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CHAPTER 694
BURN UPON CHANTING

Danitz held the bronze dagger and sliced across the back of his left palm, but his hesitation prevented him from using much strength.

He looked up and forced a smile.

"Although I've been injured many times, pain still leaves me afraid."

"Get to the point," Klein replied coldly.

Danitz gave a hollow laugh.

"Haha, I'm just a little scared of pain."

Just as he said that, he exerted strength with his right hand, slicing open a wound on the back of his hand with the bronze knife. The words he had said was apparently to divert his attention so that he could reconcile with the idea of pain.

Blood quickly seeped out as Danitz immediately put down the dagger. He dabbed some blood on his right finger and smeared it across the dark brown cover of Groselle's Travels.

After finishing that, he held his breath, waiting for a change.

Suddenly, he saw a snowflake the size of a goose feather. Strong winds howled by his ears, and immediately, a biting chill wildly drilled into his body.

Although Danitz was mentally prepared, he was still alarmed. He instinctively looked around to confirm where he was.

He realized that at some point in time he had left the captain's cabin of the Golden Dream. He found himself in a land of frost wrecked by a blizzard. Due to the extreme environment, he couldn't see into the distance at all. He couldn't even tell if he was on a mountain or on a flat plain.

I've really entered a strange world… Captain is here too? Danitz held up his hand to block his face, afraid that the snow would get into his eyes.

He calmed himself down and recalled Gehrman Sparrow's instructions. From his pocket, he hurriedly took out a piece of paper that had been folded into a square, and he carefully unfolded it.

While doing this, he was especially afraid of any accidents that could lead to the paper tearing or being blown away. That would make him lose all hope; but thankfully, none of that happened. He saw the contents written by Gehrman Sparrow.

"Recite the following honorific name in Hermes, but preferably in ancient Hermes:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

"Burn this upon chanting."

This… This is a secret existence at the level of a deity? Due to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's strict education, Danitz wasn't illiterate when it came to mysticism. He even had quite a good foundation.

Looking at the piece of paper in his hand, he subconsciously drew a gasp, sucking in the cold wind and ice-cold snowflakes that left a biting cold. He immediately coughed as his expression turned twisted.

He was now able to confirm one of his past theories.

Gehrman Sparrow really did belong to a powerful and very secretive organization! And the organization consecrates an existence known as The Fool, a godlike existence!

Indeed, such a powerful and crazy fellow can't appear out of nowhere. They don't just sprout out of the ground… Danitz tugged at his collar and tightened his clothes. Looking at the piece of paper fluttering in the wind, he wore a clear look of hesitation.

He knew very well how dangerous it was to recite the name of an unknown secret existence whose intentions were unknown. It could lead to an outcome more terrifying than death!

Captain is also trapped here. Furthermore, there's no way of leaving… Danitz clasped his hands and placed them before his mouth.

He suddenly threw out his hands and used ancient Hermes to recite The Fool's honorific name.

…

On the Golden Dream, in the captain's cabin.

With his own eyes, Klein witnessed Danitz turn illusory without any reason before disappearing. There was no longer any question about how entry into Groselle's Travels could be achieved.

After patiently waiting for a moment, he heard a series of illusory pleas, and it clearly came from a man.

Phew, from the looks of it, Groselle's Travels is unable to block out the gray fog. The world inside the book is still connected to that mysterious space… This way, even if I were to enter, I wouldn't be entirely cornered or lack any trump cards.… Klein didn't hide his sigh of relief.

To confirm it, he took four steps counterclockwise while chanting the incantation. After arriving above the gray fog, he saw the brilliance representing Danitz rippling outwards beside The Fool's high-back chair.

The body and soul enter together… The world inside the book is very stable. There's no way to shatter it just by pulling the Spirit Body… Indeed, if it's possible, the divination from before would've received the corresponding revelation… Using the Sea God Scepter is too dangerous. Bestowing Danitz directly will only speed up his death… Klein half-closed his eyes as he emanated his spirituality. After taking everything in for a moment, he arrived at many conclusions.

He didn't delay and returned to the real world immediately. Holding the bronze dagger, he wiped away Danitz's blood on it with a piece of paper.

After folding a piece of paper and putting it into his pocket, he began to consider his next move.

From the looks of it, smearing blood allows direct entry. This way, I don't have to worry about my body suffering any accidents. Furthermore, I can very quickly resolve the problem.

But similarly, I can't be careless. I have to be careful of any other dangers. Hmm… If there's anyone on this ship that might be problematic, they might be able to sneak into the captain's cabin after I enter Groselle's Travels, sacrifice this book to the True Creator, Primordial Demoness, or Hidden Sage. I'll be in trouble then. I'll definitely suffer something worse than death.

The Golden Dream's sailors mostly seem to be infatuated with Vice Admiral Iceberg. The fact that Anderson's superficial provocation was effective

enough proves this. Therefore, telling them that this involves Vice Admiral Iceberg's life and getting them to watch each other so that no one enters, that will put me at ease.

The problem lies with Anderson. He's the Strongest Hunter. He's stronger than any of the Beyonders on board this ship. Furthermore, he's good at ambushes and infiltration. There's a small possibility that he can avoid the monitoring of others and secretly sneak into the captain's cabin… His background is still too dubious, and I have no way to really trust him.

I have to think of a way to get him to enter Groselle's Travels with me…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein flipped through the ancient book covered in yellowish-brown goatskin. He discovered that there wasn't any new content, and the story lacked traces of Danitz's existence.

This is to say that one needs to successfully survive and meet up with the lead's team before they will be considered a true part of the story? That will make more pages appear? Klein made a preliminary guess as he walked to the door again and opened it.

"Did it succeed?" Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson and company asked.

Klein shook his head and said calmly, "Next up will be a long ritual.

"No one is to enter and disrupt it; otherwise, it will lead to Edwina Edwards's disappearance forever or even her death."

After informing them of the main point, he looked around and directly said, "I suspect that one of you here might have problems.

"Everyone is to watch each other."

Gourmet Bru Walls instinctively wanted to retort out of habit when he suddenly saw the captain's cabin was empty. Danitz, who had just entered, was gone.

Recalling the captain's disappearance, and confirming that Gehrman Sparrow was about to attempt to save her after finding the cause of the problem, he nodded and said, "I'll be in charge of this matter.

"And they will also monitor me."

Klein didn't harp on the topic. He then turned to look at Anderson Hood who was leaning against a wall.

"Come in."

Anderson curled the right side of his mouth as he tsked.

"People not in the know might think I'm your subordinate. Your attitude is basically a role model for Provokers."

Despite his grumbling, he straightened his back and opened his stride before entering the captain's cabin.

After closing the door and locking it, Klein turned to face Anderson.

"Are you interested in participating in a rare adventure?

"You might be able to fulfill the achievement of hunting a dragon."

According to his observations over the past few days, he believed that Anderson Hood was a curious and adventurous hunter. He enjoyed learning about new things and experiencing novel forms of excitement.

Anderson stared at Gehrman Sparrow's face and sized him up seriously before smiling.

"I'm not interested."

He firmly shook his head.

Following that, he chuckled before Klein spoke again.

"I smell danger. A highly-conceited, crazy, and powerful adventurer is actually inviting me to adventure together. What does this imply? It means that it's extremely troublesome and dangerous!"

I thought you would be interested. This is different from how you usually act. You really can rein yourself in and let go of yourself… Hmm, I'll try another threat. If it doesn't work, I'll throw this fellow on a deserted island and let the Golden Dream sail off. We'll pick him up later. As a hunter, survival on a deserted island shouldn't be difficult for him… Klein quickly made up his mind as his gaze immediately turned cold. He looked at Anderson and said, "I will not permit having latent risks around myself."

Anderson was stunned for a second before he quickly smiled.

"Haha, it was just a joke. I'm very interested in the title of 'Dragon Hunter.'"

…You changed your mind way too quickly… If you had insisted a little longer, you could've enjoyed the feeling of being abandoned… Klein nodded, walked back to the desk, and said to Anderson Hood who had followed behind him, "Smear your blood on this book's cover. There's no need for too much."

"Smear it?" Anderson scrutinized Groselle's Travels out of curiosity before surveying the area. "Edwina's disappearance is related to it? Same for that failure of a hunter's disappearance? Ah, right. Blazing Danitz. I nearly forgot his name. Thankfully, his bounty is a bit higher than before."

The corner of Klein's mouth twitched as he replied frankly, "That's right."

"Interesting…" Anderson glanced at the desk, picked up the bronze dagger, and indifferently sliced open a bleeding gash in his hand.

Right on the heels of that, he carefully put down the dagger and smeared the blood on the dark brown cover of Groselle's Travels.

After a few seconds of observation, just as Anderson was about to pick up the bronze dagger and wipe off the remnant blood on it, his vision was suddenly blanketed by a blizzard.

Seeing Anderson disappear just like Danitz, Klein picked up another piece of paper and wiped away the blood on the dagger before folding it and putting it into his pocket.

He wasn't sure if the trio would appear at the same location after entering the world inside the book. Therefore, he made preparations by having materials needed for Dowsing Rod Seeking!

After doing all of this, Klein held that dagger and streaked it across the back of his hand.

His facial muscles twitched as he looked diagonally downwards. Only after a few seconds did he exert strength.

His body shook slightly as his head turned to the side. The corners of his mouth couldn't help but open.

When the blood flowed out, Klein, who was still holding the dagger, grabbed his cane and quickly smeared the red liquid over the ancient book's cover.

After a short delay, Klein found himself amidst a white land of snow.

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CHAPTER 695
STARK CONTRAST

Gales with icy fragments and goose feather-sized snowflakes blasted at Klein's face repeatedly. As he surveyed his surroundings, he couldn't help but tense up. He bent over slightly as he trembled.

How… cold… He nearly cursed out as he confirmed that he was in a land of ice and snow which had extremely low visibility.

He originally imagined that the moist coldness of Backlund's winter was terrifying, but he now knew that absolute low temperatures and strong winds that were as sharp as blades were a deadly combination. Even though he had worn an additional sweater ahead of time, and his coat was thick and long, he still couldn't withstand the chill.

He didn't wear Sun Brooch because the heat generated was psychological. It could be used to resist the influence of the intense chill for a short period of time, preventing his body from turning numb. But faced with an everlasting icy environment, it was equivalent to suicide. Heat at the psychological level made one's pores open up as though one was in summer. It would peel off the final layer of defense against low temperatures, and it would even proactively welcome it.

Therefore, Klein threw the mystical item above the gray fog. He planned on using it only on certain special occasions.

He couldn't afford to delay while in such harsh environments. After a preliminary observation of his surroundings, he immediately burned the blood on the bronze dagger and stuffed it into his pocket. Following that, Klein took out the Adventurer's Harmonica and blew into it.

Amidst the howling winds, he failed to discover the appearance of Miss Messenger, Tinekerr Reinette, through the Spirit Vision he activated.

Indeed, this place isn't connected to the spirit world. Or it should be said that this place has a unique spirit world for itself… Hmm, from the looks of it, praying to Sea God would be useless. Only charms that point to the mysterious space above the gray fog would tear through the barrier…

Here comes the problem, as a believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Edwina knows the true god's honorific name. Why didn't she seek "His" help? Or did she try to no avail?

Yes… Not every deity will personally reply to "Their" believers. Many a time, "They" seem to provide feedback based on certain laws. You probably can't find a second "secret existence" like me who takes on jobs like myself… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh and made a preliminary judgment.

He then put away his harmonica, took out the paper slip with Danitz's blood, and he wrapped it at the end of his cane.

"Danitz's location."

Klein softly said as he began using Dowsing Rod Seeking.

Then, according to the outcome, he traversed across the thick snow, and he quickly tore through the frosty winds under the gloomy sky. From time to time, he would carry out a divination and adjust his bearings. After all, Danitz wouldn't wait in his original spot, as he would end up as an ice sculpture by doing so.

About ten minutes later, Klein discovered a scarlet flame.

Phew… He exhaled before taking a few steps forward to identify his target.

It was indeed Danitz. This famous pirate wore rather thin clothes. He wrapped his arms around himself as he walked forward with a lost expression.

However, he didn't seem to be that cold. This was because scarlet Fire Ravens were circling around him. They were boiling the snow and blocking out the winds, bringing about a spring-like warmth.

In such times, Klein especially admired a Pyromaniac. Although a Magician had the same ability to summon flames, it was an offensive ability that couldn't be maintained. It could only be used for a split moment. To rely on it to warm himself, he needed to constantly cast it, tiring himself out quickly. As for Flame Controlling, it depended on existing flames or ignitable materials. Both of them were extremely lacking in this world of ice.

As he saw the Fire Ravens soaring into the air, Klein sped up his pace and approached.

Danitz jumped in fright when he sensed someone approaching. When he saw who the newcomer was, he immediately heaved a sigh of relief. Then, with an odd expression, he forced a smile.

"Haha, there's no stars to be seen here. Getting lost is inevitable."

Klein ignored what he said as he directly asked, "Have you burned it?"

"I did!" Danitz hurriedly nodded, his entire being effusing with indescribable fear.

Klein observed Danitz for a few seconds and, after confirming that he wasn't lying, produced the polite smile of Gehrman Sparrow.

"Remember.

"Chanting 'His' honorific name makes you 'His' believer."

"…”

Danitz's expression twisted as he forced a smile which looked worse than crying.

"I don't want to change my faith! I have no intention of believing in an unknown existence of dubious origins!" He inwardly roared crazily but didn't say a word.

He suspected that any retort he makes would lead to him being buried in the snow by the madman!

Klein wore a smile that had hints of madness. He added with a calm tone, "Remember, keep it a secret.

"Once divulged, you and your captain will both die."

"What has this got to do with Captain?" Danitz blurted out.

Klein maintained his previous expression as he smiled at Danitz.

"Guess?"

Danitz gaped his mouth. With the reason known, all he could do was give a hollow chuckle.

"Do I look like someone who can't keep secrets?"

Klein nodded. As he took out the paper slip with Anderson's blood, he chuckled and said to Danitz, "Believe in 'Him.' Serve 'Him.' Perhaps one day, you will become a Blessed like me.

"When the time comes, your name will spread across the Five Seas. You will be in no way inferior to a pirate admiral."

As he spoke, he planned on adding a gesture as The Fool's believer, but sadly, he realized that he didn't have such a gesture. All he could do was console himself.

A secret organization needs to be secret. Doing all these kinds of superficial actions is meaningless… Mr. Hanged Man was right…

No way inferior to a pirate admiral… Danitz's eyes suddenly lit up.

Since I've already chanted the honorific name of this secret existence, there's really no way to avoid it from a mysticism point of view. I might as well take this opportunity… He instantly had many thoughts, having even named his future child.

Hehe, if it wasn't for Gehrman Sparrow's persona, I would've directly said that you would have the reputation and strength that matches Vice Admiral Iceberg when the time comes. Of course, whether she likes you will be a whole other matter. According to my observations, you stand little chance. The partner Edwina wishes to have is someone who can study and improve alongside her, someone who can discuss all kinds of knowledge… Klein mumbled as he used Dowsing Rod Seeking again.

"Anderson Hood's location."

"…He came in too?" Danitz was first taken aback before he asked in surprise.

Klein finished chanting the statement, released his cane, and determined the direction in which it fell. He then nodded and said, "I'm worried if he stays outside."

So you're also wary of Anderson Hood… Danitz couldn't hide his smile as he echoed, "That's right! He's the kind of person who smiles on the surface but will stab you in the back once you turn around!

"His reputation in the Fog Sea is terrible. There are no pirates that like him!

"He even deliberately tried to sully you, making us be wary of you, to view you with animosity!"

If pirates were to like him, it would only mean that his title as Strongest Hunter isn't substantial… I heard Anderson's provocations… Klein didn't reply. He picked up his cane and proceeded through the blizzard.

Danitz followed closely behind, using Fire Ravens to scatter the snow and block out the cold, so that they two didn't need to freeze.

Not bad. Quite sensible… At that moment, Klein once again experienced the benefits of having a servant—to have someone hold an umbrella during a rainy day, and someone to provide warmth in a blizzard!

In the white vastness, the two appeared like black dots, trudging through the snow. They proceeded forward for nearly twenty minutes before arriving at the location where the dowsing pointed to.

"He isn't here…" Danitz surveyed the area and failed to find any traces of Anderson Hood.

He didn't have any doubts about Gehrman Sparrow's Dowsing Rod Seeking, because he was the last person to be found with it.

Klein frowned as he activated his Spirit Vision and enhanced his spiritual perception.

Suddenly, he sensed something. He prodded forward with his cane, causing the snow in front of him to collapse.

The collapse revealed a cave. Inside it were dark rocks that were reflecting the light from a fire.

Klein crouched down. In his vision, he discovered that the cave extended into a narrow passage. And at the end of the passage was a bunch of glowing red rocks. Strange underground plants were slowly burning as

Anderson Hood sat beside it. He was leisurely roasting an animal that resembled a rabbit. The fragrance of the fats and the warmth it brought were emanating out, drilling into Klein's and Danitz's noses.

"You guys are finally here? Want to give it a try? There's actually a strange rabbit around here that can live in such ice and snow." Anderson bent down, looking towards the entrance as though he was greeting companions on a camping trip with him.

Although he didn't say anything provocative, I really wish to beat him up… Klein entered the cave with a stoic expression. He came close to the fire and experienced the long-awaited bliss.

Danitz followed in tow. He looked at the fire which was roasting a rabbit and then at the Fire Ravens beside him before silently dispelling them.

"H-how did you find this cave?" Danitz asked in disgruntlement, unwilling to admit his inferiority, but his body betrayed him by leaning closer to the fire.

Anderson turned the rabbit which was impaled with his pitch-black sword, and he shot Danitz a glance.

"First lesson of being a hunter. Observe your surroundings. Be familiar with your surroundings. Make use of your surroundings."

Danitz's expression immediately froze.

Anderson looked at Gehrman Sparrow and chuckled.

"It's a cave I blasted open. How is it? It's not bad, right? I controlled my strength perfectly."

As he spoke, he took a whiff of the air and said, "How fragrant. The roasting seems to be done. Do you want to give it a try? Although I didn't bring any spices, there's rock salt here. It will just be a little astringent."

"Are you sure you can eat this? If it's a Beyonder creature, you might lose control with just one bite," Danitz said with a tsk.

Anderson glanced at him.

"Second lesson of being a hunter. Distinguish what can and cannot be eaten in the wilderness."

He carefully reached out his hand, pulled off a leg, and stuffed it into his mouth as he ate it with relish.

Klein was just about to say something when he suddenly felt a wanton aura approach from afar. The suppressive feeling that came from a high-leveled creature appeared extremely real. It made Danitz tremble uncontrollably.

The aura swept across them without noticing the strangeness of the cave beneath it. It then quickly departed.

King of the North… The title flashed across Klein's mind.

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CHAPTER 696
GIANT GUARDIAN

As the tyrannical aura flew past, high in the sky, Anderson's chewing came to a sudden halt. It was only when the entity was a distance away did he swallow the remaining rabbit meat. He looked up at Gehrman Sparrow.

"That was the dragon you were talking about?"

Klein nodded slightly, confirming Anderson's guess.

The corners of Anderson's mouth slowly curled up, revealing an expression as though he was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry.

"I thought you were talking about a mature or adolescent dragon. The one that just flew past…

"I probably won't be able to become a dragon hunter. Dragon feces perhaps."

The tyrannical feeling that the King of the North exudes is indeed a little terrifying. Compared to the pieced-together monster which made hair grow without restraint on the Future, it's a lot stronger… Perhaps, it's a Sequence 4, at the level of a demigod… Klein calmly made a judgment without revealing any hints of panic or horror.

He clearly remembered that Groselle's Travels had clearly indicated that the female pirate had managed to succeed in escaping from the King of the North's attack before meeting up with the team led by the main lead, Groselle.

And Edwina Edwards clearly wasn't a demigod. She was a Sequence 5 of the Reader pathway. Furthermore, as she was suddenly swallowed by the book, certain mystical items and Sealed Artifacts that she didn't permanently keep on her person were left in the captain's cabin. The tools she had that were useful to her were probably limited to one or two.

Under such a situation, she was able to defend against the King of the North and survive. Having just advanced, and having adjusted his inventory, Klein believed that it wouldn't faze him too much. Furthermore, he was still connected to the gray fog. He could use the Sea God Scepter to produce a response!

This was also why Klein dared to enter directly after confirming that Danitz was in an ordinary state during his prayer.

Yes, the King of the North doesn't seem like a demigod from a normal pathway. According to Vice Admiral Iceberg, it's a Rampager who gathers frost-related Beyonder characteristics, and it can match a demigod in certain domains but would have flaws in other aspects… Edwina, Anderson, and me, along with the Beyonders of the main lead's team, we wouldn't be helpless! If all else fails, I can still use the Sea God Scepter. I don't believe that this book can defend against items above the gray fog. If it could, it would've shown it long ago… Standing beside the fire, Klein looked down at Anderson and grinned.

"Are you afraid?"

Anderson was taken aback as he immediately beamed.

"Not at all. You seem to be very confident."

After saying that, he looked at Danitz, who was still trembling and trying hard to compose himself, before tsking.

"Do you know what's the most important thing for a man?"

Danitz had just taken a deep breath. He was stunned by what he heard as he held his right index finger and middle finger together, pointing to his crotch with uncertainty.

Anderson blinked before he roared with laughter.

“…B*stard, you really are a crude pirate!

"Haha, I wanted to say something, but… Haha, I can't remember it!

"Oh right, I wanted to say courage. Courage is the most important thing for a man. Look at you. The dragon hasn't even attacked, and you're almost hugging your head and begging for mercy!"

Danitz's face instantly flushed red as he glared at Anderson.

You weren't acting like this back at Toscarter… Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

Danitz was just about to make it clear that he was only influenced by the high-level creature when he suddenly recalled what was just said. His expression was immediately restored to normal as he casually replied, "I can't compare with dragon feces at all."

Anderson's smile froze as he coughed lightly. As though nothing had happened, he yanked off a rabbit's leg and handed it over to Gehrman Sparrow.

"Want a bite?"

Klein remained silent for a few seconds before he slowly shook his head.

"This is a strange world. Before confirming that there aren't any problems, it's best not to eat anything here.

"Perhaps it might be a piece of rabbit meat that will make you stay here forever."

"…" Anderson moved the roasted rabbit's leg to his nose before slowly putting it down. Following that, his face collapsed. "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

Klein calmly replied, "I just thought of this problem."

Anderson's expression turned twisted as he lowered his head. He quickly bit down on his roasted rabbit leg.

"A-aren't you afraid that something really bad will happen?" The Strongest Hunter's actions alarmed Danitz.

Anderson laughed helplessly.

"I've already eaten one earlier. I've already digested it by now… Since there's no way of turning back, I might as well focus on enjoying it."

Klein and Danitz were momentarily at a loss for words.

After Anderson finished gnawing on the rabbit's leg, he deliberated and asked, "Are you really not eating?"

"We have no idea how much time we'll be spending here. If we really do starve, how are we supposed to fight the dragon?"

Klein didn't reply. He took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

"It's ten past six in the evening outside.

"We'll eat a little after four to six hours if nothing happens to you."

"…" Anderson turned agape, speechless.

Klein ignored him and turned to say to Danitz, "Fifteen minutes break. We'll search for your captain after that."

As he said that, he had already taken out the pearl earring belonging to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards.

"Alright." Danitz suddenly felt pumped with his blood boiling, completely forgetting the cold outside.

But after about eight seconds, he huddled close to the fire again.

…

Around seven in the evening in the outside world, Klein pressed down on his hat and held his cane. Together with Danitz and Anderson, he followed the revelation provided by his divination and found their way to a mountain.

After circling the boulders which were encased in thick layers of ice, they saw a dark mountain cave. Standing by the entrance was a woman holding an ancient bow.

The woman had a head of soft, lustrous black hair which she had simply tied into a pigtail. Her facial features were soft, making her look different from any national of the Northern Continent.

She wore a brown ancient-styled hunter's coat and trousers. She acutely cast her gaze over.

Upon seeing her slightly sharp ears, Klein immediately guessed her identity from matching her to the content in Groselle's Travels.

She was the female elf who got to know the giant, Groselle, at the very beginning. Her name was unknown.

Compared to Earth, people from the Northern Continent look more Caucasian. But this elf has more of an oriental charm… Klein quickly

concluded this particular trait.

"An elf! She's identical to the elves drawn in the ancient Church drawings!" Anderson suddenly became excited. "I have to negotiate with her to get her to be my model so that I can draw a few portraits of her!"

By the side, Danitz scoffed. He mocked in a succinct manner, "Boorish!"

Clearly, he hadn't forgotten Anderson's previous mockery.

"Do you only know of that kind of drawing?" Anderson shot a glance at him, sped up, and walked towards the female elf.

Just as he approached, the female elf didn't hesitate to raise her bow. The arrow strung on it shimmered with silver lightning.

"Wait!" Anderson immediately raised his hands.

It's useless. The elves mostly belong to the Storm pathway. They are prone to being irascible and rash… Klein secretly activated his Spirit Body Threads, planning to achieve initial control over the elf in order to let her listen calmly.

At this moment, Anderson saw a blur before seeing two thick, huge, muscular grayish-blue legs. Embedded in the snow was a huge, terrifying sword!

"…” Anderson was horrified to realize that his height only reached the leg's knees. He instinctively followed the sword and looked up, bit by bit.

With his head almost completely facing upwards, he finally saw the giant who was nearly four meters tall!

The giant's skin was grayish blue. His abdomen and waist was covered in a thick furry beast hide, leaving him naked everywhere else. Even his legs lacked protection.

He pounded on the sword which was wider than a human door, and using his trademark single vertical eye to look at Anderson, Klein, and Danitz, he asked with a booming voice, "Who are you?

"Why are you here in the Groselle camp?"

Klein was just about to reply when a familiar figure suddenly walked out from the dark mountain cave. Danitz's eyes were instantly filled with ecstasy.

Dressed in a complicated shirt and dark-colored trousers, Edwina swept her gaze across the trio. Her usually cold expression revealed a rather flabbergasted look, as though she hadn't expected to see Gehrman Sparrow and Anderson Hood here.

She quickly composed herself and looked up at the giant.

"Groselle, they are my companions."

Groselle widened his huge mouth into a grin and asked in delight, "Are you also here to help deal with Ulyssan?

*Ulyssan? *Klein was momentarily left at a loss for an answer.

At that moment, he saw Edwina, who was standing in the giant's shadow, give him a look. She wanted him to give an affirmative answer.

Ulyssan is the King of the North? Klein replied in thought, "Yes."

"Haha, then we are friends!" Groselle looked down at the trio and laughed.

As he spoke, Anderson silently retreated back to Gehrman Sparrow's side as he said under his breath, "This is the first time I'm meeting a living giant.

"There's no way of hitting his vital spots. He's just too tall!"

You can hit his legs.… Klein lampooned and calmly replied, "A huge target makes it easy to strike them."

“…That's right." Anderson agreed.

At that moment, Edwina walked over and introduced the three of them:

"This is the leader of the camp, Giant Guardian Groselle.

"This is the Elvish Songster, Siatas."

Elvish Songster? Ocean Songster? Klein suddenly felt that there was hope for Mr. Hanged Man's potion formula.

Edwina turned halfway around and said to Groselle and Siatas, "They are my companions.

"The strongest adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow; treasure-hunter, Anderson Hood; and renowned sailor, Danitz."

*… I always thought Vice Admiral Iceberg was the serious type who never lied… Renowned sailor. Ha, in a certain way, that's true… *Klein took off his hat and gave a serious bow. Anderson followed suit in a rather casual and perfunctory manner.

Reeling in his delight that his captain had introduced him as a companion instead of a subordinate, Danitz was slower than the others as he acted in a fluster.

Groselle laughed.

"Come on in. We will be fighting that evil dragon, Ulyssan, at any moment now!"

How warm and amiable… But be it the Churches' canon or the myths of the City of Silver, giants are extremely violent creatures who have a strong

desire for destruction… Yes, anything is possible in a book. It all depends on whether the author can make everything flow nicely… Klein nodded slightly as he followed Groselle into the spacious cave.

When Edwina saw this, she approached the trio without showing any signs of abnormal behavior. As though she was leading the way, she whispered, "The history they speak of is a little odd.

"Same for their language. Regardless of the language they speak, all of us can understand it."

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CHAPTER 697
STORY'S PROGRESS

Everyone can understand each other regardless of the language used? Klein skipped over Edwina's first sentence and focused his attention on the second sentence that didn't seem too problematic.

Although this was the book world created by Groselle's Travels, everything was possible, but there were certain details that still revealed problems.

To Klein, he wasn't too caught up with how that they could understand each other, but the kind of method that resulted in the comprehension.

*This world incorporates something akin to the rule of language comprehension, or does it have a conscious residing high above everyone else, helping in the real-time translation work, just like what I do at the Tarot Gatherings? If it were the former, targets who don't understand Jotun will only hear an unfamiliar language, but they would understand the meaning. If it were the latter, it will be them hearing a language they're familiar with… *As he knew many ancient and supernatural languages, Klein was unable to figure out the situation immediately. He slowed down his footsteps and walked alongside Danitz. He asked while suppressing his voice, "Can you tell what language Groselle was using when he was speaking?"

Danitz was taken aback for a second. He recalled and said, "It's a language which sounds a little familiar yet unfamiliar, but I was able to understand everything."

The supernatural languages he knew were ancient Hermes, followed by Elvish. He was only a beginner in Jotun.

Yes, it's something like the rule of language comprehension… It's comprehension at the level of the mind… This means that the entire book world's fundamental rules can be different from the outside world. It's a setting that it comes with, but the changes don't seem capable of exceeding certain limits. This point remains suspect and requires verification. After all, I can't eliminate the existence of someone like The Fool, someone who completely interprets the communication via the mind… Edwina is indeed sharp and good at observing. The problem she discovered leads straight to this book world's essence… Amidst his thoughts, Klein unhurriedly entered the huge, dark cave.

As for the history described by the members of the main lead's team, he wasn't the least bit surprised. He even looked forward to hearing the details.

Klein long knew that the various Churches and the Northern Continent's countries had consciously attempted to destroy or conceal information, to hide the true history of the Fourth Epoch, Third Epoch, and even the Second Epoch. What people knew as common knowledge actually differed from the people who used to live in those eras.

This was also one of the reasons why Klein took on the risk to enter the book world!

Inside the spacious and windy cave, a bonfire scattered its light and heat on three humanoid figures.

One of them was a middle-aged man in an extremely spartan white robe. He had wrinkles but didn't appear old. He had his back to the fire as he faced the stone wall with his eyes closed, focused on his prayers. He had short brown hair, and his shoulders, arms, calves, and feet were exposed, revealing all kinds of old scars.

Beside him was a lad using a stone for a pillow. He donned a black, heavy full-body armor. By his hand was an erected black sword that emitted a cold shimmering light. His facial features were rather deep, giving him clear Loen traits.

Sitting opposite the two was a man in his thirties who was dressed strangely. He gave people a sense of unease. He wore a sharp and hard black hat, and his coat's buttons were mismatched. It was messy and chaotic, highly asymmetric and unharmonious.

In addition, the tips of his leather boots curled up high, making him look like a circus clown.

This man had quite a handsome face. He had flaxen-colored hair, deep brown eyes, a high nose, and thin lips. Even though he sat there, he gave off an arrogant feeling.

Edwina pointed at him and said, "Solomon Empire's Viscount Mobet Zoroast, a gentleman who can take away the ideals and dreams of others."

"You don't have to mince your words. Hello there, I'm a Sequence 5 Dream Stealer of the Marauder pathway," Mobet said with a chuckle. He acted nothing like the arrogance he seemed to exude.

A member of the Zoroast family… The angel parasitizing Leonard's body is from this family. Perhaps they know each other? Heh, I now know the name of Sequence 4 and 5 of the Marauder pathway, but I don't even know the corresponding Sequence 6 and 7… Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he maintained his stoic look.

At that moment, Anderson warmly greeted him with a smile and asked as though they were pals, "To be frank, this is the first time I'm hearing of Dream Stealer. I only know of Marauder and Swindler. There are two Sequences in the middle I'm not aware of."

"Are the Beyonders of this pathway already so scarce? Doesn't Edwina know? Sequence 7 Cryptologist and Sequence 6 Fire Bandit. Haha, let me do the introductions." Mobet warmly pointed to the praying man whose back was facing everyone. "The pious ascetic, Snowman. He believes in the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God. Don't mind him. He's completely sealed himself in his beliefs. But in combat, he's

a very reliable companion. Eh, Snowman, you should say something at the very least."

Mobet, who didn't receive a response, stroked his chin with a rueful smile.

"This is the treatment I often receive. You might find it hard to imagine that I was an arrogant, reserved, and refined nobleman. But time has changed everything. Heh heh, that happens when your companion is a giant who only knows how to chuckle foolishly and shout slogans…"

When he said this, Groselle, who was sitting on a rock, smiled in a simple and good-natured manner. He raised his hand to scratch the back of his head as his single vertical eye didn't show the ferocity and cruelness that giants were strongly rumored to have.

Mobet shook his head and pointed at the ascetic, Snowman.

"As for him, he might not speak a single word for years or even a decade. Siatas is a very violent woman. As long as there are any emotional stirrings in her, she'll beat me up. Sigh, I'm as afraid of her now as I was infatuated over her back then. Therefore, I can only make conversation and speak to them; otherwise, I'll definitely go mad!

"Thankfully, Frunziar came later. He's quite the conversationalist. Hey, Frunziar, wake up! We have new companions!"

The sleeping black-armored knight slowly woke up as he looked at Klein and company.

Suddenly, there was the sound of metal striking each other as he stood up. Staring at Klein, he said, "Loenese?"

"Yes," Klein nodded frankly. He discovered that this Loen soldier who had gone missing for 165 years didn't look old. He had black hair and sharp, blue eyes. He made one submit to him unknowingly.

Frunziar appeared adrift for a moment as he quickly composed himself.

"Do you know of Backlund's Edward family?"

"Backlund has many Edwards," Klein replied simply.

"The Edward family that lives at 18 Delahire Street in Northwest Borough," Frunziar pressed anxiously.

Klein shook his head.

"Northwest Borough no longer exists."

"Northwest Borough no longer exists…" Frunziar repeated those words as his voice grew softer.

He fell silent for a few seconds before exhaling.

"I've no idea how many years have passed outside, but it should've been quite a while. Edwina told me the actual year, but I don't remember the year I entered… I was sleeping most of the time, and time here seems to be frozen."

Mobet Zoroast chuckled upon hearing that.

"That's because you have bad luck. Back when we were passing through cities and villages, everything was perfect."

He looked at Klein, Anderson, and Danitz.

"Back then, we lived in places with humans, with intelligent races. We got married again and again, seeing our wives turn old, grow weak, and die. Heh, before a new member joins, we would forget our goals. We would lead ordinary but happy and relaxed lives for decades or centuries. The only con is that we aren't able to bear our own children.

"Later, Frunziar came. We entered this region blanketed by ice and snow. We hunted many monsters, but gradually, we began to fall into a slumber. We were seldom awake until we met Edwina."

This means that time in the book world flows normally. The story's progress is maintained by a certain power that influences the main lead's party. Before new members join and before the book's pages flip, they'll stop and stay at a certain node, doing other things… This is similar to the inter-translation of languages at the mind level…

Conversely, does this also mean that towns and villages in the book world also develop normally? Yes, I have to quickly find King of the North Ulyssan; otherwise, with the passage of time, we might also experience that influence and fall into a slumber or forget the main quest. We'll stay here for a long period of time until a new member is swallowed into the book and finds us… Klein fell silent for a few seconds. Just as he was about to say something, Edwina said, "There's no need to worry about that problem.

"We will soon encounter the King of the North."

"Why?" Anderson and Mobet asked in unison.

Edwina surveyed the area and said, "Before I entered, the stuck pages in the book only had a few more pages.

"And now, with you entering and finding the camp, there definitely can't be many pages left. The story is about to come to an end."

Mobet nodded indiscernibly in agreement with Edwina's judgment. Anderson softly mumbled terms such as "stuck."

Edwina then introduced Klein, Anderson, and Danitz as she made an example of herself and sat down beside the bonfire.

Klein took off his hat and held it with his cane. He slowly sat down and looked at Mobet Zoroast who was inclined to chat.

"Have you heard of the Tudor Empire and the Trunsoest Empire?"

He didn't beat around the bush and asked directly. That was Gehrman Sparrow's persona.

"No." Mobet shook his head. "Edwina has already asked me. Heh, in my era, the Tudors and Trunsoests were just like my Zoroast family. We're aristocratic families of the Solomon Empire and were loyal subjects of the Black Emperor."

So the Trunsoest and Tudor families were traitors of the Solomon Empire… Klein thought and said, "Apart from you, what other aristocratic families did the Solomon Empire have?"

"Many." Mobet smiled as he looked at Frunziar. "Augustus, Abraham, Zaratul, etc. In my era, the Church of the Evernight Goddess's archenemies were the Church of the God of Combat and the Southern Continent's Eggers family. The Churches of the Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were all at odds with each other, all of them hoping to gain the support of the Solomon Empire."

He paused for two seconds as his expression gradually turned solemn.

"Back then, deities walked the land, and not in the astral world."

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CHAPTER 698
FIFTH KING OF ANGELS

Deities walked the land, and not in the astral world… In the early Fourth Epoch, during the era of the Solomon Empire, there was no distinguishing between the worlds of myth and reality. Deities directly walked the land without the need for a descent?

This is somewhat similar to the Second Epoch as written in the City of Silver's books. The Giant King's Court and other locations are separated by a door in the real world. They just needed to pass through it and return the same way. Mortals and deities mixed together in the chaos and darkness… Also, the astral world really does correspond to deities… After hearing Viscount Mobet Zoroast's description, Klein instantly began connecting the dots.

He subconsciously swept a glance at Groselle, as this giant was very likely someone who had experienced the history of the Second Epoch!

Groselle picked up a cup larger than a wooden bucket and gulped down some melted snow as he laughed.

"Mobet, what's there to be surprised about? Why are you so solemn?"

"I've no idea why I became so solemn either." Bit by bit, Mobet Zoroast revealed a smile. "Haha, it might be something very normal for us, but in their eyes, it's terrifying and unbelievable. I have to use a suitable expression to describe it in order to achieve a satisfactory result. Do you still remember Frunziar's expression when we told him those stories in the very beginning? He almost knelt down to seek forgiveness from the Lord of Storms."

"…" Klein, Danitz, and company were momentarily unsure of the expression of words they should use to respond.

Anderson leaned over to Gehrman Sparrow and said with a suppressed voice, "I think he has the talent to be a Provoker."

He appeared to be suppressing his voice, but his words could be heard by everyone present.

Mobet didn't mind as he chuckled before continuing, "I know that you aren't very convinced and find it unbelievable that deities walked the lands, just like Edwina's previous reactions. Heh heh, I can give you two examples. The Chasm of Storm on Pasu Island and the Tenebrous Heaven in the Amantha mountain range were the divine kingdoms of the Lord of Storms and Evernight. They were divine kingdoms located on land. They were divine kingdoms separated from the real world by a mere illusory door!

Pasu Island? Isn't that where the holy altar of the Church of Storms is? The Amantha mountain range… Amantha means serenity in Hermes; this refers to a holy cathedral, the Cathedral of Serenity? When the deities no longer walked the land, "Their" kingdoms became the headquarters of their respective churches? Klein instinctively believed that Mobet Zoroast wasn't lying as he used it to come to certain conclusions.

Danitz was puzzled and horrified by what he heard. He subconsciously wanted to leave, but when he saw his captain listening attentively, Gehrman Sparrow who was in thought, and Anderson Hood who wore a look of interest on his face, he could only hold back his urge as he sought a better, more comfortable seating position.

At that moment, the Elvish Songster Siatas, who was in charge of the perimeter, walked in and said with contempt, "Do not mention that fake god. The authority of the storm only belongs to the king of us elves!"

Her voice was clear and beautiful, but her tone was filled with anger and irascibility. It felt as though she would raise her hands at any moment to

shoot an arrow at Mobet Zoroast.

"Alright, I will use the words 'fake god,'" Mobet raised his hand to adjust his sharp and hard black hat.

Siatas retracted her gaze. She then said to the former Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward, who wasn't a staunch believer of the Lord of Storms, "It's your turn!"

Frunziar raised his head a little; his expression in a trance-like state.

Apparently, he hadn't noticed the conversation and argument from before. He drew the iron-black sword beside him and walked towards the cave entrance.

Klein observed for a moment and took the opportunity to speak to the elf, Siatas.

"Do you know of Queen of Calamity, Cohinem?"

He wasn't actually sure if Cohinem was Elf King Soniathrym's subsidiary god, Queen of Calamity. His inquiry was for Elvish Songster Siatas to give him the answer.

Siatas's gentle and exquisite face immediately produced a trance-like expression like Frunziar's.

"I haven't heard 'Her' name in a long time. 'She' is the queen of us elves.

"Mobet and Frunziar didn't even know of 'Her' existence…

"Where did you encounter 'Her,' no—learn of 'Her' situation?"

As she spoke, Siatas's tone became urgent.

At that moment, Danitz looked at Gehrman Sparrow in surprise, reflecting over the revelation that the madman was so knowledgeable. He was even able to share a common topic of interest with an elf from ancient times.

"I never expected you to be a scholar… I really couldn't tell. Couldn't tell at all…" Anderson sighed as he shook his head.

Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina likewise cast her gaze at Klein. Her limpid blue eyes had a strong desire to learn from him.

Klein answered frankly, "I've once entered a ruin belonging to Queen of Calamity Cohinem and obtained some items."

"Ruin?" Siatas ruminated over that word in a soft voice, her tone having seemingly lost something unimportant, but something that she couldn't bear to part with.

"From the situation inside, 'She' might not be truly dead." After seeing Siatas's eyes light up, Klein went straight to the point. "Do you have the Ocean Songster's potion formula? Can I use something to exchange for it?"

He felt that being honest and direct with a Beyonder from the Storm pathway was the best choice.

Siatas thought and said, "Use one of Her Majesty's items for the exchange."

"I only obtained a wine cup made of gold. It's already been crushed flat. Complicated patterns are engraved on it, with the Elvish phrases Calamity and Cohinem." Klein didn't hide the truth.

"I know about that cup. It was the cup Her Majesty loved the most," Siatas said, unable to hide her excitement. "Deal!"

"The cup is outside." Klein had no intention of heading above the gray fog in front of everyone.

Siatas nodded.

"I understand.

"We will complete the transaction after we leave this book."

Having said that, she pressed her palms together.

"The Storm will definitely belong to the elves!"

Before anyone spoke, she asked curiously, "What else did you discover there?"

"Some murals depicting the Elf King battling an ancient sun god." Klein shot a glance at the ascetic, Snowman, who believed in the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God.

With his back still facing the fire, the middle-aged man who was facing the stone wall finally opened his mouth.

"No, 'He' isn't the Sun God.

"'He' is our Lord, the father of all things, the great source of everything.

"'He' wasn't battling the Elf King, but taking back the authority which belonged to him.

Just as Snowman said that, Siatas stood up and aimed her arrow at him.

Suddenly, this Elvish Songster's plaited black hair flared up in violation of the laws of nature. The strands of hair were distinct and they were all swirling with silver lightning, emitting a strange deep blue luster.

Just as Siatas was about to release the arrow, a huge grayish-blue palm appeared before her, blocking the arrow tip, without any fear of being struck.

It was the palm of the giant, Groselle. One of the traits of this race was its exaggerated limbs. They were so long that they appeared a little distorted. Therefore, simply by sitting there, he could stop Siatas by extending his arm.

"Alright, Snowman, cut it out. As you know, Siatas is an elf who likes to put actions before words," Groselle said to the ascetic before turning his head to the Elvish Songster. "Siatas, we are companions who can leave our backs to each other. We have experienced plenty of dangers together. You can retort Snowman and even beat him up, but do not attempt to harm him."

As expected of the lead of the book. He's filled with positivity… But what's the difference in beating him and harming him? Klein couldn't help but mumble.

Siatas grunted and sat back down, turning the mood heavy and silent with a level of awkwardness.

Giant Groselle used his single vertical eye to survey the area before chuckling.

"Then, I'll talk about my past.

"Before entering this book, I lived in the Giant King's Court. I was one of the guardians of the Waning Forest. It's somewhere only our king can enter. Rumor has it that buried inside it are 'His' parents, who also form the origins of us giants."

The Giant King's Court is formed of many parts, and the Waning Forest is one of them? Buried in there is the most ancient ancestor of the giants? Klein listened attentively, only wishing to ask more.

To him, this was more valuable than the Fourth Epoch's history. This was because the City of Silver's hope likely laid in the Giant King's Court.

However, before he opened his mouth, Edwina spoke before him.

"Groselle, what did the book look like when you received it?"

Groselle raised his hand to rub his cheeks.

"It had nothing, like an empty book waiting to be written."

*I even thought that Groselle might be a completely fictional character in the book… *Klein deliberated for a few seconds and didn't directly ask about the details of the Giant King's Court. He turned to say to Mobet Zoroast, "Do you know of Blasphemer Amon?"

"Blasphemer refers to the entire family of Amon. They are the archenemies of us Zoroasts. It's said that they have a very powerful and terrifying ancestor that even Ouroboros and Medici viewed with great importance. They even feel fear towards 'Him,' but no one knows of 'His' actual name," Mobet introduced in detail.

Ouroboros, Medici? Yes, back then the True Creator and Rose Redemption supported the Solomon Empire… Klein's heart stirred as he immediately asked, "Then, have you heard of the name Sasrir?"

Mobet was taken aback as he slowly shook his head.

"Never."

Dark Angel Sasrir's name and title vanished after the Cataclysm? It was buried? Klein confirmed a fact through this.

At that moment, Snowman, who was facing the stone wall, said with a deep voice, "Sasrir is the Dark Angel, the leader of the Kings of Angels, the one closest to the Lord."

I was waiting for your answer… Klein cast his gaze on the ascetic and asked in a deep voice, "Apart from 'Him,' Ouroboros, Medici, and Amon, what other Kings of Angels are there? You don't have to say out all 'Their' names."

Klein was afraid that it would result in unnecessary reactions, just like the "repenter" in Afternoon Town.

Edwina, Anderson, and Danitz were at a loss from the very beginning. This was because the contents of the conversation between Gehrman Sparrow and the few ancient figures were things that they had never heard of. They found it unbelievable that this crazy adventurer knew so many secrets!

After a few seconds of silence, Snowman said, "There's also the Angel of Imagination, Adam…”

Just as he said the name, the entire cave shook. The familiar and crazy tyrannical aura rapidly descended!

King of the North Ulyssan had arrived!

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CHAPTER 699
BOSS FIGHT

Loen soldier, Frunziar Edward, who was onguard by the cave's entrance, saw a massive figure descend from the sky just as he moved. It landed on a huge boulder covered in thick layers of ice. The wings which were covered in a membrane of skin weren't retracted as they continued spreading outward, nearly blocking out all the surrounding light.

The illusory armored scales that resembled frozen ice and the violent eerie-blue dragon eyes were immediately reflected in Frunziar's eyes. He instinctively sensed danger as he raised his iron-black sword and leaped to the side, rolling far away from where he was standing.

Almost at the same moment, King of the North Ulyssan opened its mouth, silently spewing out a distorted icy-blue flame towards the cave. It froze everything in its wake!

Moments later, the icy-blue flames produced a tidal wave formed from illusory light as they surged into the dark cave, sealing everything it passed in ice.

The words "Angel of Imagination, Adam" were still flashing across Klein's mind as he couldn't help but recall Emperor Roselle's description of the Twilight Hermit Order. Their mission was to revive the original Creator, and they had a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway among their ranks, or even the Uniqueness. The means in which they summoned the members was through a true dream that connected the eastern and western ends of the continent. Furthermore, it had the characteristic of being detected upon being mentioned. But even so, he still instinctively reacted in response to the impending danger.

He lunged sideways, dodging towards the uneven parts of the cave, attempting to use the rocks ahead to block the attack.

However, the surging icy-blue light was like a tidal wave that drowned every corner of the cave. It sealed everything, leaving no safe zones inside the cave.

Seeing his surroundings turn into an icy cage, a gigantic, grayish-blue figure appeared before Klein's eyes.

Groselle had stepped forward without a sound. He genuflected with his left knee, leaning his back forward as he stabbed the broadsword in front of him.

Light that resembled the dawn of light bloomed as illusory walls formed to the left and right of Groselle, protecting everyone behind them.

An icy-blue "tidal wave" surged over, splitting at the erect broadsword before colliding with the light of dawn on both sides.

Everything in the mountain cave turned dark for Klein and company before a small source of light was restored.

They could still see that the bonfire had been extinguished. It was especially dark with the dim rays of light outside attempting to tear through the layers of ice.

At that moment, every inch of space in front of Groselle was frozen. The giant seemed to become a bug stuck in amber!

Right on the heels of that, the sword which was embedded in the ground emitted a luster resembling the light of dawn.

They mixed together, enveloping Groselle before turning into a Hurricane of Light that swept outwards.

Silently, the layer of ice had a huge hole burned through it as it extended all the way to the cave's mouth. Groselle's grayish-blue figure had vanished from where he was.

Elvish Songster Siatas, who hadn't had time to tie her head, held her bow and arrows. Embraced by the swirling gales around her, she charged out the cave without any delay. Dressed in an asymmetrical black coat, the Solomon Empire Viscount Mobet Zoroast mumbled, "don't be in a rush" or "it's finally here" as he ran, following closely behind Siatas.

The ascetic, Snowman, stood up as well. He tapped his chest four times as though he was forming the shape of a cross.

"May the Lord bless me!"

Amidst his hoarse and dry voice, he stepped onto the biting cold ice with his bare feet and ran out of the cave.

Klein didn't hesitate either. He didn't draw his revolver, and he kept his hands empty. Together with Anderson, who was clenching Death Brachydont tightly, they ran into the hole in the ice.

Dressed in a shirt with complicated patterns, Edwina Edwards looked at Danitz, who was trembling due to the aura of the high-level entity. She said with a gentle, but emotionless tone, "Stay here."

Having said that, the look in her blue eyes deepened. Gales howled around her, pushing her out of the cave.

Stay here… Danitz was stunned. He subconsciously surveyed his surroundings and saw the walls covered in frost and the completely extinguished bonfire.

The cave was silent with him being the only one left.

Danitz's trembling body slowly came to a stop as he turned agape. However, he didn't say a word as he saw his captain's figure disappear from the cave's entrance.

Outside the cave, Frunziar Edward, who had just rolled to avoid the first series of attacks, saw Ulyssan spread its wings as it was about to leap into the sky, closing the distance between it and his party. He ensured his safety as he steadied his figure and pushed his left palm out diagonally.

Immediately following that, he declared a statement in ancient Hermes: "Flying is prohibited here!"

Suddenly, the frost dragon's wings that blotted out the sky seemed to be weighed down by invisible objects weighing a hundred times its body weight. It began flapping them with great difficulty.

The King of the North immediately let out a furious roar as the loud sonic boom drilled into Frunziar's ears, making his stagger.

With a whoosh, the pair of wings finally managed to flap, stirring up the snow and frost around it into the air.

Although it was difficult on Ulyssan's part, it eventually managed to fly.

At that moment, Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar's expression turned solemn. He said a sentence constructed in ancient Hermes once again: "Violators will be punished!"

Just as he said that, his figure leaped up at a speed which was faster than Ulyssan, as though he had been augmented by some unknown power.

Ding!

Frunziar extended his body in midair as he brandished the iron-black sword in hand, striking down at the King of the North's neck with his posture speaking great certainty of a hit.

A clear crack appeared on the crystalline armor plates as it spread slightly; however, this failed to make Ulyssan bleed.

The frost dragon didn't even feel the pain as its eerie-blue eyes locked onto Frunziar, its expression cruel and tyrannical.

It then lifted up its front claws while Frunziar remained in midair without any means of dodging.

At that critical moment, a hurricane blew over, pushing the black-armored Disciplinary Paladin away, causing Ulyssan's strike to swipe at air. Its strike caused an explosive boom despite the miss.

Elvish Songster Siatas didn't hesitate to take action once she rushed out the cave, saving Frunziar immediately.

Immediately following that, her hair flared up in violation of the laws of nature. They were distinct with swirling lightning bolts.

She aimed her arrow at the large but slow, flying target in the sky, King of the North, before firmly pulling back the arrow.

The sky turned dark, as though dark clouds had gathered as lightning bounced through them.

Unable to fly smoothly due to the Disciplinary Paladin's influence, Ulyssan suddenly pulled back its wings, swooping down at Siatas like a high-speed train.

At that moment, a grayish-blue figure that left one feeling safe had appeared in front of the King of the North's trajectory!

Groselle genuflected once again, plunging the broadsword, which was unusable by human hands, in front of himself.

Dawn-like light surfaced, forming an invisible, impenetrable wall.

Boom!

The collision between the frost dragon and Groselle was like a terrifying explosion. It shattered the layers of ice around them, pushing them outwards.

Groselle failed to keep his footing firm as he flew out like a ball, tumbling past Siatas before slamming loudly into the mountain wall. A huge amount of snow and ice stalactites crashed from above, nearly causing an avalanche.

As for Ulyssan, it wasn't sent retreating. It remained standing in its original spot.

Having had its swooping attack interrupted, its hind legs were in the ground as its body leaned forward. It shook its neck before aiming its open mouth at Siatas.

The Solomon Empire's noble, Mobet Zoroast, had long arrived beside Siatas. Upon seeing this, he hurriedly extended his right hand and rapidly turned his wrist.

Ulyssan forgot what it was doing despite having its mouth completely open. It stood there in a daze without continuing its attack. Suddenly, Mobet turned his head and spit to the side.

"Pui!"

The spit was ordinary without any special traits to it.

Seizing this opportunity, Snowman, the ascetic who came out, raised his arms as though he was embracing god's grace.

Then, he said to the Elvish Songster in ancient Hermes, "God says it's effective!"

With a sizzling sound, the flashes of lightning surrounding Siatas brightened greatly as they surged out, entangling with the arrow.

She released her grip as an arrow shot out.

Boom!

Dark clouds gathered in the air as a thick bolt of lightning smote down, augmenting that arrow.

The arrow turned completely silver, as though it was shot from the god of lightning. It struck Ulyssan's forehead at a completely unavoidable speed.

Layers of ice disappeared as the illusory armor plating cracked. The arrow stabbed into the King of the North's head, making it let out a deafening cry.

Light blue blood gushed out and quickly froze as the frost dragon's ugly face shook violently as silver bolts zapped at it.

At that moment, Klein and Anderson came out of the cave. Disciplinary Paladin Frunziar had tumbled onto the ground before standing up again. Groselle extended his palms from the snow pile, rubbing his head. He didn't appear seriously injured.

With so many teammates, I don't have to be the main assault force. I can attempt to control Ulyssan's Spirit Body Threads… From my observations, it doesn't seem to have the defensive abilities of a demigod. Of course, it's much stronger than a Sequence 5… A five-meter radius is a little dangerous… Klein looked at the frost dragon as he quickly had an idea.

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